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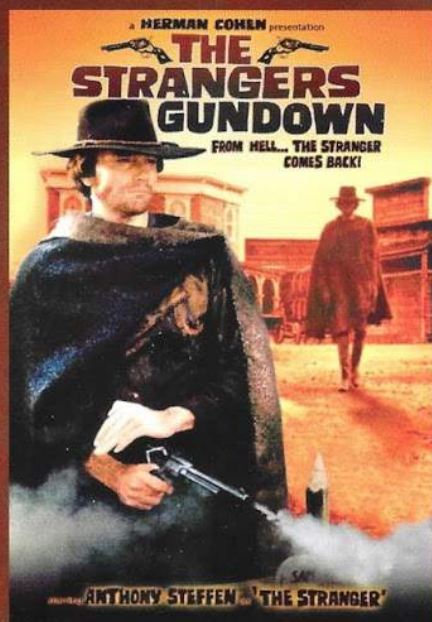


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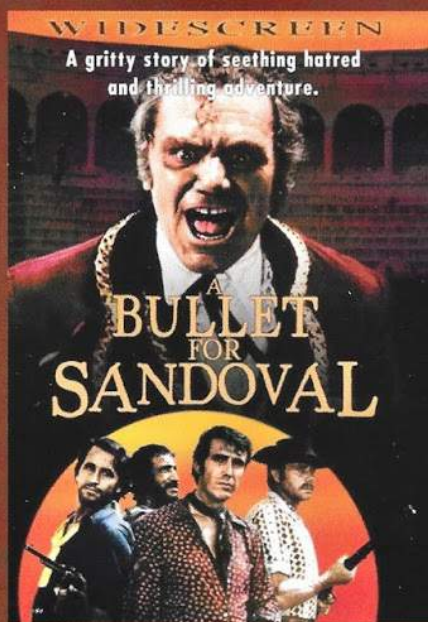
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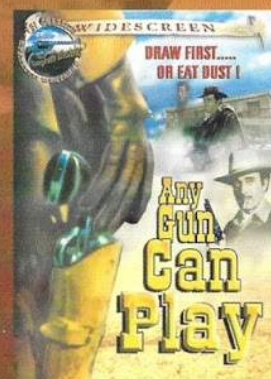
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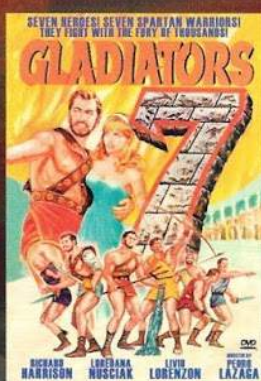
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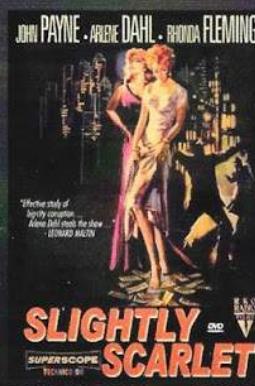


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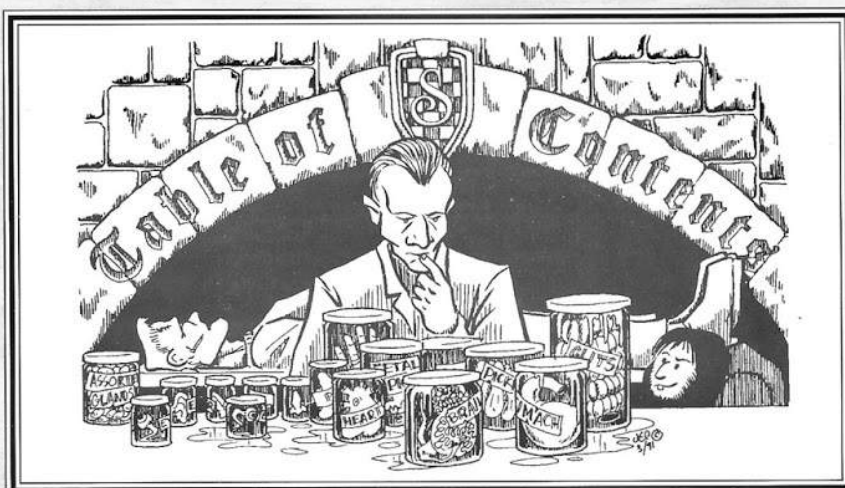


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COVER: Bette Davis and Joan Crawford in *WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE* (1962, by Ted A. Bohus and Bill Chancellor), David Boreanaz as *ANGEL*

Scarlet Letters

Thank you very much for my complimentary copy of *Scarlet Street* #48 and thanks especially for your very generous coverage of my work in Hollywood by way of my interview with Jim Hollifield. I thoroughly enjoyed the entire issue and would like to subscribe. Again, my thanks—it's nice to be remembered.

David Frankham
Sante Fe, NM

I just wanted to let you know that I enjoyed *Scarlet Street* very much, especially the interviews by Michael Michalski regarding *THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON*. (*Scarlet Streets* #46, #47, and #49) The magazine is very well done, unusual, interesting, thorough, and informative. I am looking forward to the next issue.

Tom Hennesy
Malibu, CA

Thank you very much for your very nice review of my novel *Benjamin Kritzer*. I felt your review was the finest I've read—very perceptive and well thought out. Of course, it's the only review I've read because you are the only one with enough taste to review it. The book does have, however, lots of nice reader reviews on amazon.com (none of them written by me—promise). Now you simply must review the sequel, *Kritzerland*.

But enough about me. Your new issue (*Scarlet Street* #48) is wonderful, as always. Of course, *THE FLY* appears on page one of *Benjamin Kritzer*, so it was lovely having all that Fly stuff. I recently did one of those celebrity signing things, the Ray Courts Hollywood Memorabilia Show with Mr. BIG's (Bert I. Gordon's) daughter Susan, and sitting right across from us was Mr. Fly himself, David (Al) Hedison. There was a lot of buzz going on at his table. I'm thinking of writing a musical of *THE FLY*. Does anyone think this a fine idea? Some of the songs I will write are, "I've Got a Buzz On," "My Fly is Open," "I Make a Lot of Noise When I Eat," "I'm a Fly and I'm in the Soup," and "There's a Fly With My Head and I Wish I Was Dead." I also enjoyed your interview with Mr. Charles Pogue, who I recently met at one of my book signings. Please keep up the good work, especially reviewing my books.

Bruce Kimmel
Studio City, CA
www.hainesishisway.com

In addition to writing a wonderful book (probably two wonderful books, but I haven't gotten around to *Kritzerland* yet), Bruce Kimmel is, of course, one of the most talented record producers in the business. (Are they still called record producers, even though everything is now produced on CD? If they aren't, I'm sure I'll hear about it.) If you don't believe me, I suggest you turn to the article *MUSIC TO DIE FOR: JEEPERS CREEPERS*

on page 42, and follow that by immediately going to page 16 and placing your order.

I thought you might like a photo taken of my six-year-old son, Austin Dorn, and Ben Chapman, aka The Real Gill Man. Austin had just gotten the Swim Suit issue of *Scarlet Street* (#46) signed by Mr. Chapman at this year's Monster Bash. Moments later, Julie Adams graciously signed as well. Please feel free to use this picture in a future issue of your wonderful publication.

To me, this picture illustrates the importance of shindigs like the Monster Bash and similar conventions. Our beloved icons will not be forgotten. Austin loves Dracula, The Wolf Man, Frankenstein, and The Gill Man and the actors who portrayed them. Our youngest son DJ will be brought up with the same love, and hopefully both boys will pass this interest on. Secondly, this shows what a sweet, caring man Ben Chapman is. He has time for all his fans, no matter how old or young. The Gill Man will never be forgotten, nor will he.

Keep up the fantastic work!
Michelle Dorn
Arendtsville, PA

With young fans like Austin, *Scarlet Street* will have to be around till its publisher is an old, old man—sometime in 2004, probably.

You should be congratulated for the interviews in all your issues. The talks with Ben Chapman, Tom Hennesy, et al add so much to our experience of the movies of which these men are an integral part.

But I especially want to single out *Scarlet Street* #48 for the wonderful interviews with David Hedison, Brett Halsey, and (in particular) David Frankham. I am sure many other fans share my admi-

**WANTED! MORE
LI'L MONSTERS LIKE...**



Austin Dorn (and Friend)



ration for these guys. Their memories bring a whole new dimension to watching the *FLY* movies, as well as to their countless other film and TV work projects. Frankham is interesting because he is a fine actor who has largely been ignored, even with his impressive output.

The *FLY* article is also a revelation. It is especially gratifying to see serious attention given to *THE CURSE OF THE FLY*. Some of us have long considered it underrated. My personal favorite is *THE RETURN OF THE FLY* and it is great to see this dark, brooding, oft-maligned sequel given its due at last. Bzzzzz . . .

Jay MacIntyre
Roslindale, MA

Congratulations on the terrific *FLY* issue. The Halsey and Hedison interviews are standouts. The design, as usual, is original and fun. As with *CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON*, just when you think you've read everything there is to say about something . . .

Jeff Rovin
Murrieta, CA

Can't ask for finer praise than that! Our pal Jeff wrote the first official sequel to Universal's classic fright films—*Return of the Wolf Man* (1998)—and is intimately acquainted with some very famous monsters!

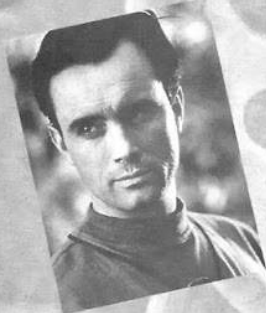
Thanks for helping me make a fool of myself in public. When I picked up the latest issue at Tower Records and read "Scarlet Street Unzips The Fly," I started laughing but managed to control myself. Then I made the mistake of looking at a few pages of Erich Kuersten's excellent Fly article and saw the silhouette of an open zipper underneath the text!

Great issue, *Scarlet Ones*!
Terry Nordheim
Boston, MA

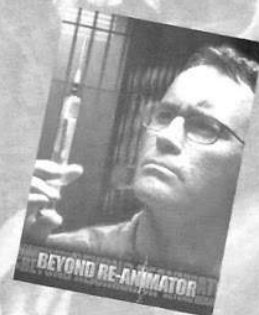
Kudos to Todd Livingston for his interview with Ann Rutherford in *Scarlet Streets* #47 and #48. I, myself, spoke with Miss Rutherford at length when she granted me permission to use her as a character in my 1940s novel, *Dead at the Box Office*. Realizing my interest and expertise in the studio system, she lamented how the press has of late elevated so many contract players from Hollywood's Golden Age to the movie star strata solely because they have outlived the actual legends from that era.

Continued on page 10

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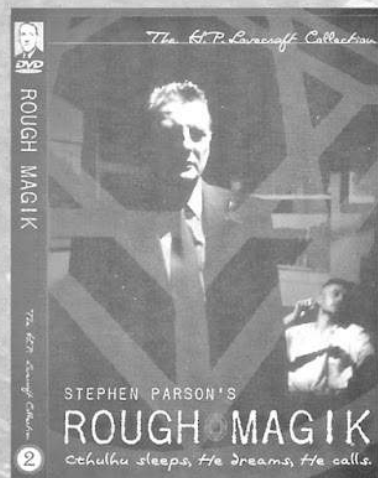
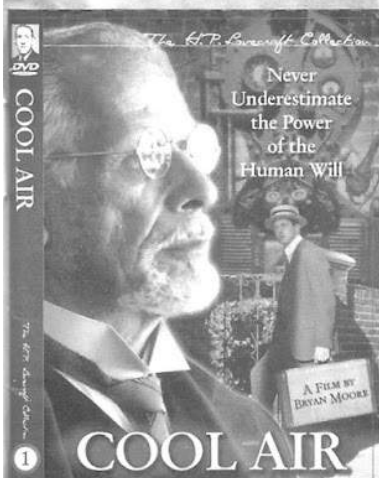


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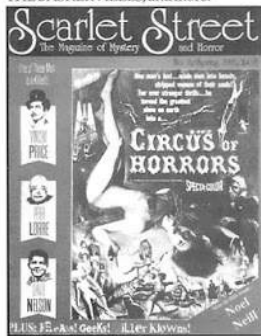
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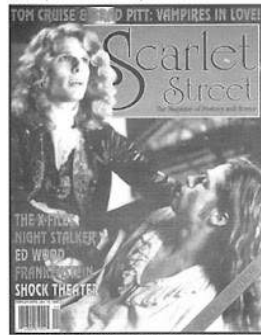
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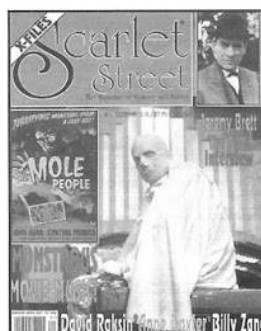
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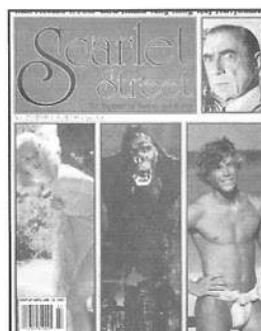
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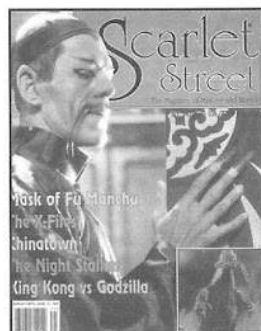
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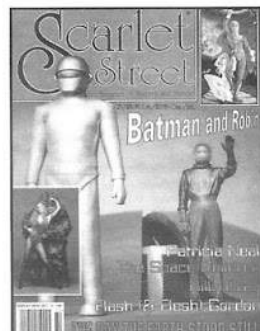
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SCARLET LETTERS

Continued from page 4

Miss Rutherford made it very clear that she was a contract player and how very proud she was to have been that. How refreshingly modest! At a later point, when my novel had been optioned and scripted, I approached her to consider playing a small but pivotal role. Her concerns were the extraordinarily early starting times in today's shooting schedules and her response based on her days at MGM was priceless: "John, dear, it simply isn't civilized to run film through a camera before 10AM!" The ace up my sleeve was that her role had only interior and night scenes, which would have easily accommodated her. Unfortunately, the film never got made.

Miss Rutherford is that rarity in Hollywood: a talented actress who had a successful career, then went on to a happily married home life and motherhood with no regrets or emotional scars. She still remains a delight and is one of the very nicest, most normal people I've ever met within the film industry.

John Dandola
 West Orange, NJ

The interview with Charles Edward Pogue in *Scarlet Street* #48 was especially successful. I'd hated *PSYCHO II* to the point that I had to be dragged to see *PSYCHO III*, but Pogue's script and Anthony Perkins' performance and direction really came through. It's certainly

my favorite of the *PSYCHO* sequels. Pogue's is also the best of the TV versions of *THE HOUND OF THE BAS-KERVILLES*. (His *SIGN OF FOUR* ranks second to the Brett version, I'm afraid, but you can't win 'em all.)

I always find Richard Valley's *FRANKLY SCARLET* column entertaining, but the one about putting together the cover for *Scarlet Street* #48 was especially good—and very, very funny. One thing about *Scarlet Street* that makes it unique is the level of wit—always amusing, sometimes cutting, but never cruel.

Joey Simmons
 San Francisco, CA

Thanks so much for the interview with Charles Edward Pogue. (*Scarlet Street* #48) Damn! I never noticed he'd been involved in both the Ian Richardson and Edward Woodward Sherlock Holmes films—talk about contrast!

While I tend to rank *PSYCHO III* as the least of the four (my dad felt *PSYCHO II* the best of them), the two Richardson films are among my favorites. I still recall thinking that Christopher Plummer was the first Holmes to equal Rathbone, but Richardson was the first to outdo him. (Then Brett came along and blew him out of the water—great times for Holmes fans they were, eh?) Having watched my collection recently, I was surprised that *HOUND* has fallen a bit in my eyes. Perhaps, as Pogue mentions, it was missing bits of continuity in the

editing. I love the lavish production values—surely the best-looking version ever. It is when comparing it closely to other versions that one notices the severe discrepancies, not only in plot details, but in dialogue—much of which felt like it'd been "Americanized." There was also a scene or two swiped from other Holmes stories. (Mix and match?) I see Sy Weintraub really was trying for a US network deal which never materialized. (The films wound up on HBO instead, whereas I thought they'd been intended as theatrical features!)

The Richardson *HOUND* is far better than the Brett version—can anything be more ironic or sad? But while I feel there still has never been a perfect adaptation, my vote for script goes to the far cheaper and tackier-looking Tom Baker version, which mostly suffers from being too short. Its first half is near-perfect; the second half feels like two thirds of an intended three-parter crammed together with a lot of connecting scenes snipped for time. On the other hand, *THE SIGN OF FOUR* is magnificent on every level—totally blowing the Brett version out of the running. And—something I didn't notice 20 years ago—it has a much better Watson than *HOUND* did. (Only two Richardson films, and they couldn't use the same Watson? Sheesh!)

Henry R. Kujawa
 Camden, NJ

Continued on page 14

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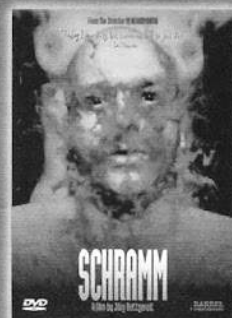
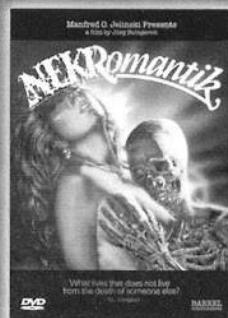
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Frankly Scarlet

This past July, *Scarlet Street* managing editor Tom Amorosi and I accepted an invitation from the good folks at Disney to attend a cocktail party announcing the DVD releases of *SLEEPING BEAUTY* (1959, pictured **BOTTOM LEFT**) and *THE LION KING* (1994). The event was held at the Tribeca Grand Hotel in NYC. This being an evening sponsored by the Magic Kingdom, the party was suitably spellbinding—with a well-stocked bar made entirely of ice and a surprise appearance by the voice of Princess Aurora herself, Mary Costa—but getting there was definitely half the fun.

As is sometimes the case, Tom and I were running a tad late as we turned the *Scarletmobile* onto Seventh Avenue and found ourselves almost instantly engulfed in bumper-to-bumper traffic crawling like lemmings toward the Holland Tunnel. After moving about 10 feet in five minutes, we came to a dead stop and sat still for another five—which brought us to 6pm, the time the festivities were scheduled to kick off. Desperate, we inched the car over to a parking space, stuffed the meter with quarters, made our way through the traffic without once pausing to render our *Ratso Rizzo* impressions, and—as it started to lightly drizzle—ran up a side street in search of a taxi. We found one on Sixth Avenue, which naturally meant that the vehicle was, for our purposes, going in the wrong direction. Nevertheless,

we hopped in the cab (not literally, mind you, though our lives have always been heavily influenced by *NIGHT OF THE LEPUS*), told the cabbie our destination, and breathed a mutual sigh of relief as our transportation turned up a side street—and came to a dead stop in bumper-to-bumper traffic crawling like lemmings toward the Holland Tunnel.

Paying the cabbie for our brief but invigorating sojourn in his care, we slid out of the cab (not literally, though our lives have always been heavily influenced by *THE GREEN SLIME*) and again took off down Sixth Avenue, thinking we'd have to run the entire distance in the rain if we ever hoped to make it to the party before the bar melted. It was then that Tom spotted the rickshaw.

The rickshaw (or jinrikisha) was not, strictly speaking, a jinrikisha (or rickshaw). Rickshaws, for the uninitiated, are small, two-wheeled carriages powered by a man who pulls it through the streets. (A recreation of the traditional rickshaw can be found **TOP RIGHT**, demonstrated by two Hollywood hopefuls and some bamboo furniture.) What Tom saw heading toward us on Sixth Avenue—going in the wrong direction—was in fact a small, two-wheeled carriage powered by a man on a bicycle. No matter. Having never ridden in a rickshaw of any kind, we were quick to break with tradition and begged the driver to take us to the Tribeca Grand as fast as his distressingly spindly legs could get us there. He readily agreed (we had tactfully refrained from mentioning our spindly-leg-related doubts) and Tom and I climbed into the rickshaw (literally).

The first (spindly) leg of our rickshaw ride was, of course, spent turning up a side street and encountering bumper-to-bumper traffic crawling like



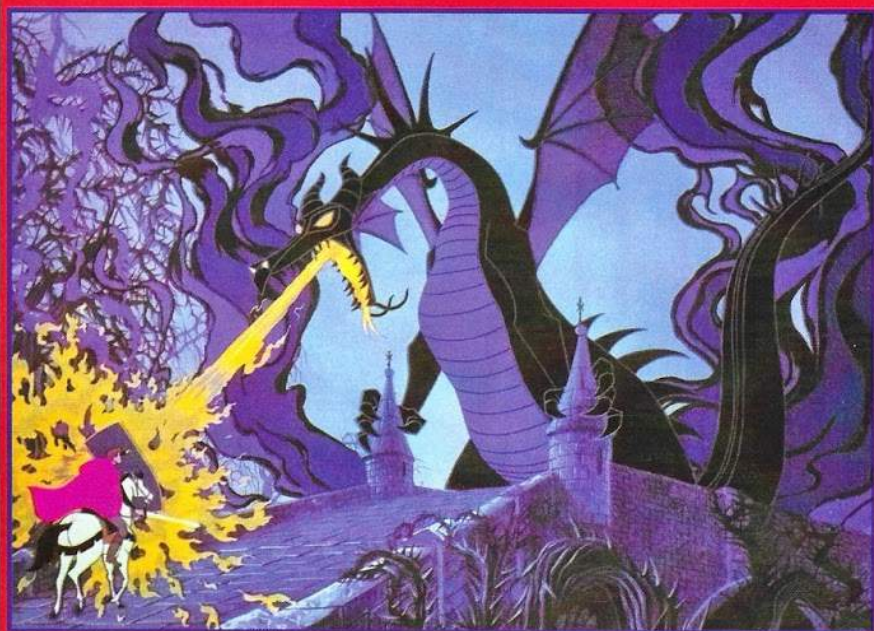
lemmings toward the Holland Tunnel. This time, however, we pressed madly on, the driver weaving his way deftly (and dangerously) around cars, cabs, busses, and trucks, jumping the curb to travel recklessly on the sidewalk, scattering pedestrians willy and sometimes nilly as we drew ever nearer the Grand Hotel. (Nothing ever happens at the Grand Hotel, they say, but they never mention what you have to go through to get there!) Speeding down a crowded thoroughfare, I was moved to remark, "This is rather like *AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS*, isn't it? Except for almost getting hit by that bus?" Finally, we arrived at the hotel entrance—and by that I mean at the hotel entrance, since we were back on the sidewalk. With no time to spare, Tom and I fell out of the rickshaw (literally), paid the spindly driver, and rushed past the satisfyingly speechless doorman, swiftly making our way to the bar and several rejuvenating cocktails. Our adventure had come to a thrilling close, and we looked forward to a charming and restful evening.

Oh—one word of advice, readers, should you ever find yourselves in this situation. Never lean on a bar made entirely of ice when you're damp from a summer shower.

You slick.

In this 49th issue—as we stroll leisurely toward our 50th issue anniversary, stopping to glance at all the fab articles and interviews in the shop windows—you'll find a brief history of the recording of *JEEPERS CREEPERS: GREAT SONGS FROM HORROR FILMS*, produced by mad-cap Bruce Kimmel for the publishers of *Scarlet Street*. You'll also find a two-page ad that will enable you to get your very own CD of *JEEPERS CREEPERS*. I hope that this will be the first of many such special projects, but it all depends on you, our faithful *Scarlet Streeters*. I urge you to order *JEEPERS CREEPERS* now, either for yourselves or for someone at Christmastime. You won't be disappointed, I promise you!

Richard Valley



The background of the entire poster is a dense collage of various horror movie scenes. It features numerous young actors in different states of distress, fear, and shock. Some are shown in close-up, while others are in action shots. The overall color palette is dark, with a lot of reds and oranges, suggesting blood and intense action. The text is overlaid on this collage in a white, distressed, sans-serif font.

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SCARLET LETTERS

Continued from Page 10

Thank you, *Scarlet Street*, and thank you, Anthony Dale, for the DVD review of *BEGINNING OF THE END*. I was thrilled not only that the new release was given coverage in your fine magazine, but that the audio commentary was so well received. It was such fun doing the commentary, together with my mother, Flora, and moderator Bruce Kimmel.

BEGINNING OF THE END has always been one of my favorites among my dad's films. To view the movie again while doing the commentary brought back many fond memories not only of the film itself, but of what it was like to be the only kid on the block to have a thousand grasshoppers as pets. I still remember the hordes of grasshoppers kept in cages in our garage during the shoot.

At first, I was a bit nervous about doing the commentary. It was the first time I'd ever done one. I was afraid I'd have very little to contribute, seeing as I was only eight at the time the movie was made. But Bruce was great as a moderator. He set the tone of the discussion and made me feel quite at ease. It was just like sitting in my own living room, reminiscing about the movie. I hope viewers will enjoy listening to it as much as I enjoyed recording it.

Susan Gordon
Teaneck, NJ

One of the delights of the past year has been befriending Susan Gordon, who appeared in father Bert I. Gordon's *ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE* and *TORMENTED* (among others), *THE FIVE PENNIES*, and numerous TV series, including the original

TWILIGHT ZONE. We've also had the great pleasure of working with Susan, which *Scarlet Readers* (and *Listeners*, we hope) will learn more about by turning to page 42.

Well, after seeking the issue vainly for the past two weeks at my local news stand, I finally found a stash at The Creature Feature shop on Olive in Burbank. Bought five copies (for agents, relatives, etc.). Thanks for the flattering spread and all those pictures. The rest of the ish looks great too. I'll be looking forward to reading it in my leisure.

Charles Edward Pogue
Hollywood, CA

Needless to say, we sent Chuck copies of *Scarlet Street* #48 in the mail, too, but they unfortunately went postal. Should have suspected something when the mailman kept yelling "Norman!" in a woman's voice. . . .

Unable to find *Scarlet Street* #48 in my locale, I headed south until I got to Melbourne (no, not Australia; that's also the name of the Florida town some 20 miles from here) and found it at Barnes & Noble. I was surprised and delighted to find myself quoted in the *FRANKLY, SCARLET* editorial, as an expert. Why, I came off every bit as authoritative as, say, Ludwig von Drake!

Don Mankowski
Merritt Island, FL

In his obituary list (*Scarlet Street* #48), *The News Hound* mentions Horst Buchholz, who was born in Berlin, Germany on Dec. 4, 1932. Sometimes, a foreign-born actor will suddenly become an international star with one breakthrough

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hit, but Buchholz had two—in 1957, he starred in *THE CONFESSIONS OF FELIX KRULL*, the story of a confidence man who uses sex with women—and men—to climb higher and higher on the ladder of success and, in 1959, he starred with John and Hayley Mills in *TIGER BAY*, an unusual and heartbreaking thriller about a little girl who witnesses a murder and then bonds with the killer.

In the following three years, Buchholz shot like a comet through American cinema and actually appeared in three masterpieces. In 1960, he was "introduced" in John Sturges' unforgettable Western, *THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN*, in which he played a young gunslinger who "seduced" his way into the gang by catching fish with his bare hands and then cooking them for breakfast. (This picture is crying out for a *Scarlet Street* reinterpretation.) In 1961, Buchholz starred with Leslie Caron, Charles Boyer, Maurice Chevalier, and Georgette Anys in Joshua Logan's dazzling comic drama *FANNY*, in which he played a young man who fell in love with the sea and forever altered the lives of everyone around him. (This film was nominated for four Academy Awards and has incredibly fallen into oblivion.) In that same year, he starred with James Cagney in Billy Wilder's great Cold War comedy, *ONE, TWO, THREE*. As a preening Coca Cola executive used to having his own way and a rabid Communist who sees the corruption of capitalism everywhere, Cagney and Buchholz made a magnificent pair of antagonists. Buchholz threw streams of invective in Cagney's face, but Cagney ended up with

one better—he threatened Buchholz with a grapefruit!

Afterward, Buchholz returned to his home country and became a star of international cinema. He began with the Italian/French coproduction of Damiano Damiani's *THE EMPTY CANVAS*, in which he played a failed artist who falls in love with an extremely active teenage whore (Catherine Spaak). Buchholz doesn't hold anything back in his unsentimentalized portrayal; it's an extremely fearless and very distinguished performance. His scenes with "Miss Bette Davis," who plays his loving and devoted mother, were alone worth the price of admission. Late in his career, in 1993, Buchholz had a major role in Wim Wenders' Canned Film Festival Grand Jury Prize winner, *FARAWAY, SO CLOSE*. He gave a delightful performance as an American gangster, Tony Baker, who was actually German-born and had the peculiar habit of speaking in both English and German. In 1997, Buchholz appeared in Roberto Benigni's Academy-Award-winning film, *LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL*. He played an aging and respected doctor who loved solving riddles with his Jewish waiter, Guido, and, later, as a doctor in a Nazi concentration camp, was able to prolong Guido's life with a job in the officers' mess.

Today, much of Buchholz's international output doesn't seem to be available. At the recent announcement of his death in the "In Memoriam" section of the Academy Awards telecast on March

23, 2003, Horst Buchholz got only a scattering of applause, but when you see his unforgettable work in the three American masterpieces—or in *TIGER BAY* and *THE EMPTY CANVAS*—you can only wish that Buchholz had made more of a commitment to American Cinema.

Raymond Banacki
Brooklyn, NY

I picked up *Scarlet Street* #48 at the Monster Bash and I'm in the process of reading it cover to cover. So far I've read the article on the films of *THE FLY*. Fascinating article on subtext, but I can't help but think "It's a freaking fly!" Helene wanted the fly out of the house for no other reason than it's a fly. Flies buzz around and drive you nuts. And if you have a dog, the poor dog practically does back flips trying to catch it. But the article did give me some new insight and I always appreciate learning new slants on old films.

I read the interviews with Hedison and Halsey and just started the one with Frankham. *Scarlet Street* interviews always bring out the best in the interviewees. The review of *ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE* was timely for me. Right after reading it, I watched it on Showtime Beyond. And now that I know *TIME AFTER TIME* is out on DVD, I'll go out and buy it. David Warner's Jack the Ripper was intense and unnerving.

Another great *Scarlet Street* issue!
Barbara Heiss
Altoona, PA

With all due respect to Erich Kuersten's entertaining and resourceful exploration of subtext in the *FLY* series, I'd like to propose a slightly different secret for Andre Delambre in the first film. Instead of closeted homosexuality, may I propose the "sin" of masturbation?

Consider: Andre wants to be left alone, to his own secretive diversions; he indulges in an act that causes him to cover his face with a cloth (in other words, he has gone blind from doing it too much), and his punishment is to have to destroy the offending hand (which has been transformed far beyond the fabled hairy palm) and the head, from whence sprung these unwholesome notions.

And to think he's got that perfectly lovely wife upstairs! Isn't it common knowledge that one should stop indulging in this filthy, health-draining act as soon as one takes a spouse?

Bob Gutowski
Jackson Heights, NY

As Mae West once said, "I thought for a minute I heard the voice of experience..."

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Yes, kids, it's the *Scarlet Street* Slightly Mangled Special. We have in our vaults some issues with minor defects: price tags glued on the covers, a folded page, a gypsy curse scrawled on the classifieds... nothing too grim, but enough to render them unsuitable for sale at the usual rate.

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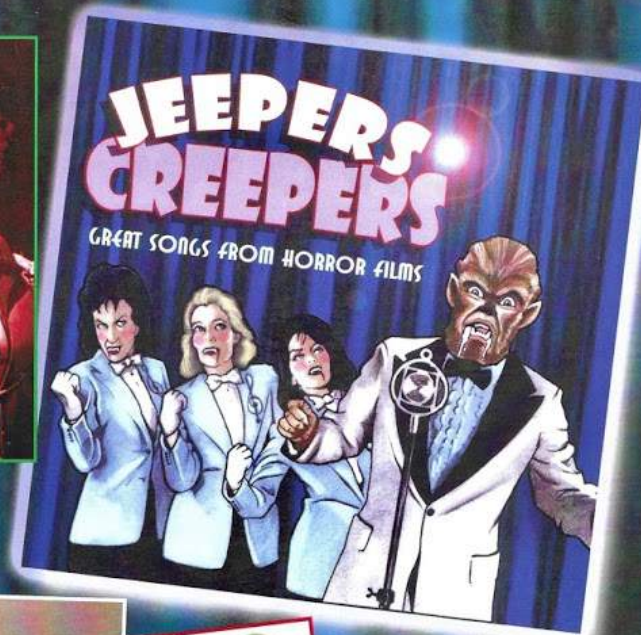
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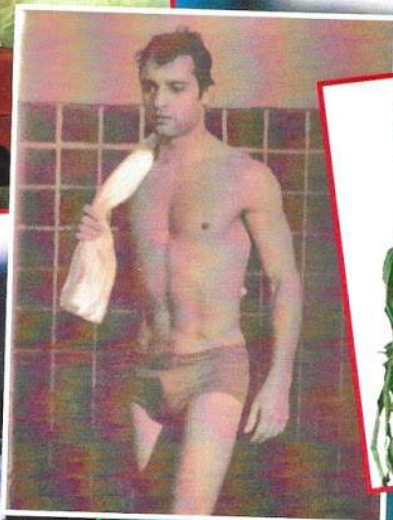
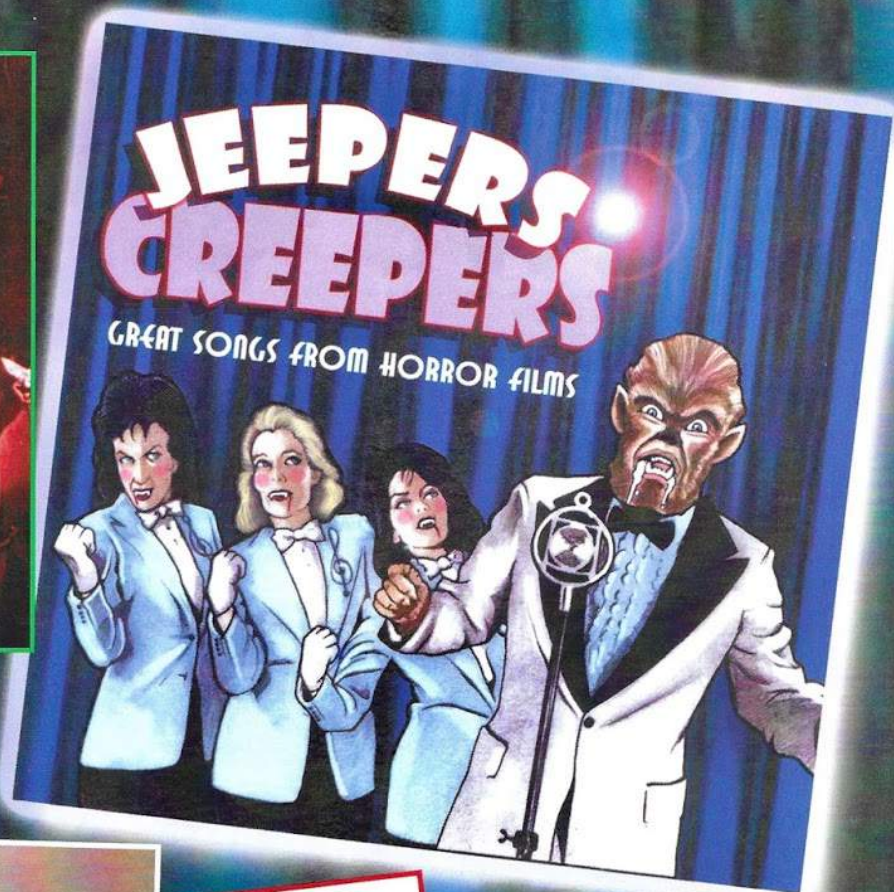
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the NEWS HOUND

Bark! Hark! Here's The Hound, back to herald the hottest happenings for a fearsome fall season. Read on, faithful Scarlet Streeters...

Theatrical Thrills

Heading for cinema screens in October: a boatload of college kids spend their spring break on an island overrun by flesh-eating zombies (Daytona Beach was just too tame) in Artisan Entertainment's *THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD*, based on the popular video game of the same name... Those gleeful ghouls at Dark Castle Productions present *GOTHICA* (Warner Bros.), their Halloween haunt for 2003. Oscar winner Halle Berry slums—er, stars as a criminal psychologist trapped in her own asylum... *THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE* splatters across screens in a New Line Cinema remake starring Jessica Biel... *AIRPLANE!* director David Zucker pilots *SCARY MOVIE 3*, the latest in Dimension Films' horror spoof franchise, starring series regulars Anna Faris and Regina Hall, and newcomers Charlie Sheen, Eddie Griffin, and Denise Richards... Ridley Scott's original 1979 sci-fi horror hit *ALIEN* gets a Halloween rerelease from 20th Century Fox that includes restored sequences and a digitally remastered soundtrack.

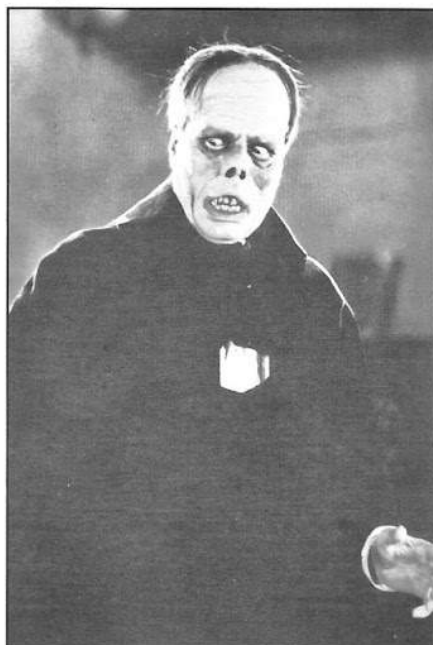
Due in November: real estate agent Eddie Murphy hasn't got a ghost of a chance of unloading *THE HAUNTED MANSION* (Walt Disney Pictures), what with its 999 spectral squatters. This big-screen Disney theme park adaptation (their second, after *PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN*) costars Jennifer Tilly, Terence Stamp, and Don (GHOST AND MR. CHICKEN) Knotts... *THE MATRIX REVOLUTIONS*, part three in Warner Bros' technotrilogy, downloads into cinemas with Keanu Reeves, Laurence Fishburne, Carrie-Anne Moss, and Monica Bellucci back in action... A band of archeology students time-travels 500 years into the past to rescue their dimensionally trapped professor (hey, any excuse to cut class!) in director Richard Donner's *TIMELINE* (Paramount), based on Michael Crichton's 1998 novel.

Upcoming Attractions

As The Hound reported last time, Andrew Lloyd Webber's *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA* is finally getting the big-screen treatment from Warner Bros. and director Joel Schumacher. Filming is scheduled to start this fall in London and Prague, with Gerard Butler (*DRACULA 2000*) lurking about the catacombs in the title role. Seventeen-year-old Metropolitan Opera veteran Emmy Rossum plays the Phantom's crush, Christine,

and Minnie Driver and Alan Cumming have supporting roles. Lloyd Webber has penned some new tunes for the movie version, which is set to debut in theaters for the 2004 holiday season.

M. Night Shyamalan, genre auteur and self-styled Hitchcock Junior, starts production this fall on his newest supernatural thriller for Touchstone Pictures, *THE WOODS*. Joaquin Phoenix (Shyamalan's *SIGNS*) stars in a tale set in the 1800s about a race of fabled creatures scampering o'er the Pennsylvania woodlands. Sigourney Weaver, William Hurt, and Adrien Brody costar. Watch for it to scamper into theaters next summer.



The original *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA* (Lon Chaney in 1925) is coming to DVD while Andrew Lloyd Webber readies his Broadway musical version for Hollywood.

Ho-hum, another serial killer is loose in Los Angeles—but this one's just a bit hairier than the standard issue. *CURSED*, a newfangled werewolf tale from the *SCREAM* team of director Wes Craven and out writer Kevin Williamson, stars Christina Ricci, Skeet Ulrich, Shannon Elizabeth, and eighties faves Cory Feldman and Scott Baio. Dimension Films plans a February 2004 release.

The sunny Kate Hudson gets a dose of darkness in *SKELETON KEY* (Universal), a horror tale from Ehren Kruger, screenwriter of *THE RING* and the upcoming *RING 2*. Kate plays a New Orleans gal who's caretaker for an elderly couple in their decidedly eerie house.

Christian Bale (*AMERICAN PSYCHO*) is on hand to share the scares. Expect it to haunt theaters in late 2004.

German filmmaker Uwe Boll, director of the aforementioned October release *THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD*, helms yet another big-screen video game adaptation for Artisan, entitled *ALONE IN THE DARK*. Christian Slater and Tara Reid star as paranormal sleuths who encounter a doorway to Hell and, naturally, walk right in—they being paranormal sleuths and all. It's currently in production for a 2004 release.

Déjà Views

Disney's *PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN* shook so many doubloons out of moviegoers' pockets this summer that the Mouse House is already planning a sequel. Star Johnny Depp and screenwriters Ted Elliot and Terry Rossio (*THE MASK OF ZORRO*) are expected to walk the plank again in a followup tentatively scheduled for 2005. Elliot and Rossio have also written a sequel to *ZORRO* for Columbia/Tri-Star, due to start production in February with Antonio Banderas again swashing his buckle in the lead role.

A script for *INDIANA JONES 4* has been placed in the prosperous hands of director Steven Spielberg by writer Frank Darabont, author of the screenplays for *MARY SHELLEY'S FRANKENSTEIN*, *THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION*, and *THE GREEN MILE*. Harrison Ford returns in the fifties-set adventure, but no other casting news has surfaced (though it's rumored that all of Indy's previous gal pals—Karen Allen, Kate Capshaw, and Alison Doody—return in cameo roles). Production is expected to begin next year for a projected summer 2005 release.

Finally, some Bat News: The previously announced projects *BATMAN: YEAR ONE*, *BATMAN BEYOND*, and *SUPERMAN VS. BATMAN* have both dropped off the radar—or should that be sonar? But *BATMAN 5* is going to see the light of day (and dark of night), with filming scheduled to begin early in 2004 under the direction of Christopher (MEMENTO) Nolan. (Previous series entries were helmed by Tim Burton and Joel Schumacher.) Cast as Batman/Bruce Wayne is Christian Bale. The film's villain will be the Fu-Manchuish Ra's Al Ghul, and Jonathan Crane (The Scarecrow) may also appear.

And speaking of Mr. Burton—a remake of *WILLY WONKA & THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY* is in the works from the idiosyncratic director, featuring a star turn by his *EDWARD SCISSORHANDS*

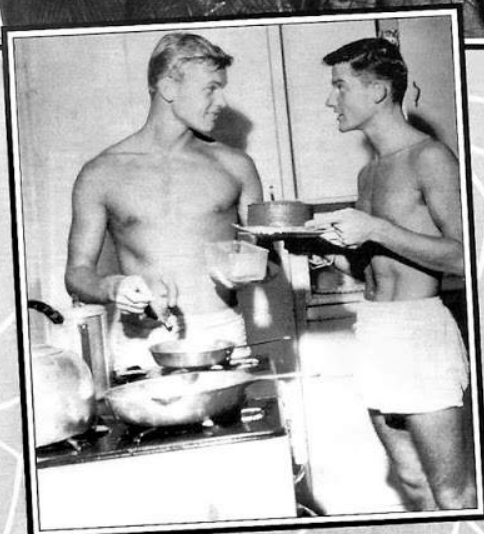
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Following the fiery Season Three finale, which bombastically blew up Sunnydale High School, Buffy Summers (Sarah Michelle Gellar) and her Scooby Gang went off to college for **BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER—SEASON FOUR** (20th Century Fox, \$59.98). One could say that all Hell broke loose when Buffy began her freshman year, but that would be a redundancy since the college itself is located over a major Hellmouth. In college, Buffy not only battles demons and assorted denizens of the underworld, but tries to adapt to the life changes that come with university life. Throughout the 20 episodes, series creator Joss Whedon subtly sets the stage for the show's fifth season. Never one to shy away from risk taking, Whedon's story arc includes very few stand-alone episodes; the season plays out like a graphic novel brilliantly come to life, with only one intriguing misstep. Fortunately, "Beer Bad" (the episode in which Buffy discovers the perils of reckless drinking) comes early in the season and is soon forgotten.

Season Four, more than the preceding three, pays tribute to the classic horror films of the past, from the F.W. Murnau influenced "Hush" to the Whale-inspired character of Professor Maggie Walsh (Lindsay Crouse) and the Talbot-cursed character of Oz (Seth Green). Silence is the key to "Hush," a compelling episode with

ANGEL EYES

BUFFY AND ANGEL ON DVD

by Anthony Dale and Richard Valley

only about five minutes of dialogue. Creepy, Nosferatu-like fiends known as The Gentlemen steal the voices of the citizens of Sunnydale, enabling them to take the hearts of seven victims without said victims being able to scream. "Hush" plays out like a modern-day fairy tale and is given a true fairy tale solution for the elimination of The Gentlemen. "Hush" is also the episode in which Willow Rosenberg (Alyson Hannigan) meets her soulmate, Tara Maclay (Amber Benson). This groundbreaking relationship is handled with style, taste, and realism, most evidently in "New Moon Rising." It is here that Oz, now cured of his lycanthropic itch through meditation, returns to Willow's life.

When she's not busy slaying, Buffy also gets to experience her share of love interests, since Angel (David Boreanaz),

her all-too-soulful vampire paramour, has gone off on his own to—appropriately—the City of Angels. (Boreanaz makes several token appearances throughout Season Four.) When a new love finally enters the picture, it's without trust, since Riley Finn (Marc Blucas) is a member of an elitist commando troop called The Initiative, under the sinister control of Maggie Walsh.

Continued on page 82



NEWS HOUND

Continued from page 18

and ED WOOD leading man, Johnny Depp.

Christopher Lee is set to star in MAY DAY, a reworking of the lauded 1973 cult thriller THE WICKER MAN. Robin Hardy, director of the original, returns to write and direct the new version. Production is due to begin next year in Scotland, with additional cast members Vanessa Redgrave and Sean Astin (Lee's LORD OF THE RINGS costar).

A new adaptation of Anthony Shaffer's classic stage thriller SLEUTH is in development at Castle Rock, from a script by playwright Harold Pinter. Michael Caine, who costarred in the original 1972 film version with Sir Laurence Olivier, again headlines the new production—this time in the Olivier role. Jude Law has been tapped to take over Caine's part—as he may also do in a proposed remake of Caine's 1966 hit ALFIE.

Also on Hollywood's drawing board are sequels THE HULK 2, THE RING 2, MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE 3, DIE HARD 4, CHILD'S PLAY 5, and HALLOWEEN 9.

Boob Tube Tidings

Fans of David Suchet's letter-perfect performances as Agatha Christie's POIROT will be delighted to hear that he'll return as the natty Belgian sleuth in four new productions, to be telecast on the Arts & Entertainment channel starting

this fall. Shooting has completed on FIVE LITTLE PIGS—based on Christie's 1942 novel *Murder in Retrospect*—and three other adaptations will roll between now and early 2004: DEATH ON THE NILE, THE HOLLOW, and SAD CYPRESS. Four additional POIROT productions are tentatively set for filming next year. It seems Mr. Suchet is as anxious as any fan for the entire canon to be filmed, and is confident that he'll appear in them all.

Buffy the Vampire Slayer may be gone from the tube, but we still have Faith—Eliza Dushku, that is—who stars in her own supernatural series this fall on Fox, entitled TRU CALLING. Dushku plays an aspiring med student—and part-time morgue attendant—who discovers that she can make "jumps in time," changing the course of events and saving lives in the process. Shawn Reaves (AUTO FOCUS) and A.J. Cook (FINAL DESTINATION 2) costar in the series, coproduced by action experts Rob Cohen and Neal Moritz of the big-screen Vin Diesel hit XXX.

The Home Video Vault

Here's looking at Warner's wonderful new two-disc special edition of CASABLANCA (\$26.99), which contains intriguing interviews, documentaries, and nearly 10 minutes of deleted scenes and outtakes. It even includes the 1995 Looney Tunes parody CARROTTBLANCA, and the premiere episode of the short-lived

1955 CASABLANCA television series starring Charles McGraw.

A bunch of new multi-disc TV show sets are available from A&E Home Video, including THE NEW AVENGERS Season One (13 episodes for \$79.95), Gerry Anderson's 1968 spy-kid marionette series JOE 90 (all 30 episodes for \$79.95), THE SAINT Megaset (47 color episodes for \$199.95), and a complete 13-disc set of the Patrick McGeehan series SECRET AGENT (aka DANGER MAN) for \$189.95. Fox offers the DVD debut of Bob Fosse's ALL THAT JAZZ with commentary and interviews with star Roy Scheider (\$14.98). And Criterion/Home Vision offers special editions of the Merchant-Ivory productions THE EUROPEANS (1979) and THE BOSTONIANS (1984), at \$29.95 each.

More Video News

Silent screams are on view in September: Kino on Video presents the DVD debut of THE MAN WHO LAUGHS (\$29.95), Paul Leni's 1928 silent shocker starring Conrad Veidt and Mary Philbin. Image Entertainment offers a two-disc special edition of Lon Chaney's THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA that includes two different versions and multiple music scores (\$24.99). Fox debuts X-MEN 2 (\$29.98). Warner presents the complete first season of the smash hit Boy-of-Steel series SMALLVILLE on DVD (\$64.99). Two more Merchant-Ivory productions, BOMBAY TALKIE (1970)

and *HEAT AND DUST* (1983), are available from Criterion/Home Vision (\$29.95 each). And Universal presents a two-disc special edition of *MONTY PYTHON'S THE MEANING OF LIFE* (\$26.98), with lots of silly featurettes and deleted scenes. Say no more.

Warner Bros. debuts a mammoth menagerie on DVD in October: *THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS*, *THE BLACK SCORPION*, and *VALLEY OF GWANGI*. The can be wrangled for \$19.98 each... Paramount presents DVD premieres of seventies Hammer faves *CAPTAIN KRONOS: VAMPIRE HUNTER* and *FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL* (\$19.99 each, with director and/or star commentaries)... Also debuting in October are special editions of *HULK* (Universal, \$26.98) and *THE MATRIX RE-LOADED* (Warner, \$29.95), plus a Season Two set of James Cameron's sci-fi series *DARK ANGEL* (Fox, \$59.98).

Overture, curtains, lights! Warner Bros. presents *LOONEY TUNES: THE GOLDEN COLLECTION*, a four-disc set of 56 cartoon classics that includes audio commentaries, featurettes, and other bonuses. It's available in October for \$64.95.

THE ADVENTURES OF INDIANA JONES: THE COMPLETE DVD COLLECTION arrives in November from Fox in a four-disc set for \$69.99 (the fourth disc contains 200 minutes of extras). Fox also offers *X FILES* Season 8 (\$149.98), Paramount releases Sergio Leone's *ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST* (\$19.99), and New Line debuts *THE LORD OF THE RINGS: THE TWO TOWERS* (\$39.99) in a four-disc edition that contains 43 minutes of additional footage.

YOUNG SHERLOCK HOLMES has a premiere DVD showing in December (Paramount, \$14.98), as does a special edition of *ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK* (MGM), and the Fox TV collections *BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER* Season Five and *FIREFLY: THE COMPLETE SERIES* (which includes unaired episodes).

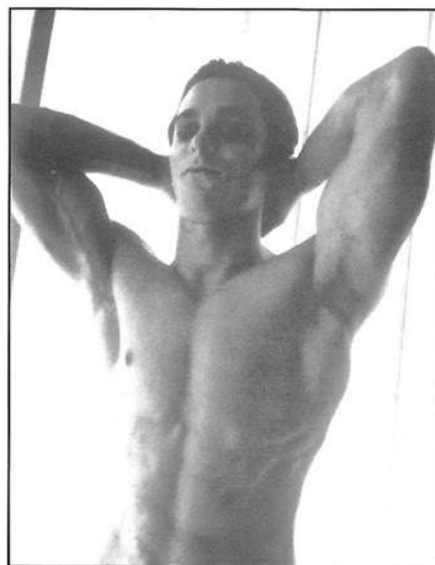
Trekker alert: two-disc special editions of *STAR TREK IV: THE VOYAGE HOME* and *STAR TREK V: THE FINAL FRONTIER* are promised from Paramount before year's end, and next year will bring a deluxe treatment of *STAR TREK VI: THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY*, and the start of full-season releases of *STAR TREK VOYAGER*.

Danger, danger! *LOST IN SPACE* Season One (Fox, eight discs for \$79.98) is tentatively set for January release. And later in 2004 watch for the DVD debuts of *CAT PEOPLE* (1942), *THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS*, *EAST OF EDEN*, *KING KONG* (1933), *THE GRAPES OF WRATH*, and restored editions of *TOP HAT*, *SWING TIME*, *CAREFREE*, and seven other Astaire/Rogers musicals.

Coming to DVD in February: a Hollywood animator gets drawn into a terrifying trap by a pair of psycho sisters in First Run Features' *SUSPENDED ANIMATION*, from director John D. Hancock of 1971's *LET'S SCARE JESSICA TO DEATH* fame.

Home video availability and release dates are notoriously changeable, Scarlet Streeters, so consult your local video store for the latest info.

Gone, but never to be forgotten: broadcaster David Brinkley; comic-book artist Warren Kremer; tap dancers Howard "Sandman" Sims and Gregory Hines; jazz musicians Benny Carter and Herbie Mann; singers "Little Eva" Boyd, Johnny Cash, June Carter Cash, Celia Cruz, Elisabeth Welch, and Barry White; composer Herschel Burke Gilbert; novelists Nicolas Freeling, Winston Graham, James Plunkett, Carol Shields, Leon Uris and Kathleen Winsor; novelist/screenwriter (and *Scarlet Street* friend) George Baxt; art director Matt Jeffries; film editor John Jympson; screenwriters George Axelrod, True Boardman, Lee Katz, Michael Morris, and David Newman; producer Alex Gordon; directors Fielder Cook,

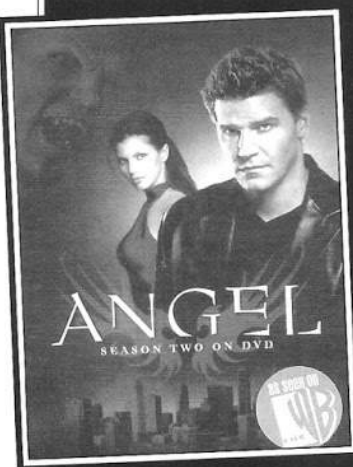


Christian Bale has been signed to play the Dark Knight in *BATMAN 5* and, unlike the first actor in the series, he's got muscles—and a chin. The film covers Bat's early years.

John Schlesinger, and Rod Amateau; and actors Larry Hovis, Kathie Browne McGavin, John Carlyle, Anthony Caruso, Hume Cronyn, Dick Cusack, Al Eben, Buddy Ebsen, Don Estelle, Trevor Goddard, Carol Grace Matthau, Buddy Hackett, Anne Gwynne, Bryan Hull, Andrea King, Basil Langton, Tom Lasswell, Peter MacLean, William Marshall, Gregory Peck, Charles Bronson, John Henry Redwood, Carlos Rivas, Laura Sadler, Martha Scott, Raymond Serra, Robert Stack, Philip Stone, James "Skip" Ward, John Ritter, and two legends—Katharine Hepburn and Bob Hope.



Send The Hound your questions, comments and compliments via email to TheNewsHound@scarletstreet.com.



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4. In the episode "Reprise," _____ tries to commit suicide.
5. In the episode "Are You Now or Have You Ever Been," Cordelia Chase serves coffee to herself, tea to Wesley Wyndham Pryce, and blood topped with _____ to Angel.

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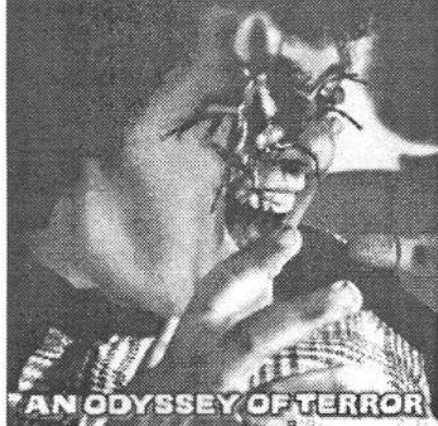
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BRAIN LEECHES



LABYRINTH* (1959) Nadja Tiller, Peter Van Eyck, Nicole Badal, Amedeo Nazzari, Hannah Wieder. Where has this film been? *Labyrinth* is a bizarre, yet brilliant piece of filmmaking about a group of mental misfits in a way-out-of-this-world sanatorium. Tiller is a famed poet battling alcoholism and impending madness. The moments where she begins to blank out mentally are most effective and very unique. Van Eyck, also an alcoholic, is the handsome artist who helps keep her in touch with reality. However the show is almost stolen by Wieder as the beautiful blonde sex kitten who, in addition to being a raving nymphomaniac, is also suicidal. The scene where Van Eyck walks into his room and finds her naked on his bed is a genuinely seductive moment. There are so many bits of brilliance to this film that we could take up an entire column. Alas, this exceptional motion picture has our highest recommendation. 16mm. DVD item #X106D, VHS item #X106

THE WAILING* (1979) Directed by Ricardo Freda, with Stefano Patrizi, Silvia Dionisio, Anita Strendburg, Henri Garcin, John Richardson, Laura Gemser. An actor (Patrizi) brings his girl friend and a number of his acting pals to the eerie villa where his aging mother lives. Horrible things begin to happen. A black-gloved killer tries to drown a woman in a bathtub. A man's stomach is slit open with a hunting knife. The killer hacks out the brains of another guy with an axe. In a couple of very atmospheric sequences, Patrizi's girlfriend experiences an eerie black mass nightmare, then is later stalked by the killer during a thunderstorm. Some great plot twists toward the end of the film. Wow! You don't want to miss this one. This is a graphic film and would definitely be rated R, so PLEASE, keep this one away from the kids. A great music score adds to the atmosphere. Highly recommended. Color. 16mm. DVD item #H318D, VHS item #H318

THE BRAIN LEECHES* (1978) Paul Jones, Marcia Scott, Ray Starr, Jennifer Knight, directed by Fred Ray. *The Brain Leeches* may be the greatest bad movie of all time. We're not kidding, either. It's an amazingly lovable piece of Z movie schlock. This was Fred Ray's first movie, and it has sat, unreleased, for 25 years. Although Fred would readily admit that it's an awful film, one must remember that some awful movies are just plain awful, while others transcend this and become classics. *The Brain Leeches* may well be the *Citizen Kane* of bad movies. If this movie doesn't make you howl, nothing will. Yet, for all its awfulness, the film has a true low budget charm and shows Fred's youthful reverence to B horror movies. Aliens leeches are taking over peoples' brains! The head leech is a wad of tinfoil shaped like a light bulb and painted black, with two white thumbtacks for eyes. Fred's hand and arm (covered with a black sock) holds it on camera next to a Jacob's ladder electrical device. Others leeches are spidery-like rubber things pulled by strings. Once a leech gets you, your eyes become white and bulging, and you are given a pair of sunglasses to hide the fact that you are now a mindless zombie. One hilarious scene has a mother entering a room carrying her diaper-clad baby. Both are wearing sunglasses! Fred told us that *The Brain Leeches* might possibly be the last film ever shot in black and white because of budgetary limitations. When scoring the film Fred told us, "We just put on a classical record and let it play." A genuinely mind boggling film. Our highest possible bad movie recommendation goes out to *The Brain Leeches*, along with our deepest thanks to Fred Ray for making it available. 16mm. DVD item #S244D, VHS item #S244

ESCAPE FROM BROADMOOR* (1948, aka CURSE OF THE BROADMOOR GHOST) John Stuart, Victoria Hopper, John Le Mesurier, Frank Hawkins, directed by John Gilling. Another forgotten horror film surfaces. A maid is murdered during a burglary at a gloomy country mansion called Twelve Trees. Years later, the lunatic who killed her escapes from an asylum. He and his cohort plan a return to the scene of the crime to rob the mansion's safe of its priceless rubies. What they encounter there is a chilling dose of supernatural revenge. Hammer horror icon Gilling did a good job with this short, streamliner feature. A nice, creepy music score adds to the proceedings in this effective little ghost chiller. 16mm. DVD item #H313D, VHS item #H313

BEWARE THE HUNCHBACK!

A freak of nature
whose crimes
go beyond
your wildest
terrors!



HUNCHBACK OF THE MORGUE

(Distributed by ONE WORLD MOVIES INC.)

R-13



FANTOMAS* (1932) Jean Galland, Thomy Bourdelle, Tania Fedor, Georges Rigaud. '30s horror fans will really want to see this forgotten gem. The first half is quite similar to movies like *The Bat Whispers* and *Secret of the Blue Room*. Fantomas, a hooded killer, is on the loose in an old chateau on a stormy night. The guests suspect that something is amiss. When an attempt is made to call the police, the phone wire is cut! The wind howls and howls. After entering from a secret panel, Fantomas strangles an old lady in her bedroom, then disappears into the night. Later on, another murder takes place in a ritzy hotel as Fantomas strangles a princess and steals her valuable necklace. His final crime takes place at a racetrack where he pours oil onto the track, causing one of his enemies to spin into a horrible crash. The scene where Fantomas is apprehended by the police is preceded by one of the most brutal fight scenes you'll ever see. Wow! This film has been criticized as not being true to the Fantomas books. So what! Take it on its own merits. It's a highly atmospheric old dark house chiller that veers into a Dr. Mabuse-type film midway through. Please note: Don't let the fact that this movie is in French with no subtitles throw you. The basic plot line is really pretty easy to understand. What a cool movie. Highly recommended. DVD item #H309D, VHS item #H309

HUNCHBACK OF THE MORGUE* (1972) Paul Naschy, Rosanna Yanni, Alberto Dalbes, Maria Perschy, Vic Winner. Paul plays a ghastly hunchback with way below average intelligence. His only friend is a young lady, who eventually dies. When a couple of guys don't treat her corpse just right, Paul goes berserk and rips them into pieces—literally. A mad doctor then promises Paul he'll bring the girl back to life if he does his evil bidding. Paul agrees, ghastly horror follows. This movie is awfully bloody and there's quite a bit of nudity, but in spite of all this it comes off as just a good old fashioned monster movie. Recommended. 16mm. DVD item #H315D, VHS item #H315

THEY'RE A CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF A DIFFERENT KIND!



VAMPIRE HOOKERS* (1979) John Carradine, Bruce Fairbairn, Trey Wilson, Karen Stride, Lenka Novak. Carradine plays an old-age vampire who has a bevy of vampiric beauties at his beck and call. These fang-baring vixens have sexual relations with their victims before they put the bit on them. What a way to die. They also lure many of their "customers" back to Carradine's lair. This is one of the campiest movies we offer. A real schlock classic. The title song has great lyrics, "vampire hookers...they suck more than your bloodsucker!" Rated R. Nice color and print. 16mm. DVD item #H317D, VHS item #H317

GHOST OF ST. MICHAELS* (1941) Will Hay, Claude Hulbert, Charles Hawtrey, Raymond Huntley. There's a killer afoot at mysterious Dundayne Castle, home of St. Michael's school for boys. Two headmasters appear to have been murdered by the ghost of a long-dead piper, whose wailing pipes can be heard at each scene of death. Two professors and their pet pupils try to solve the mystery. This is a fairly amusing comedy-chiller with numerous horror devices: spiked doors, secret panels, crushing walls, hidden chambers, etc. This first 25 minutes are pretty banal, but things begin to pick up after the boys arrive at the castle. The laughing gas scene is very amusing. Our video master comes from a European source and is a little softer than usual, but still quite acceptable. 16mm. DVD item #H310D, VHS item #H310

AIR HAWKS* (1934) Ralph Bellamy, Edward Van Sloan, Tala Birrell, Wiley Post, Douglas Dumbrille. One of the best B films we've released in a long time. Bellamy's small airline company tries to compete with a much bigger airline. However, the head of the big airline hires a mad scientist to shoot Bellamy's planes out of the sky with a giant death ray that can be transported around the countryside inside a large truck with an open roof. This is without a doubt one of the best of the old 1930s "death ray" movies, right alongside *Chandu the Magician*. This basic plot line was used again in films like *Ghost Patrol*, *Sky Bandits*, and *Sky Racket*. Van Sloan is terrific as the mad scientist and does a fine job in a role that normally would have been reserved for someone like Lugosi or Karloff. The shot of his facial expression at the moment of his first aerial kill is priceless. 16mm. DVD item #S239D, VHS item #S239

TWIN HUSBANDS* (1934, Chesterfield) John Miljan, Shirley Grey, Monroe Owsley, Hale Hamilton. Miljan made a couple of good crime films for Chesterfield. This one and *Murder at Glen Athol*. In this one, he plays a famous crook who awakens in a posh mansion, only to be told by the butler that he is someone else. His "wife" and personal secretary try to convince him of his new identity so he will help them obtain a small fortune in bonds. But what happened to the real husband? This is an interesting poverty row caper film that features nice performances by all. Cool. 16mm. DVD item #M334D, VHS item #M334



HERCULES AGAINST THE BARBARIANS* (1964)

Mark Forest, Ken Clark, Gloria Milland, Jose Greci. In this ancient epic, Hercules is pitted against Genghis Khan and his hordes. Forest, as Hercules, performs many Herculean feats. He saves a girl from burning at the stake. He bends the bars on his cell to escape. He carries giant logs and moves giant rocks. He also fights a duel before Mongol royalty. However, the most memorable scene is where he saves two cowering boys from a giant alligator. Forest fights the beast in water and tries to make it look good, but it's a big limp, lifeless rubber alligator. The fight goes on forever and is possibly the most embarrassing moment of Forest's career, rivaling even Ed Wood's limp octopus in *Bride of the Monster*. Still, all in all this is a fun, action-packed epic. Beautiful color and print. 16mm. DVD item #SS104D, VHS item #SS104

HERCULES AGAINST THE MONGOLS* (1964)

Mark Forest, Ken Clark, Grazia Maria Spina, Jose Greci. In this loose follow-up to *Hercules Against the Barbarians*, Forest finds himself in the fight of his life against the three sons of Genghis Khan, who have created a war against the west by killing one of their father's most trusted advisors and then blaming it on the west. After conquering a city, the three sons all have their eye on a very beautiful princess they have captured. Can Hercules save her from their unsavory clutches? One fun scene has Forest beating the crap out of one of the Khan's sons and then battling off his entire band—single-handed. Awfully schlocky, but still quite a bit of fun. From a nice color 16mm print. DVD item #SS125D, VHS item #SS125

THE DEMON* (1981) Cameron Mitchell, Jennifer Holmes,

Craig Gardner. A small town is the target of a wave of horrendous killings. A psycho killer has been dispatched by the devil himself to thirst upon the blood of the town's inhabitants. Wearing a black mask and using clawed hands, the killer uses plastic bags on his intended victims. Mitchell is good as a psychic cop who tries to track the monster down. There is an eye-popping scene toward the end of the film where the demon stalks a naked blonde throughout a house. Be advised, this would undoubtedly be rated R for nudity and violence. A pretty well made, interesting supernatural thriller. Color, 16mm. DVD item #H319D, VHS item #H319



MISSING GIRLS* (1936, Chesterfield) Roger Pryor, Muriel Evans, Sidney Blackmer, Noel Madison, Ann Doran. A top Chesterfield production with a great script and a great cast. Starts out like an exploitation film, then veers sharply into crime and intrigue. A U.S. Senator is assassinated by a gangster who is trying to frame another gangster with the killing. A young reporter, also on the trail of a kidnapped girl, tries to track down the killer. Things eventually lead to a Florida farmhouse, the hideout of a notorious female crime boss named Ma Bolton. One helluva shootout follows in what is certainly one helluva poverty row crime film! Obviously inspired by the true-life exploits of Ma Barker. Recommended! 16mm. DVD item #M340D, VHS item #M340

DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI* (1937) Charles Bickford,

Anna Mae Wong, Buster Crabbe, J. Carrol Naish, Anthony Quinn, Fred Kohler. An absolute must-have! An Oriental importer is murdered by gangsters after refusing to smuggle illegal aliens in Chinatown. His daughter takes on the task of finding the killer. The murder trail leads her and a Chinese detective friend to inside the smuggler's ship in a Central American port. Great danger follows. One terrific scene has the smugglers planning to drop our two heroes through the bomb bay doors of a flying airplane! This is a great B film you don't want to miss! Our highest recommendation. From 16mm. DVD item #M341D, VHS item #M341

He used the power of the universe 2500 years ago TO DESTROY THE ROMAN INVADERS!



L'ASSEDIO DI SYRACUSE* (1962) Rossano Brazzi,

Tina Louise, Sylva Koscina, Gino Cervi. This is a really cool sword and sandal movie complete with a solar death ray! The final battle scene, where galleys are being blown out of the water with the deadly ray, is very memorable. Brazzi, as Archimedes, longs for a beautiful dancing girl played by the stunning Louise. They are kept apart by marriages, intrigue, and war in this well made film about ancient Rome. A great blend of action, intrigue, sci-fi, and romance. Louis, of course, went on to play Giger on *Gilligan's Island*. A real obscurity and a fine addition for any sword & sandal fan. Recommended. Color. DVD item #SS124D, VHS item #SS124

CALTIKI, THE IMMORTAL MONSTER* (1959) John

Merivale, Did Sullivan, Max Gunther, Daniela Rocca, Gay Pearl, Gerard Herter, directed by Riccardo Freda. A large, living radioactive mass is discovered in a subterranean pool near the ancient Mayan ruins of Mexico. It feeds on humans! The monster is killed, but fragments of it are taken back to civilization where they begin to grow and grow, eventually becoming another giant murdering blob! The scene where Caltiki rises out of the subterranean pool is quite memorable, likewise the scene where Caltiki bursts out of a kitchen and devours a crazed killer. Mario Bava's dark, moody photography helps create a chilling atmosphere. Obviously inspired by *The Quatermass Experiment* and *The Blob*, but still very good. This is a pretty cool movie. Highly recommended. 16mm. DVD item #S121D, VHS item #S121

DR. RENAULT'S SECRET* (1942) George Zucco, J.

Carroll Naish, Sheppard Strudwick, Lynne Roberts, Mike Mazurki. What is the strange secret of Dr. Renault's ape-like servant? Could it be that he's not really human? Yep...that's it. Mad doctor Zucco has slowly transformed an ape into a man-like creature that passes for human (barely) but must inevitably revert back to his savage instincts. Naish gives a fine portrayal as the tortured man-beast that eventually spills human blood. Creepy and atmospheric, this is a quality B monster movie that all horror fans should want for their collections. From 16mm. DVD item #H311D, VHS item #H311

GAMERA VS. MONSTER X* (1970) Tsutomu Takakuwa,

Kelly Varis, Kathy Murphy, Kim Omura. This is without question a really corny movie, so corny it becomes laughable, so laughable it becomes a must-see. Gamera fights Jiger, an iguana-like monster who threatens a world exposition (where's a cop when you need one?). Gamera is infected with one of Jiger's eggs, which hatches and produces a little monster that slowly sucks the life out of our monster hero. Alas, two young boys come to the rescue, taking a mini-submarine into Gamera's bloodstream and destroying the invading monster. The two little kid "heroes" are often vomit inducing, especially at the end when they are waving goodbye to Gamera. Color, 16mm. DVD item #S241D, VHS item #S241

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SCREEN...



and Screen AGAIN!



Scarlet Street's DVD Reviews

THE WOMEN
Warner Home Video
\$19.98

From the famous opening tracking shot, into and through the interior of Sydney's Park Avenue Salon, the fast, funny, and fabulous tone is set for George Cukor's exclusively female comic masterpiece. *THE WOMEN* (1939) presents a vision of feminine separatism in which the focus is on the bitchy badinage that plays out between shopping excursions and cocktail luncheons. The topic of conversation is the masculine sex. ("It's all about men!") The fact that the raucous/mawkish screenplay was written by two women (Anita Loos and Jane Murnin), modifying the work of yet another (Clare Booth Luce), has never silenced those revisionist critics inclined to view *WOMEN* as misogynistic. First-time viewers may blanch at some of the sentiments expressed by the ladies, who inhabit a high-society playground where "pride is a luxury a woman in love can't afford."

Conversely, the passing of decades has done nothing to diminish this film's enormous popularity with gay audiences, whose taste for epigrammatic drollery, and preoccupation with men, do not appear to have been lessened by sociopolitical liberation. Having been bounced from *GONE WITH THE WIND* (1939), Cukor bounced right back with this somewhat cleaned-up adaptation of the Broadway sensation, populating its cast with more than a few castoff Scarlett O'Haras. Among these is Joan Crawford as Crystal Allen, establishing herself as a more proficient actress than her employers thought. Crystal is at once a continuation, as well as the logical evolution, of Crawford's staple "little shop girl" characterization: that of the scheming vixen from behind the perfume counter at Black's Fifth Avenue, who uses sex to snatch the well-heeled husband of goody-two-shoes Mary Haines (Norma Shearer, giving a sincere and charming performance, though she

occasionally demonstrates the exaggerated expressiveness of a former silent star).

Both actresses take a back seat to the effervescent Rosalind Russell, however. After years of being given parts for which she was ill suited, Russell became a star with her portrayal of Mary's gossipy, garrulous cousin, Sylvia Fowler, playing it like the Wicked Witch of the Upper East Side.

THE WOMEN's other scene stealer is that great, quivering mass of comedic vi-

vacity, Mary Boland, as the "married, divorced, married, divorced" Countess DeLave, whose repeated cry of "L'amour!" is guaranteed to bring the house down, and who does in mere minutes of screen time what many actresses would be lucky to accomplish in an entire career.

The distinctive and often quite arrestingly bizarre gowns of gay designer Adrian (who two weeks before *WOMEN*'s release stunned Hollywood with his marriage to Janet Gaynor), are paraded non-stop, and are even granted their own surreal Technicolor fashion show sequence—a black-and-white alternate take of which is included on the DVD. Other extras include two shorts plugging period Metro product, isolated music tracks, and trailers (including one for the 1956 remake, *THE OPPOSITE SEX*).

—Jon Anthony Carr

RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE
Columbia/TriStar Home Entertainment
\$19.95

The year 1943 had not been a banner year for Bela Lugosi. He made three pictures: *THE APE MAN*, perhaps the most ignominious of all the no-budget clunkers he headlined for Poverty Row's Monogram Studios; *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN*, for which he swallowed his pride and assumed the role of the Monster, which he had famously declined 12 years before; and *GHOSTS ON THE LOOSE*, in which he played second fiddle to those overgrown urchins, the East Side Kids.

Surely Poor Bela was hoping for better things in 1944, and better things arrived in the form of *RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE*. Of all his films from the middle forties, it remains the most satisfying as a Lugosi vehicle. (Val Lewton's 1945 classic *THE BODY SNATCHER* stands as a masterpiece, but relegates Lugosi to a bit part.)

As Armand Tesla, an ersatz Dracula, Lugosi serves as the linchpin for Columbia's modern-dress monster rally. *RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE*, clearly inspired by the box-office success of Universal's *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN*, gives Tesla—a were-wolf sidekick. Griffin Jay's scenario is by-the-book hokum, but directors Lew Landers and Kurt Neumann execute it with such verve and good humor that even the film's clichés work in its favor. Neumann would later direct *THE FLY* (1958), along with several lesser genre flicks. Landers previously had directed Lugosi in the 1935 *RAVEN*.

As Tesla, Lugosi is, well, Lugosi. What he's doing may not be great acting, but you can't take your eyes off him. He enjoys plenty of screen time, looks great, and simply commands the entire picture. Matt Willis contributes a memorable supporting turn as Andreas, Tesla's lycanthropic henchman.

Columbia presents *RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE* in a flawless transfer from a very good print. The image has some speckles, scratches, and other mild blem-



ishes, and the sound grows a bit fuzzy at points, but the focus is sharp, the gray tones are rich, and the print isn't overly dark or suffering from too much contrast. The DVD also restores some



brief, precredit opening narration not included in previous video versions. However, the skimpy bonus materials represent a major disappointment. Unless you count optional subtitles, the only extra features are trailers for *THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1958) and *BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA* (1992).

Although *RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE* was by far the best of the batch, Lugosi busied himself with three more pictures in 1944: Two unintentionally hilarious horrors for Monogram, *VOODOO MAN* and *RETURN OF THE APE MAN*, and one unintentionally unhilarious comedy, *ONE BODY TOO MANY*. In fact, the year represents a last hurrah for Lugosi. He would never again make more than two pictures in a year and, with the notable exceptions of *BODY SNATCHER* and *ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN* (1948), the quality of his projects sloped precipitously. He slid into such subMonogram dreck as *BELA LUGOSI MEETS A BROOKLYN GORILLA* (1952) and the oeuvre of Ed Wood. Watching Lugosi in, say, *THE BLACK SLEEP* can only make the viewer wish there'd been more *Returns of the Vampire*.

—Mark Clark

ALL ABOUT EVE 20th Century Fox Home Entertainment \$19.98

For the inaugural release in their Studio Classics line, Fox chose *ALL ABOUT EVE* (1950). Previously released with a higher price and lower quality transfer, *EVE* was a perfect first choice, adding a bevy of extras to the improvements.

Margo Channing (Bette Davis) is the reigning queen of Broadway—that is, until she takes in Eve Harrington (Anne Baxter). Seemingly shy and mousey, Eve is brought in from the cold one night by Margo's best friend, Karen Richards (Celeste Holm), to meet her

idol, Margo. At first, Eve appears quite helpful to the star, but Margo soon learns the truth—Eve is really coldhearted and scheming, intent on stealing not only Margo's title, but any of Margo's friends who can help her as she claws her way to the top. This includes not only Karen, but Karen's playwright husband, Lloyd (Hugh Marlowe), and Margo's fiancé/director, Bill Sampson (Gary Merrill—soon to be Mr. Bette Davis). On top of Eve's deception, Margo is facing her 40th birthday. What follows is one of the most intelligent and wittiest battle of wills ever to grace the silver screen.

Nominated for 14 Oscars (and winning six), *EVE* is one of the most beloved movies of all time. It's a cultural landmark as well, with such lines as "Fasten your seat belts, it's going to be a bumpy night" having entered the vernacular. Impeccably written by Joseph L. Mankiewicz (who also directed), the script serves up to the cast manna from heaven—and what a cast to take advantage of Mankiewicz's dialogue! In addition to those already cited, add Thelma Ritter as Margo's aide-de-camp, Birdie, George Sanders as Addison Dewitt, the very picture of the bitchy theater critic, and Marilyn Monroe as that graduate of the Copacabana School of Acting, Miss Caswell.

The new *EVE* disc sports a gorgeous transfer of a newly restored print and is properly presented full frame. Two commentary tracks are included; the first is edited together with comments from Celeste Holm, Christopher Mankiewicz (Joe's son), and Kenneth Geist (author of a book on Mankiewicz). It's insightful and offers a wealth of background information and anecdotes. The second track by Sam Staggs, author of *All About ALL ABOUT EVE* (2000), while interesting, isn't always accurate. Several promotional clips (Movietone newsreels, interviews with Davis and Baxter, trailer) are included. Finishing the extras are an AMC documentary and a restoration comparison. No need to fasten any seat



belts before watching this DVD; you're in for an enjoyable—never bumpy—night of entertainment.

—Ron Morgan

HERCULES IN THE HAUNTED WORLD Image Entertainment/Fantoma \$29.99

Mario Bava's *HERCULES IN THE HAUNTED WORLD* (1961/1964) is arguably the most fantastic of all Italian pepla films. The mighty Hercules (Reg Park) and his acrobatic comrade, Theseus (George Ardisson), sail to Hades to retrieve sacred objects that will rescue Hercules' lover, Deianira (Leonora Ruffo), from a sinister curse. The heroes are unaware that Lyco (Christopher Lee), the acting ruler of Icalia, has manipulated the forces of darkness to achieve an eternal kingship. Their return from the underworld is further complicated when the lustful Theseus brings back a souvenir—Pluto's favorite daughter, Persephone (Ida Galli).

The mediocre screenplay, especially in its English translation, mixes elements from several different Greek myths: the demigod Hercules, Theseus (sans Minotaur), Persephone, Medea, the golden apples of the Hesperides, and a pair of beds that are either too long or too short for their occupants. Director/cinematographer Bava cooks this mythological stew to perfection by spicing it with



phantasmagorical lighting, expansive matte paintings, and saturated color schemes. Hades has never looked so inviting, even considering the monstrous denizens that populate the place.

The leading players all acquit themselves well. Reg Park's Hercules in the preceding *HERCULES AND THE CAPTIVE WOMEN* (1961) was more given to a wisecracking, jocular approach to his labors. His stoical demeanor here aids the suspension of disbelief, though Park doesn't project the hint of menace that characterized Steve Reeves' popular portrayal of the role in two previous films. George Ardisson's Theseus is a robust sidekick whose humanity sometimes interferes with his decision making. His blonde locks and countenance suggests a blend of Hammer Horror star David Peel and Arch Hall Jr.. Christopher Lee is suitably menacing as the corrupt monarch, despite his unsightly haircut from Hell.

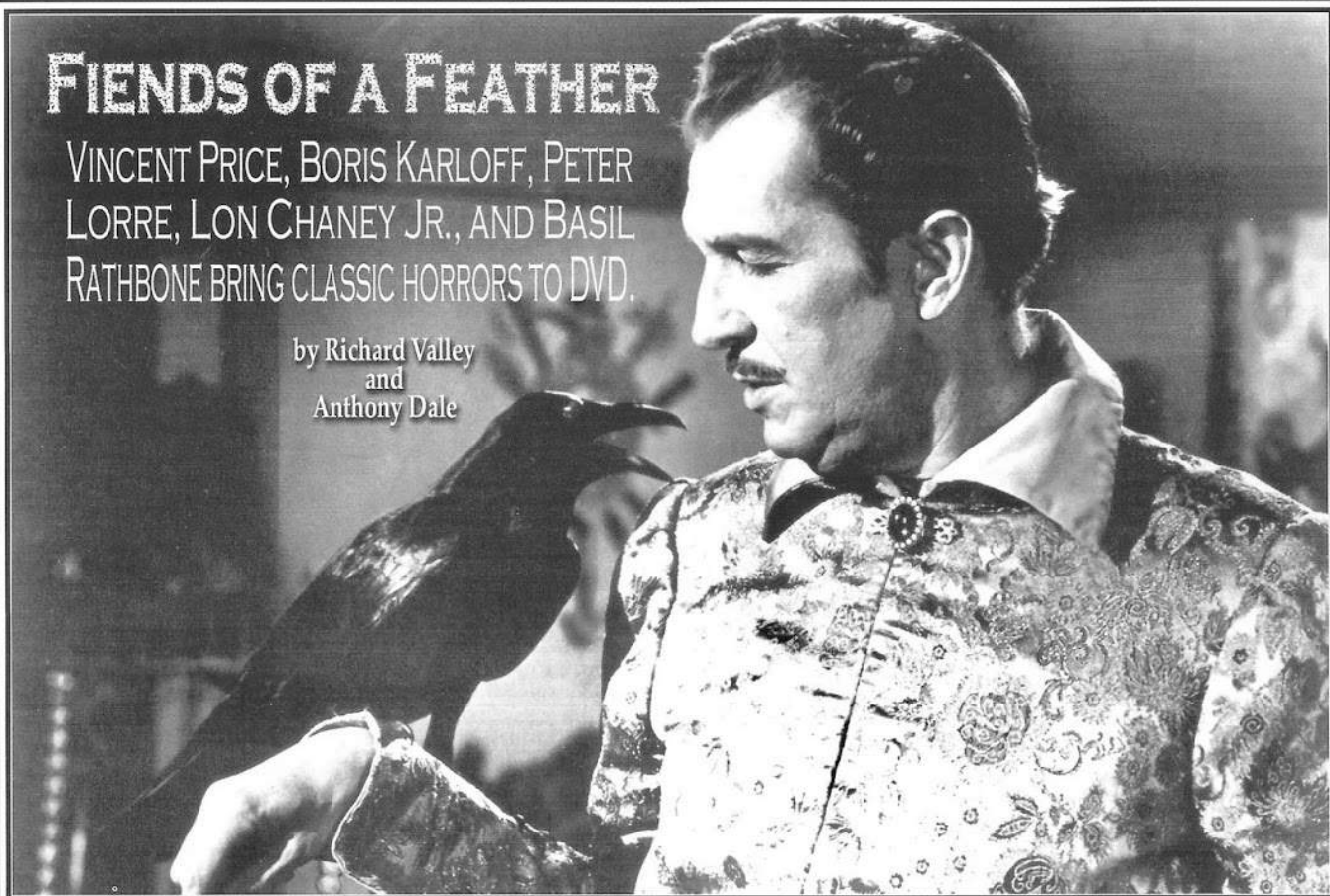
For the most part, Fantoma's DVD presents the original Italian cut, known as *HERCULES IN THE CENTER OF THE EARTH*. The opening credit crawl has been Anglicized and abbreviated, and a controversial prologue featuring Lyco

Continued on page 28

FIENDS OF A FEATHER

VINCENT PRICE, BORIS KARLOFF, PETER LORRE, LON CHANEY JR., AND BASIL RATHBONE BRING CLASSIC HORRORS TO DVD.

by Richard Valley
and
Anthony Dale



"Man need not kneel before the angels, nor lie in death forever, save for the weakness of his feeble will."

—TOMB OF LIGELA (1965)

You can't keep a good ghoul down, they say, and by way of proof, a ghastly gaggle of fright films starring Vincent Price and some memorable fellow fiends—including Boris Karloff, appropriately starring as *THE GHOUL* (1933)—have recently arrived on DVD.

The gang's all here in the Midnite Movies double-feature presentation of *THE RAVEN* and *THE COMEDY OF TERRORS* (MGM Home Entertainment, \$14.95), two American International horror farces from 1963. *THE RAVEN* stars Price as good sorcerer Erasmus Craven, Peter Lorre as naughty sorcerer Adolphus Bedlo, and Karloff as the evil sorcerer, Dr. Scarabus. (He's so evil he doesn't have a first name!) On the sidelines can be found luscious Hazel Court as the not-so-lost Lenore, and Jack Nicholson as Bedlo's bumbling son, Rexford. Directed by Roger Corman, *THE RAVEN* is a send-up of the Poe/Price/Corman films that preceded it, right down—way, way down—to the ancient family crypt beneath the house. ("Hard place to keep clean, huh?" Bedlo remarks.) The antics are good-natured, if sometimes juvenile, and the climactic duel between Craven and Scarabus is quite elaborately staged.

A more adult level of gallows humor is achieved in *THE COMEDY OF TERRORS*, directed by Jacques Tourneur

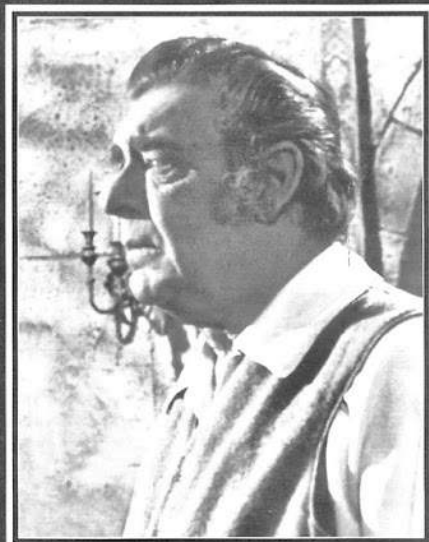
from a screenplay by Richard Matheson (who also scripted *THE RAVEN*). This time out, Price is perpetually drunk funeral parlor owner Waldo Trumbull, who, with the reluctant aid of escaped felon Felix Gillie (Lorre), hopes to keep business booming by murderously supplying his own clients. Karloff is a delight as Waldo's deaf, senile father-in-law, Amos Hinchley, and buxom Joyce Jameson's comic skills are put to rigorous use as operatic wife Amarillis Trumbull. Best of all is Basil Rathbone as Shakespeare-spouting John F. Black, whose threat to evict his funeral tenants sparks Waldo's mad scheme to kill two birds with one suffocating pillow by eliminating the landlord. There's only one problem—Mr. Black won't stay dead.

Whereas *THE RAVEN* is standard (though sprightly) good versus evil stuff, *THE COMEDY OF TERRORS* is tightly structured and possessed of the relentless snowball effect that is the hallmark of all good farce. Both prints are presented in widescreen. The extras include interviews with Richard Matheson and Roger Corman, and the original theatrical trailers.

Missing from the casts of the two AIP horror comedies is veteran boogie man Lon Chaney Jr., but he pops up the same year in *THE HAUNTED PALACE*, paired on the Midnite Movies DVD (MGM Home Entertainment, \$14.95) with *TOWER OF LONDON* (1962). *THE HAUNTED PALACE* qualifies as a Poe/Price/Corman film by dint of its Poe-

inspired title, but the story is really based on H. P. Lovecraft's *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward* (1928). As Corman explains in an interview, he felt it was time to tackle something a little different. AIP agreed in theory, but hedged its bets by playing up the Poe connection (whose name is misspelled in the credits) and downplaying Lovecraft. Nevertheless, the film remains one of the better Lovecraft adaptations, with Price effective in the dual roles of gentle Charles Dexter Ward and his vile ancestor, Joseph Curwen; Chaney, suitably creepy in the best of his late-career horror excursions, as warlock Simon Orne; and a supporting cast peppered with such popular players as Elisha Cook Jr., Frank Maxwell, John Dierkes, Milton Parsons, and Bruno VeSota. Beauty and the occasional scream are provided by Debra Paget as Ward's wife, Ann.

TOWER OF LONDON marked the second time Price appeared in a film with that title, the first being a 1939 Universal production with Basil Rathbone as King Richard III; Boris Karloff as Richard's faithful executioner, Mord; and Price as the Duke of Clarence, who finds himself upended and drowned in a vat of wine. Some 43 years later, Price found himself promoted to King, with Charles Macaulay inheriting the role of Clarence. As with *THE HAUNTED PALACE*, the 1962 *TOWER* was a break from the Poe series and an opportunity for director Corman to spread his creative wings.



PAGE 26: Vincent Price gets the boid in *THE RAVEN* (1963). LEFT: Price achieved horror stardom in *HOUSE OF WAX* (1953). CENTER: Peter Lorre contemplates murder in *THE COMEDY OF TERRORS* (1963). TOP RIGHT: Lon Chaney Jr. is a centuries-old warlock in *THE HAUNTED PALACE* (1963). CENTER RIGHT: A merry Boris Karloff fiddles while Basil Rathbone (BOTTOM RIGHT) burns in *THE COMEDY OF TERRORS*.

He's less successful here—*TOWER*, like its predecessor, is historical drama dressed in the trappings of the horror film. The first version has Karloff on hand for chills, while the second fills the screen with the ghosts of Richard's many victims. (Whether the spirits are real or the figments of Richard's fevered imagination is a question left unanswered.)

Both the colorful *HAUNTED PALACE* and the monochrome *TOWER OF LONDON* are given sharp transfers from excellent prints. Extras include the featurettes *A CHANGE OF POE* and *PRODUCING TOWER OF LONDON*, and the theatrical trailer for *PALACE*.

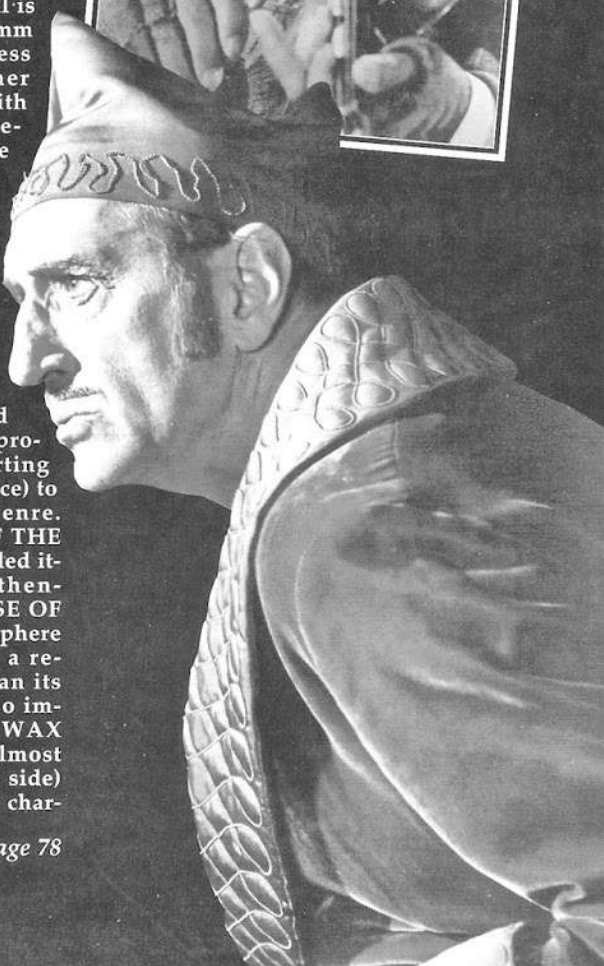
The indefatigable Roger Corman was still striving for a fresh approach to the Poe pictures when the time came to direct what would be the series' final entry, 1965's *TOMB OF LIGEIA*. The result is that exception to the law of diminishing returns—*TOMB OF LIGEIA* is without doubt one of the finest of the Poe/Price/Corman collaborations, and quite possibly the finest. *LIGEIA* benefits tremendously from airy location work that makes the film's gloomy interior scenes all the more claustrophobic. It also features the series' strongest female performance—Elizabeth Shepherd in the twin roles of Lady Rowena Trevanion and not-quite-dead-yet Lady Ligeia Fell.

After five years, the Poe series was thirsty for fresh blood, and Corman turned to screenwriter Robert Towne for a transfusion. Towne also craved fresh blood, however, and fought in vain to have someone other than Price play Verden Fell, whom he saw as a young, virile, Bronte-esque Heathcliff. Corman and AIP thought otherwise, and Price justified their faith by turning in a performance at least the equal of his other great series charac-

terization, that of Roderick Usher in *HOUSE OF USHER* (1960).

TOMB OF LIGEIA is paired with the TV production *AN EVENING OF EDGAR ALLAN POE* (1970) for another Midnite Movies double bill (MGM Home Entertainment, \$14.95). The latter is a videotaped presentation of Vincent Price performing Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart," "The Pit and the Pendulum," "The Sphinx," and "The Cask of Amontillado." The DVD source material is not the actual videotape, but a 16mm kinescope, and the quality is less than ideal. *LIGEIA*, on the other hand, has never looked better, with vivid colors and a pristine widescreen image. Included among the extras are an audio commentary by Roger Corman and a second commentary, originally presented on *LIGEIA*'s laserdisc release, featuring Elizabeth Shepherd in conversation with an uncredited David Del Valle.

Nineteen-fifty-three's *HOUSE OF WAX* (Warner Home Video, \$19.98), lensed in 3-D by one-eyed director Andre DeToth, presented Vincent Price with the role that propelled him from stalwart supporting actor (in 1944's *LAURA*, for instance) to a second career in the horror genre. Loosely based on *MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM* (1933), which prided itself on setting its chills in a then-contemporary Manhattan, *HOUSE OF WAX* opted for the period atmosphere of New York's gaslight era. As a result, it seems far less dated than its progenitor. *HOUSE OF WAX* also improves on *MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM* (which is included, almost as an afterthought, on the disc's B side) by stressing the human side of its char-



Continued on page 78

SCREEN AND SCREEN AGAIN

Continued from page 25

pronouncing a curse against humanity (reminiscent of Barbara Steele's pre-credits tirade against future generations in Bava's 1960 classic *BLACK SUNDAY*) is not included. These reservations aside, the disc offers a splendid transfer. The 2:35-1 aspect ratio reveals visual imagery far superior to the written content of the screenplay. The colors are dazzling, and only an occasional blemish is discernible. It's a pleasure to find a vintage sword-and-sandal picture looking this good on home video.

Aside from offering both the English and Italian soundtracks, the company provides such supplements as removable English subtitles, a faded trailer that demonstrates the abortive quality of the American theatrical version (the atmospheric Armando Trovajoli score has been replaced with familiar fifties' library music cues), a still and poster gallery, and Tim Lucas' liner notes tracing the production's history.

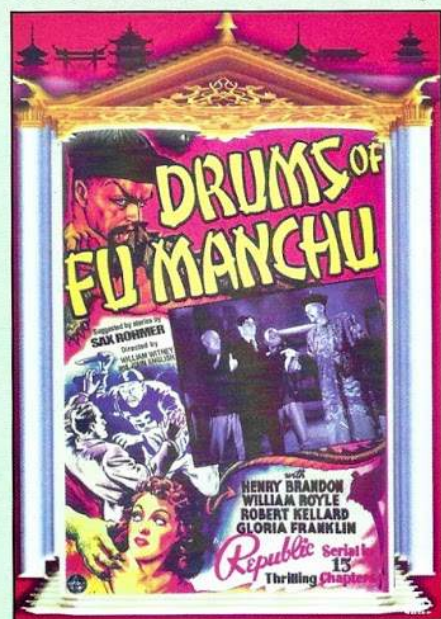
—John F. Black

DRUMS OF FU MANCHU

VCI Entertainment

\$29.99

By the mid-1930s, the movie serial had devolved into simpleminded action entertainment for kiddies and other less-discerning members of the audience. They were hardly sophisticated and often verged on being technically shoddy. Then Herbert J. Yates foreclosed on a gaggle of Poverty Row companies and combined them into Republic Studios, which made serials its primary product in the early days and made them uncommonly well. No film is as much fun as a well-made serial, a fact not lost on George



Lucas and Steven Spielberg when they initiated the Indiana Jones series.

Republic preferred creating its own characters to paying licensing fees for existing ones, though it did acquire sev-

eral, taking considerable liberties while molding them to the house formula. Odd, then, that it considered *Fu Manchu* for treatment—and odder still that they would do him justice, practically throwing out their standard action-action-action approach for a more sober storyline that, though not derived from Sax Rohmer, has so many details intact that *DRUMS OF FU MANCHU* is the most faithfully his characters were ever brought to the screen.

The studio created some memorable villains and generally hired the best character actors around to enact them. For *Fu*, they chose Henry Brandon, then a very young actor at the start of a long career of diverse character parts. Brandon may be too young and he is slightly hampered by a bald cranium worthy of an *OUTER LIMITS* alien and shoulder pads that might give Joan Crawford pause, but he is superbly sinister.

Aiding the villainy is Gloria Franklin as the Devil Doctor's daughter, Fah Lo Suee, memorably malignant as she gloats over planned train wrecks and other nefarious acts. Surprisingly for the time, Sir Denis Nayland Smith (William Royle) and Dr. Petrie (Olaf Hytten) are accurately portrayed as middle-aged, a clear indication, along with a more sophisticated plot than usual, that the studio was not aiming this production for its usual audience. Robert Kellard's Allan Parker may handle the bulk of the fisticuffs, but Royle's Smith piles in, too (as does Dwight Frye in a small role).

Directors William Witney and John English get the action on screen in a stylish fashion, even managing an artistic effect on occasion (the shot of Brandon at the close of Chapter 5) while keeping the film moving. The *Yellow Peril* tracks down the ancient artifacts he needs to locate the tomb of Ghengis Khan, while threatening our heroes with hungry rats, razor sharp pendulums, train and plan crashes, and an octopus under a trap door.

Each of the two discs features an image gallery, biographies (not entirely error-free), an illustrated audio appreciation by Richard Valley; a printed essay by Eric Hoffman is in the accompanying booklet. There is some duplication—and the illustrations to Valley's piece are poorly organized by VCI—but all are worthwhile in their own right. The real bonus is the exceptional remastering job performed on a title for which no decent materials seem available. The results may not be spectacular but no version available to date has looked half as good.

—Harry H. Long

GREASE 2

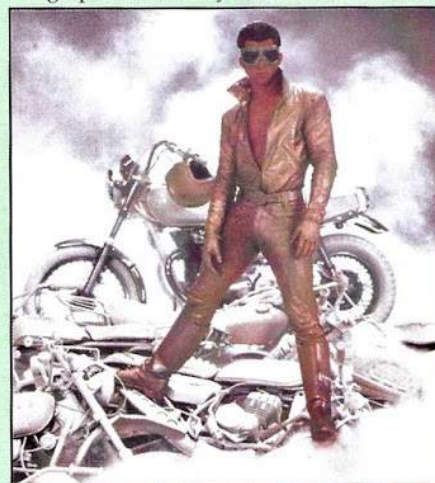
Paramount Home Video

\$19.99

GREASE (1978) was perhaps the most successful property that Allan Carr and Robert Stigwood produced and a sequel was a foregone conclusion. Over the years, *GREASE 2* (1982) has been pretty much dismissed except for the fact that

it introduced Michelle Pfeiffer and Maxwell Caulfield, who both went on to careers in film and theater.

These days, *GREASE 2* is gaining in fan base. It's been shown ala *THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW* (1975) with audience participation and has been turned into a stage version. In many ways, *GREASE 2* is a better synthesis of the original property. When Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey first created *GREASE*, it gloried in the raunchiness of greasers and hoods and the poodle-skirted gals they lusted after. From a workshop in Chicago to Off-Broadway and then on to the Great White Way, *GREASE* clocked up 3,388 performances. The raunch was missing from the film version, though, and the score was, to a considerable extent, replaced. Such parodies as "Freddy, My Love" and "It's Raining on Prom Night" were replaced by genuine period songs performed by Sha-Na-Na and an



eighties-style theme song by Frankie Valli. *GREASE* was a huge summer hit. Yet when the sequel came along, an interesting thing happened—the show that had inspired it was more fully realized. Patricia Birch, who had choreographed *GREASE*, was made director, filling the film with musical numbers energetically put across by a great dance chorus and supporting cast. Louis St. Louis' musical direction took a great number of composers and lyricists and fashioned them into a seamless whole. While Ken Finkleman's script was a bit diffuse and meandered, the basic plotline of the original material was reworked well, flipping the lead roles, while still telling the story of a fish out of water finding acceptance and love. Gene Callahan's production design, Robert DeMora's costumes, and particularly Frank Stanley's fine cinematography were all first rate contributions.

Pfeiffer and Caulfield are both appealing in the leading roles. While neither became known for their singing, both acquit themselves nicely. Pfeiffer's big number ("Cool Rider") was evidently originally written for Pat Benatar, but the actress rocks it out. Caulfield, an impossibly handsome blend of Fabian, James Dean, and Cliff Richard, does very well with his ballad, "Charades." Still, it's

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Birch's wonderful dance numbers that are the strength of the production. Standouts include the enthusiastic "Back to School Again," featuring a fine vocal by The Four Tops; "Gonna Score Tonight," a fun bowling alley romp featuring a strutting Adrian Zmed; a colorful "Rock-A-Hula Luau;" and a talent show sequence that combines a hysterical "I'll Be Your Girl for All Seasons" (featuring a luminous Lorna Luft) and "Love Will Turn Back the Hands Of Time," the love song for the leads.

Now that GREASE 2 is finally available in a dazzling restoration of color and clarity (anamorphic 2.35:1 widescreen with both Surround 5.1 and Dolby digital sound), perhaps this neglected gem will find a wider audience. Paramount is to be commended on a sterling presentation of this cult favorite.

—Farnham Scott

CAN'T STOP THE MUSIC Anchor Bay Entertainment \$19.98

Homoeroticism run rampant. Gay subtext gone mad. The last gasp of disco. Enjoy the rags to sequins story of the Village People—highly fictionalized, of course. Watch what audiences stayed away from in droves during the summer of 1980. It's all here in this in little disc of CAN'T STOP THE MUSIC from Anchor Bay.

Jack Morell (Steve Guttenberg) knows he has what it takes to be the next hot songwriter. He quits his job for the

chance to DJ (and play a couple of his own songs) at a gay disco where only mixed-gender dancing is allowed! Jack's platonic roommate (hint, hint), ex-model Samantha (Valerie Perrine), likes his stuff and decides to use some old connections to help him get his foot in the door. Fending off offers from her former agent (Tammy Grimes), Sam starts scouting for actual singers for Jack's still nonexistent group. Enlisting the aid of family and friends, including Lulu (Marilyn Sokol), they try to sell the group. After several failed attempts, including a promo for the American Dairy Association, the group is still without a deal. The Village People get one more chance—performing at a San Francisco charity event. Will they make it this time? Is there ever any doubt?

After an opening filled with corny humor, hoary old plot devices, and attempts to butch up the subject matter, the film starts slipping in a little gay innuendo. By the time the "YMCA" number is performed, only the most naive and obtuse will fail to see what's really going on. And by the finale, the subject is hardly even subtext anymore.

The cast has a ball with their roles, with a couple of standout supporting performances. Sokol is hilarious in the nelly queen role—gender reversed for mainstream consumption—and June Havoc is a joy as a proto-Debbie Novotny from QUEER AS FOLK, who's so proud of her gay son and his gay friends. Nan-

cy Walker's direction isn't half bad, especially since this was her first—and as it turned out, only—opportunity to helm a movie. The songs are fine examples of what was good with disco, but the production numbers are a mixed bag. "YMCA" is the standout and "Milkshake" is pretty good, but the others tend to fall a little flat. Most damagingly, the "Can't Stop the Music" finale is edited with all the excitement of a Lawrence Welk performance. Heck, even the end



credits have more pizzazz! Still, as musicals exploding with gay subtext go, one could do much worse.

Except for a little flickering during "YMCA," the image is crisp and clear, with appropriately florid colors and proper framing. The print restores a few glimpses of frontal male nudity for the boys and a couple of topless shots of Valerie Perrine for the girls—or vice versa. The sound is punchy, especially dur-

ing the musical numbers, with three varieties of stereo soundtracks from which to choose. A few modest extras are included. In addition to the standard trailer, there's a photo gallery (including a few snaps from the *Playgirl* Village People photo shoot), an illustrated history of the Village People, and liner notes. The notes contain lots of neat trivia—for example, the fact that Baskin-Robbins ran a tie-in promo called "Can't stop the nuts!" What were they thinking? What was anyone involved with this movie thinking? Ah, who cares—just slip the disc into the player, crank up the volume, and harken back to the days when disco was queen.

—Ron Morgan

ANIMATRIX Warner Home Video \$24.98

Considering all the hype about the recent *MATRIX RELOADED* (2003), it would hardly have been surprising had this disc to be nothing more than another way to squeeze a few bucks out of a popular title (like releasing a special edition of a film a year after a DVD of the theatrical version was offered, compelling rabid collectors to shell out for another copy of the same film, one with all the bells and whistles).

ANIMATRIX (2003) is something else again. It's a welcome addition to the Matrix saga, as well as a must for anyone who enjoys top-notch animation. The nine stories are "The Final Flight of the Osiris," by the Brothers Wachowski and directed by Andy Jones; "The Second Renaissance," by the Brothers Wachowski and directed by Mahiro Maeda; "Kid's Story," by the Brothers Wachowski and directed by Shinichiro Watanabe; "Program," written and directed by Yoshiaki Kawajiri; "World Record," written by Yoshiaki Kawajiri and directed by Takeshi Koike; "Beyond," written and directed by Koji Morimoto; and "Matriculated," written and directed by Peter Chung. "The Second Renaissance" is probably going to generate the most interest.

The presentation is first-rate, and contains approximately 80 minutes worth of extras—almost equal to the actual collection, which runs 90 minutes. The extras highlight both the Hollywood and Japanese creators, and offers an interesting primer on anime.

Overall, *ANIMATRIX* is a superb collection, and can be enjoyed by both fans of the Keanu Reeves live-action films, or those unfamiliar with them.

—Kevin G. Shinnick

HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE MGM Home Entertainment \$19.98

Don't let the title fool you. Those expecting severed heads in *HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE* (1965), made at the height of Jack Lemmon's popularity as one of the screen's brightest talents, should look elsewhere. Not that

this George Axelrod-scripted farce is tame—it stands apart from other battle-of-the-sexes comedies from the era in that it gleefully and unapologetically skewers the female sex, misogyny be damned. If you're a woman, you'd better take this for the good-natured fun it's meant to be, or else you might find yourself stewing with indignation over some of the things Axelrod has to say about the incompatibility of men and women.

Serving as our onscreen narrator, gap-toothed Terry-Thomas (as Charles, the manservant) sets the tongue-in-cheek tone, introducing us to his employer, Stanley Ford (Lemmon), a happily unmarried New York cartoonist known for drawing the daily exploits of secret agent Bash Brannigan. Charles shows us around the stunning townhouse (imaginatively designed by Richard Sylbert) that serves as both his boss' swinging bachelor pad and his haven away from the fairer sex, depending on



his needs. (The terrace of Stanley's apartment has a view of Sixth Avenue that includes glimpses of the old Ziegfeld Theatre, shortly before it was demolished.)

Stanley is not officially attached to any one woman and Charles prefers it that way. In fact, every man in the movie who is married regrets his decision to tie the knot, setting up the inevitable plotline when Stanley winds up wedded, by accident. In one of those "only in the movies" mishaps, Stanley attends a bachelor party at which a vivacious Italian blonde (Virna Lisi) emerges from a gigantic cake, wearing strategically-placed whipped cream. He's smitten, he's drunk off his nut, and the next morning he wakes up to realize that he's now married to the cake's special ingredient, who doesn't speak a word of English.

The joke is that Mrs. Ford (the only name by which she's known) wants nothing more than to please her husband, is sexually aggressive, and cooks for him with slavish devotion, and yet Stanley wants desperately to get rid of her. In time, his comic strip becomes "The Brannigans," a reflection of his new, mishap-strewn domestic situation. Despite the strip being a bigger hit than

ever, Stanley wants very badly to put an end to Mrs. Ford. And, since divorce is out of the question...

Despite running far too long, *WIFE* is brightly directed by Richard Quine (working with Lemmon for the sixth and final time), who gives the proceedings a winking, slightly exaggerated tone—how seriously can we take a movie that features a Gloppita-Gloppita Machine?—that's instrumental in keeping it from being smarmy or disagreeable. There are nicely amusing turns by Eddie Mayehoff as Stanley's befuddled lawyer, Harold Lampson; Claire Trevor as Harold's pushy wife; and (very briefly) Mary Wickes as Harold's champagne guzzling secretary. However, most of the laughs come from Lemmon, who really knows how to get the best out of every pained reaction, double take, or flippant line. His courtroom defense at the climax is a classic. It may be tough to digest for some, but it gives you something to think about nonetheless. (Trivia buffs: this is one of two Lemmon films from 1965—*THE GREAT RACE* being the other—that has the star utter the line "Push the button," a key phrase in both pictures.)

The DVD transfer is sharp and devoid of blemishes, while the disc offers an original theatrical trailer as its sole extra. Narrated by Lemmon himself, it gives away a few too many moments from the film, but properly captures the movie's sly tone, warning the women in the audience to "See this picture before he does. The wife you save may be you!"

—Barry Monush

STAR TREK: THE WRATH OF KHAN Paramount Home Video \$24.99

Despite its numerous flaws, *STAR TREK: THE MOTION PICTURE* (1979) made a hefty profit for Paramount, so it was only natural to put a sequel into development. In order to minimize risk and maximize the profit margin, *STAR TREK II: THE WRATH OF KHAN* (1982) was given only a fraction of the budget of the first film. This was an astute decision, because the lower budget and reduced scale of the sequel put the emphasis on characters and action, rather than the hollow spectacle of the first film.

The plot is straightforward. Twentieth-century genetic superman Khan (Ricardo Montalban, in a very Lugosian performance), an old enemy of Captain Kirk (William Shatner), escapes his exile on a barren wasteland of a planet, and he's understandably pissed off. While he and his renegade band of terrorists were struggling for survival, and Khan seethed with hatred, his rival was getting promoted to Admiral, having an affair with Dr. Carol Marcus (Bibi Besch), and fathering an illegitimate son, Dr. David Marcus (Merritt Buttrick) in the bargain. Khan gets wind of the Genesis Device, a terrifying superweapon constructed by the Doctors Marcus. Khan wants it, and an interstellar game of cat

and mouse begins between the old enemies, with both sides taking casualties—notably, Mr. Spock (Leonard Nimoy).

Fresh off *TIME AFTER TIME* (1979), director Nicholas Meyer fashions *STAR TREK II* as a swashbuckler and keeps the plot moving briskly, aided immeasurably by the first major score by James Horner. Meyer presents space as a dangerous and claustrophobic place; the action occurs almost entirely in tight quarters—fragile spaceships, underground tunnels on airless moons, the perpetual sandstorm of Ceti Alpha V. He also manages to coax Shatner into giving one of his best performances as Kirk, adds some zaffig sex appeal with the addition of Saavik (Kirstie Alley, in her screen debut), and gives Mr. Spock a terrific—if not permanent—death scene.

STAR TREK II was released on DVD in a bare bones edition a few years ago. For its second DVD release, Meyer was allowed to reedit the film to create a Director's Edition. For *TREK* devotees, this meant that certain plot points are better fleshed-out, and that some minor questions are finally answered. The picture and sound are not substantially better than on the original disc. On Disc One, Nicholas Meyer contributes an insightful commentary track, and *Trek* guru Michael Okuda adds a fun commentary, which also pinpoints the new Director's Edition footage. On the second disc, there's a "making of" documentary, storyboards, some original interviews with the principals, a theatrical trailer that manages to make the film look boring, and a useless fea-

turette with some writers blathering on about their *STAR TREK* novels.

Clearly, Paramount is trying to mend fences with the legions of *STAR TREK* fans displeased with their previous releases. This Director's Edition does a lot to do just that.

—Robin Anderson

STAR TREK: NEMESIS

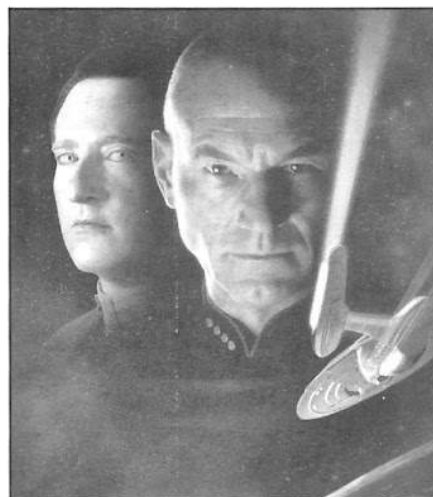
Paramount Home Video

\$29.95

When *STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION* leaped from television to the big screen with *STAR TREK: GENERATIONS* (1994), the plan was to have a NextGen movie in the theaters every other year. Those plans went astray with tepid movies, lukewarm box-office response to *STAR TREK: INSURRECTION* (1998), and the inflating salaries of the cast. Wisely, Paramount decided to close the book on the Next Generation.

Appropriately, everything about *STAR TREK: NEMESIS* (2002) signals the end of an era. Time is passing—crew members are being married off, promoted, reassigned, and going on with their lives; there are a lot of familiar faces in cameo appearances. This material works very well, indeed, but *STAR TREK* is supposed to be high adventure, and it's that phase of the movie that proves to be *NEMESIS*' nemesis.

When the plot gets underway, and the crew of the Enterprise-D discovers one of Data's prototypes, dubbed B4 (Brent Spiner, times two), and Jean-Luc Picard (Patrick Stewart) encounters a twisted clone of himself (Shinzon, eerily



played by Tom Hardy) who has assassinated the Romulan senate and risen to power over the Romulan Empire, the movie bogs down seriously. The "mirror image" theme plays out as cat-and-mouse games between these four characters, and the plot clumsily apes the much more successful *STAR TREK II: THE WRATH OF KHAN* (1982), right down to the sacrifice of a major character in the *Trek* universe. The color scheme of the movie is frankly irritating; space is dotted with green nebulae, and the movie's trite superweapon spews green radiation—a production design that looks cribbed from *BATMAN FOREVER* (1995). This gives *NEMESIS* a terminal

Continued on page 79

Mysteries to Die For

The Jericho Flower: A Hackshaw Mystery

by Stephen F. Wilcox

A rollicking comic mystery featuring irreverent small-town newsman Elias Hackshaw, up to his neck in dead con men, larcenous gypsies and two-fisted townies.



"Wilcox spins an entertaining yarn of murder and mayhem...With a credible plot and eccentric characters that adroitly avoid being mere caricatures, Wilcox offers a semi-cozy mystery—uncloying, clever and far from brutal."

—Publishers Weekly

"Wilcox is an absolutely first-rate writer...The Jericho Flower is a well-crafted, imaginative tale that this reader wished could go on for much longer. It's a great read..."—Midwest Book Review

The Payback

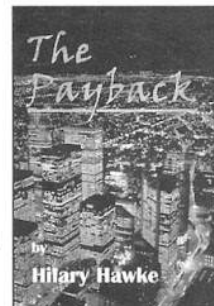
by Hilary Hawke

In this fast-paced erotic thriller set in New York City, an innocent young woman is inducted into the world of high-class prostitution.

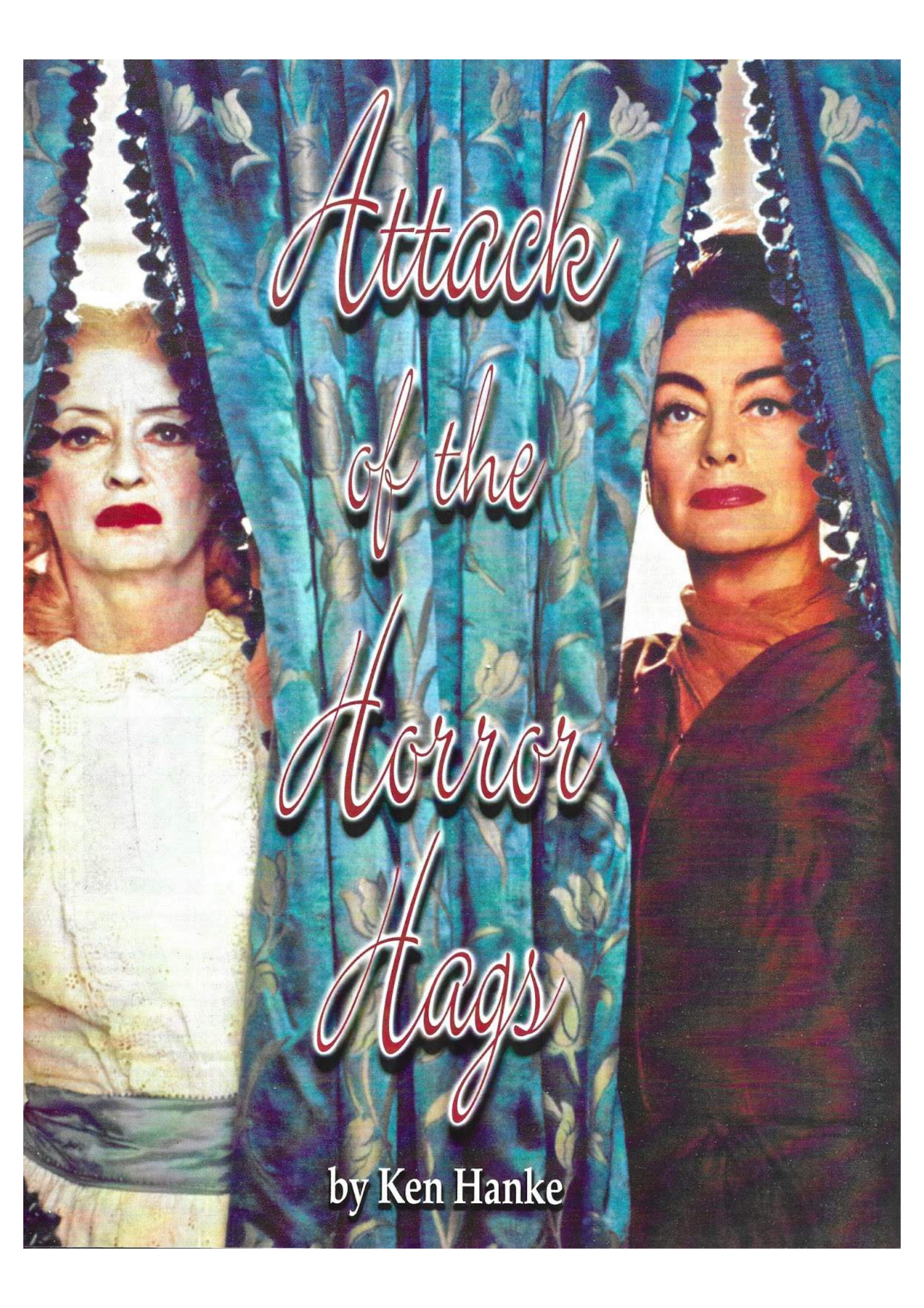
Claudia Lopez waits for her husband at Newark International Airport, unaware that he's gone into hiding in the wake of a botched drug deal. Now, eight hours after completing the long flight from Bolivia with their infant daughter, she's stranded in the arrivals building, wondering what to do next.

At first, Margot Fortune, the elegant and sympathetic woman who offers her a ride to Manhattan, appears to be her salvation. Claudia will discover that appearances can be deceiving. Her world will be turned upside-down when she's threatened with the kidnapping of her baby if she fails to pay back her husband's drug debt.

As Claudia desperately searches for a way out of her nightmare, Margot leads her on a harrowing tour of the Big Apple's dark underbelly and into the shadowy world of high-priced prostitution, drugs and violence.



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Attack of the Horror Hags

by Ken Hanke

Jane: Whaddya want this time?
 Blanche: Who was on the telephone?
 Jane: None of your business. What are you ringing for?
 Blanche: I'm hungry, Jane.
 Jane: Well, of course, you're hungry. You didn't eat your dinner. That's why you're hungry.
 Blanche: But you forgot my breakfast.
 Jane: I didn't forget your breakfast. I didn't bring you breakfast because you didn't eat your din-din.

—WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?

Hollywood's always had 'em. And audiences have always loved 'em—at least in a supporting capacity. I refer, of course, to hags—an unfortunate term that has come to designate women in movies beyond a certain age. Generally speaking, the movies' original "hags" either never were stars, or they were stage performers who came to the movies too late in the day to be considered for leading lady status.

The idea of building a movie around an aging leading lady didn't come till fairly late. A case could possibly be made that silent star Clara Kimball Young (one of the movies' first Camilles and Trilbys) was the first such star to end up—at the ripe old age of 46!—as a "horror hag," playing a crazed killer (utilizing a set of false dog teeth on her victims) in the 1936 poverty row opus, *THE ROGUES' TAVERN*. Kimball indeed was afforded a wildly over-the-top mad scene, but the film was structured as a mystery and not built around her character, making it, at best, an embryonic version of the form.

Horror—or at least Gothic—Hagdom didn't really begin until Billy Wilder's classic *SUNSET BLVD* in 1950. Wilder might object to the idea that this was a horror picture, but it's undeniably horrific and certainly Gothic. Originally conceived as a vehicle for Mae West (which probably accounts for the dead monkey), the story must have hit too close to home for the 57-year-old comedienne, who had fled the movies in 1943 after getting a look at *THE HEAT'S ON*. When negotiations with control-freak Mary Pickford (then 58) and Pola Negri (56) fell through, Wilder went with comparative youngster Gloria Swanson (a mere 53), who hadn't made a movie since 1941, and a classic was born.

In the end, Swanson seems the only possible choice for the role of the delusional and finally murderous Norma Desmond. She certainly gave her all to the part, which became her most famous. Some of her lines from the film—"We didn't need dialogue! We had faces then!" "I am big! It's the pictures that got small!" "All right, Mr. DeMille, I'm ready for my closeup"—have infused themselves into popular culture to the degree that people who have never even seen *SUNSET BLVD* know them. It was—and remains—an electrifying performance, one that secured Swanson a firm place in movie history. It also provided much of the template for the wave of horror hags movies that would erupt in 1962 with Robert Aldrich's *WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?* What it did not do was revitalize Swanson's career.

There's a certain irony in the fact that, while Swanson was creating her last big hurrah for the movies, future

horror hag queen Bette Davis was having a field day in one of her greatest triumphs, *ALL ABOUT EVE* (1950), a scintillating bitch-fest of a comedy by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. The film would garner Davis an Oscar nomination, rave reviews, and the same type of dialogue immortality *SUNSET BLVD* gave to Swanson. ("Fasten your seat belts! It's going to be a bumpy night!") But its very greatness—and the fact that it dealt honestly with the age (42) of its leading lady—carried a price. Just two years before, Davis had costarred with Robert Montgomery in a traditional romantic comedy, *JUNE BRIDE* (1948). Thanks to *ALL ABOUT EVE*, that would never happen again. It was a high point that offered its star nowhere to go—in terms of leading lady status—but down. Roles became fewer and further between and she was not far from matronly character parts. (Just six years later, in 1956, she was Debbie Reynolds' mother and Ernest Borgnine's wife in *THE CATERED AFFAIR*.) It was as if the issues Margo Channing had faced in *ALL ABOUT EVE* were being visited upon Davis in real life.

Just prior to *WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?*, Davis had played the lovably frowzy, gin-soaked Apple Annie in Frank Capra's final film, *POCKETFUL OF MIRACLES* (1961). Hag Annie may be, but she's not a hag in the horror sense. Moreover, Annie—part of a Capra comedy that takes place in a sanitized world drawn from Damon Runyon—winds up on the receiving end of a glamorous makeover well before the film's end. It was old-fashioned stuff in 1961 and not one of the filmmaker's great hits—and it was far, far removed from what Robert Aldrich and screenwriter Lukas Heller had in mind for Davis.

The story of the making of *BABY JANE* has weird parallels with Davis' real life. Despite her star status—in theory, at least—Davis was not only "between engagements," she was broke and in debt to the Plaza Hotel for \$30,000 when Aldrich's personal assistant, Walter Blake, arrived with a check for \$25,000 to try to get Davis to sign for a film based

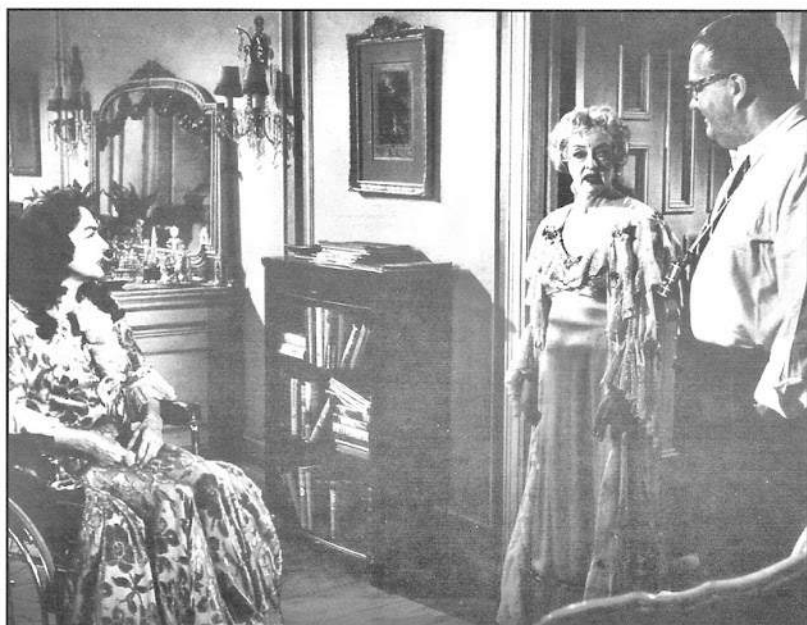
on Henry Farrell's 1960 novel *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* The idea had already been kicked around. Davis was interested in the property, but much less keen on the idea of her proposed costar—Joan Crawford.

In the James Spada biography, *More Than A Woman* (Bantam Books, 1993), the author recounts Davis and Crawford first meeting on the project following a performance of *THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA*, in which Davis was starring on Broadway. "Crawford told her about the project and purred, 'I've always wanted to work with you.' Bette looked at her and thought, 'This woman is full of shit.'" It was not an auspicious beginning, not made any better by Davis' belief that Crawford wanted the showy role of Jane Hudson. ("If she thinks I'm going to play that stupid bitch in the wheelchair, she's got another think coming!")

The situation also suffered from Davis' antagonistic attitude toward her would-be filmmakers. She professed ignorance of Aldrich ("I bet he stinks!") and bristled at the idea of Blake as a producer ("I bet you stink, too!"), but the script—either despite, or because of its horrific excesses (in 1962 terms)—was almost as impossible to resist as was



Sisters, sisters, there were never such devoted sisters—Joan Crawford as Blanche Hudson and Bette Davis as Jane Hudson in *WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?* (1962)



LEFT: Director Robert Aldrich confers with his two troublesome stars on the set of *WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?* **RIGHT:** Paving the way for a future musical production of the story, Bette Davis performs "I Get a Kick Out of You" to the evident delight of Joan Crawford.

the badly needed \$25,000 check. The clincher was the confirmation that Davis would indeed be playing Jane, not Blanche, Hudson. Blake skillfully kept it from Davis that Crawford had already been cast in the role of Blanche—something that nearly backfired when Davis arrived in Hollywood for the first meeting and found Crawford already ensconced. According to Spada, Davis took one look at her costar, turned and walked out, fuming, "You've got to be kidding. I won't work with her."

But Blake and Aldrich had her—having accepted the \$25,000 down payment, Davis was backed into a corner. She couldn't repay the money. She needed the work. She did not need the bad PR of proving "troublesome." So she bit the bullet and barged ahead with determined professionalism, hammering out a deal of a salary advance of \$60,000, 10 percent of the worldwide gross profits, and \$600 a week expenses for staying in Los Angeles. On the other hand, Crawford (who wasn't appreciably better off financially and had been off the screen since 1959's *THE*

BEST OF EVERYTHING), gambled on a lesser advance and a 15 percent stake in the profits—something that proved shrewd on her part. The two may have despised each other, but they were committed to the project.

It still wasn't plain sailing. Studio after studio turned the project down. No one thought that the public would be willing to pay for the pleasure of seeing Bette and Joan rip into each other in what—without their star power—would have been considered a horror picture. Aldrich finally secured backing through Seven Arts, while Davis' old boss and nemesis, Jack Warner, agreed to distribute the finished product. The terms were not great—a less than million-dollar budget and a 30-day shooting schedule—but at least *WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?* could be made.

When production began, Aldrich quickly found himself in the role of referee, spending each evening after shooting listening to first one and then the other actress complain about how her costar was trying to upstage her.

LEFT: Though he had previously appeared on television and in *THE STORY OF RUTH* (1960), *WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?* is widely regarded as Victor Buono's acting debut. He was 24-years-old and found costar Bette Davis to be a living doll. **RIGHT:** Robert Aldrich sets up one of the final shots of Davis for *BABY JANE*. The sequence was filmed at Zuma Beach.





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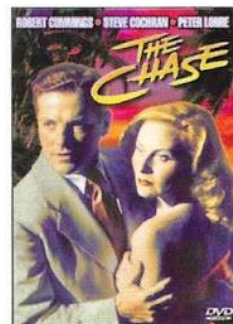
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The advertising and publicity for **WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?** was at least as lurid as the film itself, and even included original art by Charles Addams (PAGE 37).

Crawford was outraged over Davis' flashy performance and bizarre, attention-grabbing makeup. (Unlike Crawford, Davis was never considered one of the screen's great beauties and hadn't shunned such unattractive roles as Charlotte Lovell in 1939's *THE OLD MAID* and Fanny Skeffington in 1944's *MR. SKEFFINGTON*.) Davis was (as always) jealous of Joan's movie-star glamour (and her insistence on sticking to it even while playing a reclusive cripple)—and sickened by her holier-than-thou, prissy hypocrisy. She was also underwhelmed by Crawford's demands that the soundstages be kept at a constant temperature of 58 degrees (necessitated, in Davis' opinion, by Crawford tipping back vodka between takes). None of this, however, was made public at the time. The publicity material for the film ("Davis and Crawford Clash—But Only on Film in Bizarre *BABY JANE*") even debunks the idea that anything was ever less than sweetness and light. The stars were both consummate professionals as far as what was demonstrated on the set, and they both had a considerable stake in the success of the film. Whatever happened to the dueling duo had no bearing on **WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?**

Prerelease word of mouth indicated that Aldrich had a hit on his hands, the kind of hit that Hitchcock had a couple years earlier with *PSYCHO* (1960), in which—arguably—the horror hag was Anthony Perkins! No sooner was *BABY JANE* released than this was more than borne out. It was an immediate sensation. Aldrich had tapped a nerve with the moviegoing public—he had made a movie that was strong enough to appeal to younger viewers and at the same time offered older viewers a chance to see two old favorites at the top of their form. The latter had an interesting and possibly unintentional resonance—Bette and Joan's original fanbase was also putting on years and it was grimly fascinating to see the stars locked in a deathmatch that was actually built around that aging.

What separated *BABY JANE* from *SUNSET BLVD*? The similarities were striking, but the differences even more so. The incipient madness that lurked just beneath Norma Desmond's delusional existence was anything but incipient here. From the very onset, Davis' faded child star was clearly unhinged to a dangerous degree. Moreover, for most of the film, Crawford's wheelchair-bound former movie star was far more sympathetic than William Holden's amoral Joe Gillis. And, of course, Billy Wilder's



name on *SUNSET BLVD* immediately placed it in the realm of a serious, important work. While there's no doubt that Robert Aldrich brought considerable artistry to *BABY JANE*, Wilder raised *SUNSET BLVD* into the realm of something like art. It was Gothic without being overtly a horror film. *BABY JANE* was upfront about its horrors, something largely unthinkable for what gave the appearance (production history notwithstanding) of a major studio release with big-name stars. Perhaps the most immediate difference, though, lay in the fact that the film starred Davis and Crawford. Their stars had faded and they were certainly past their leading lady prime at 54 and 58 respectively, but they were imbedded in the public conscious much more than Swanson—nine years off the screen and not a major star since the dawn of sound—had been in 1950. Audiences had a preconceived notion of each actress. Seeing Davis in an inch of pancake makeup and a curly frightwig, decked out in clothes that recalled Jane's child star days, was—to put it mildly—a full-blown freak show as irresistible as it was brilliantly grotesque.

BABY JANE's storyline—in case anyone still doesn't know—follows the tale of the Hudson sisters, Jane and Blanche. Jane (Julie Allred) is a child star, a spoiled monster of an "infant" prodigy who sings and dances and has a Godawful treacly signature song, "I've Written a Letter to Daddy" ("his address is heaven above"). Blanche (Gina Gillespie) stands, largely forgotten, in her shadow. Time passes and fortunes change. Blanche becomes a big movie star (see clips from 1934's *SADIE MC KEE*), while Jane (see clips from 1933's *PARACHUTE JUMPER* and the same year's *EX-LADY*) finds herself only able to get parts as a favor to her famous sister. A drunken accident (apparently Jane's fault) finishes Blanche's career, leaving her in a wheelchair. Years later, the two are living in Blanche's old movie-star home on the dwindling residuals of Blanche's investments. Life has settled into a routine. Guilt-ridden (something helped along by Blanche), Jane drinks to excess, plays caretaker to her sister, and plots an absurd comeback. Matters degenerate quickly when the already unbalanced Jane learns that her sister has sold their house and her private world is threatened by the oncoming



changes. Jane quickly turns into Blanche's worst nightmare—no longer just cruel, but outright psychotic.

The film and its famous set-piece shocks—the parakeet and rat dinners, Jane's grotesque performance of "I've Written a Letter to Daddy" for greedy mama's boy impresario Edwin Flagg (Victor Buono), the hammer murder of the sympathetic housekeeper (Maidie Norman), the final scene with its revelation of what really happened the night of the accident and Jane's pathetic "You mean all this time we could have been friends?"—are well known. As with *SUNSET BLVD*, *BABY JANE* added immeasurably to the pop culture lexicon. ("You wouldn't be able to do these awful things to me if I weren't still in this chair." "But you are, Blanche, you are in that chair") The film's dialogue became stock bits for any self-respecting Davis impersonator's repertoire. For all these things, *BABY JANE* became an instant classic—despite a good deal of critical carping about its over-the-top grotesquerie. And it did a good deal more.

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO *BABY JANE*? proved that there was a market—potentially, a huge one—for horror thrillers starring "over the hill" female movie stars. Overnight, the movie not only bolstered the careers of its two stars and its director, but it gave birth to what would soon be called the Horror Hag subgenre.

Following her appearance in *THE CARETAKERS* the next year, Crawford found herself starring in the William Castle production, *STRAIT-JACKET* (1964). As might be expected from schlockmeister Castle, very little of the artistry of *BABY JANE* was to be found in this cheerfully cheesy opus. Eschewing his usual array of gimmickry, such as *Emergo* and *Illusion-o*, Castle banked on Crawford's star power, his own innate lack of taste, and the now classic advertising tag line, "Just keep saying to yourself, 'It's only a movie . . . it's only a movie.'" As usual, Castle knew just what he was doing.

STRAIT-JACKET—in common with most Castle films—isn't the last word in coherence, but then it has no pretensions in that direction. Any film that opens with the 60-year-old Crawford attempting to play a seductress in her late thirties (there ain't that much makeup and soft-

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TOP LEFT: Bette Davis was angered that Joan Crawford sought to make herself as attractive as possible in *WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?*, even though the script called for her to be beaten, trussed up, and starved. Davis chose to go in the opposite direction, designing her own makeup and making herself memorably grotesque. CENTER and BOTTOM LEFT: Davis followed *BABY JANE* with *DEAD RINGER* (1964), a more traditional suspense film in which she played twin sisters. In a twist on the usual plot of such pictures, it's the "good" twin who kills the "bad" and takes over her life. PAGE 39: While Davis continued to make more prestigious films, Crawford found herself working for William Castle in the super-schlocky but fun *STRAIT-JACKET* (1964).

focus in the whole of Tinseltown), who comes home one night to find her cheating husband (Lee Majors!) and his floozie (Patricia Crest) in bed (both decorously clothed and snoozing) is already a few pages shy of a shooting script. Enraged by this turn of events, Crawford's Lucy Harbin does what any self-respecting wife might do—she takes an axe to the duo (an event witnessed by her tiny daughter, played by Vicki Cos) and gets herself locked away in the nut hutch for 20 years.

It doesn't take a rocket scientist to see that Castle, with this back story setup, was trying to duplicate as much of the *BABY JANE* formula as his solo star power budget would allow. Unfortunately—and despite a screenplay by no less a horror specialist than Robert Bloch—Castle didn't have the talent to pull off a genuinely good movie. Castle's skills as a filmmaker peaked during his tenure as a B-picture director at Columbia in the 1940s, where he actually managed to infuse his Whistler and occasional Crime Doctor programmers with a degree of stylish atmosphere—along with an unusual penchant for the gruesome. By the time Castle took complete charge of his films, most of the style had gone and the gruesomeness had come to be the primary trademark that warmed his exploitation-minded heart. Directorially speaking, *STRAIT-JACKET* plays a lot like a John Waters exercise in bad taste—only made by someone who didn't get the joke.

In all fairness, it must be noted that Bloch's screenplay came equipped with its share of overstated howlers and a tendency toward the laughably simplistic; but what brought it all home so forcefully was Castle's direction. The movie plays like a trailer trash psychodrama with each bit of Crawford's hairstyles, makeup, clothing, and accessories seemingly in a bidding war for the kitsch prize. It doesn't help—in terms of taking the film seriously—that Castle is only out for the Big Moments, which mostly consist either of the film's various axe murders or Crawford (resplendent in a series of K-Mart fashion rejects) chewing the scenery as if to make up for getting the less juicy role in *BABY JANE*. The rest of the time, Castle doesn't much care what's going on as long as the actors are in the frame and spouting at least an approximation of their dialogue. (Castle must have gone along with Joan's wishes by prominently displaying a carton of Pepsi Cola in one scene—an early example of product placement that perhaps proves Castle found a kind of huckster soulmate in his star.)

These shortcomings, however, are what gives *STRAIT-JACKET*—along with most of Castle's work—its loopy appeal. Concerned with neither art, nor artistry, Castle was out to make a buck by making viewers jump, cringe, or be grossed out (in 1964 gross-out terms). On that level, axe-wielding Joan is about as good as it gets in exploitation horror hagdom.

The plot is itself lovably inane. Following her stint in the asylum, Lucy is returned to the bosom of her family (at least that of it she didn't behead) and is being eased back into the real world—or so it seems. At this late date it's giving nothing away to reveal that *STRAIT-JACKET* is ulti-

mately a kind of shaggy-axe-murderess story, with Lucy's grown daughter, Carol (Diane Baker), trying to not only put mommy dearest back into the loony bin, but kill off her fiancé's (John Anthony Hayes) snobbish parents (Edith Atwater and Howard St. John) for the inheritance and pin the crimes on Lucy. How? The first idea is to simply drive Lucy insane by littering her bedroom with phony decapitated heads and make her think she's hearing voices recite a nursery rhyme about her original crime. The second—and more outré—notation involves dressing up like Lucy (complete with rubber Joan Crawford mask) and following the example she learnt as a traumatized nipper! That it doesn't make a lick of sense is a small price to pay for the sight of Lucy battling it out with her mirror-image daughter in the film's climactic showdown. *STRAIT-JACKET* may not be much of a movie in any normal sense, but it makes for an undeniably diverting 89 minutes of entertainment.

STRAIT-JACKET hit theaters on January 19, 1964. Exactly one month later, Bette Davis returned to the fore with the comparatively sober *DEAD RINGER*, directed by her onetime romantic lead costar, Paul Henreid. A generally bland, but competent actor, Henreid had become a similarly bland director in the years that separated *NOW, VOYAGER* (1942) from *DEAD RINGER*. That's part of the central problem with *DEAD RINGER*, which never really rises above the level of tepid melodrama masquerading as a noirish thriller. It's hardly surprising that the screenplay should revolve around the kind of "surprise" twist common to fifties TV, where Henreid had honed his directorial skills.

The basic idea of presenting two Bette Davises for the price of one was both a good one and an amusing one, since it carries an implicit realization that Davis costarring with Davis was apt to be a lot less trouble than having her costar with anyone else. And Davis—more convincingly appealing in a middle-aged manner than Crawford had been in *STRAIT-JACKET*—was more than up to the task. The film's early scenes, in which the good twin, Edie, appears with her evil twin, Margaret, are a Davisian field day—even if you can practically hear producer William H. Wright's sigh of financial relief over the fact that Bette/Margaret plays a portion of her scenes behind a heavy black veil, cutting down on the need for special photography.

The plot is a pretty sound one, even if it does play a bit like a blood and thunder variant on Davis' 1946 vehicle, *A STOLEN LIFE*. Twin sisters Edith and Margaret meet after many years at the funeral of Margaret's husband, a man Edith had been in love with, but who was lost to her when Margaret claimed pregnancy and got him to marry her. Finding out that the pregnancy had been a sham, Edith decides to murder her sister, make it look like the murder is actually her own suicide and take

Margaret's place. That's fine as far as it goes. The problem is that once Edith knocks off Margaret and takes her place, a lot of the fire goes out of the proceedings, since it leaves Davis

with no one—apart from Estelle Winwood as a religious zealot aunt by marriage—to really play off. The early delights of Margaret summing up her palatial home with a tart, "Depressing, isn't it?" and grousing about her widow's weaves ("I hate black. I don't look well in black"), not to mention Edith's own quips ("Are you offering me money or castoffs?") and unique rendition of "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" are quickly buried under the movie's heavy-handed plot involving Edith having to cope with successfully impersonating her late sister. There is something good to be said, however, for any movie that presents Peter Lawford as an Alfa-Romeo driving gigolo who gets killed by a Great Dane—a moment far more satisfying than the rather ho-hum ironic twist of Edith's execution for the murder of Margaret's husband.

It's also worth noting that *DEAD RINGER* obviously benefitted from the success of *BABY JANE* in that it was able to afford an unusually big-name cast. In





TOP LEFT: Bette Davis was angered that Joan Crawford sought to make herself as attractive as possible in *WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?*, even though the script called for her to be beaten, trussed up, and starved. Davis chose to go in the opposite direction, designing her own makeup and making herself memorably grotesque. **CENTER and BOTTOM LEFT:** Davis followed *BABY JANE* with *DEAD RINGER* (1964), a more traditional suspense film in which she played twin sisters. In a twist on the usual plot of such pictures, it's the "good" twin who kills the "bad" and takes over her life. **PAGE 39:** While Davis continued to make more prestigious films, Crawford found herself working for William Castle in the super-schlocky but fun *STRAIT-JACKET* (1964).



focus in the whole of Tinseltown), who comes home one night to find her cheating husband (Lee Majors!) and his floozie (Patricia Crest) in bed (both decorously clothed and snoozing) is already a few pages shy of a shooting script. Enraged by this turn of events, Crawford's Lucy Harbin does what any self-respecting wife might do—she takes an axe to the duo (an event witnessed by her tiny daughter, played by Vicki Cos) and gets herself locked away in the nut hut for 20 years.

It doesn't take a rocket scientist to see that Castle, with this back story setup, was trying to duplicate as much of the *BABY JANE* formula as his solo star power budget would allow. Unfortunately—and despite a screenplay by no less a horror specialist than Robert Bloch—Castle didn't have the talent to pull off a genuinely good movie. Castle's skills as a filmmaker peaked during his tenure as a B-picture director at Columbia in the 1940s, where he actually managed to infuse his *Whistler* and occasional *Crime Doctor* programmers with a degree of stylish atmosphere—along with an unusual penchant for the gruesome. By the time Castle took complete charge of his films, most of the style had gone and the gruesomeness had come to be the primary trademark that warmed his exploitation-minded heart. Directorially speaking, *STRAIT-JACKET* plays a lot like a John Waters exercise in bad taste—only made by someone who didn't get the joke.

In all fairness, it must be noted that Bloch's screenplay came equipped with its share of overstated howlers and a tendency toward the laughably simplistic, but what brought it all home so forcefully was Castle's direction. The movie plays like a trailer trash psychodrama with each bit of Crawford's hairstyles, makeup, clothing, and accessories seemingly in a bidding war for the kitsch prize. It doesn't help—in terms of taking the film seriously—that Castle is only out for the Big Moments, which mostly consist either of the film's various axe murders or Crawford (resplendent in a series of K-Mart fashion rejects) chewing the scenery as if to make up for getting the less juicy role in *BABY JANE*. The rest of the time, Castle doesn't much care what's going on as long as the actors are in the frame and spouting at least an approximation of their dialogue. (Castle must have gone along with Joan's wishes by prominently displaying a carton of Pepsi Cola in one scene—an early example of product placement that perhaps proves Castle found a kind of huckster soulmate in his star.)

These shortcomings, however, are what gives *STRAIT-JACKET*—along with most of Castle's work—its loopy appeal. Concerned with neither art, nor artistry, Castle was out to make a buck by making viewers jump, cringe, or be grossed out (in 1964 gross-out terms). On that level, axe-wielding Joan is about as good as it gets in exploitation horror hagdom.

The plot is itself lovably inane. Following her stint in the asylum, Lucy is returned to the bosom of her family (at least that of it she didn't behead) and is being eased back into the real world—or so it seems. At this late date it's giving nothing away to reveal that *STRAIT-JACKET* is ulti-



mately a kind of shaggy-axe-murderess story, with Lucy's grown daughter, Carol (Diane Baker), trying to not only put mommy dearest back into the loony bin, but kill off her fiancé's (John Anthony Hayes) snobbish parents (Edith Atwater and Howard St. John) for the inheritance and pin the crimes on Lucy. How? The first idea is to simply drive Lucy insane by littering her bedroom with phony decapitated heads and make her think she's hearing voices recite a nursery rhyme about her original crime. The second—and more outré—notion involves dressing up like Lucy (complete with rubber Joan Crawford mask) and following the example she learnt as a traumatized nipper! That it doesn't make a lick of sense is a small price to pay for the sight of Lucy battling it out with her mirror-image daughter in the film's climactic showdown. STRAIT-JACKET may not be much of a movie in any normal sense, but it makes for an undeniably diverting 89 minutes of entertainment.

STRAIT-JACKET hit theaters on January 19, 1964. Exactly one month later, Bette Davis returned to the fore with the comparatively sober DEAD RINGER, directed by her onetime romantic lead costar, Paul Henreid. A generally bland, but competent actor, Henreid had become a similarly bland director in the years that separated NOW, VOYAGER (1942) from DEAD RINGER. That's part of the central problem with DEAD RINGER, which never really rises above the level of tepid melodrama masquerading as a noirish thriller. It's hardly surprising that the screenplay should revolve around the kind of "surprise" twist common to fifties TV, where Henreid had honed his directorial skills.

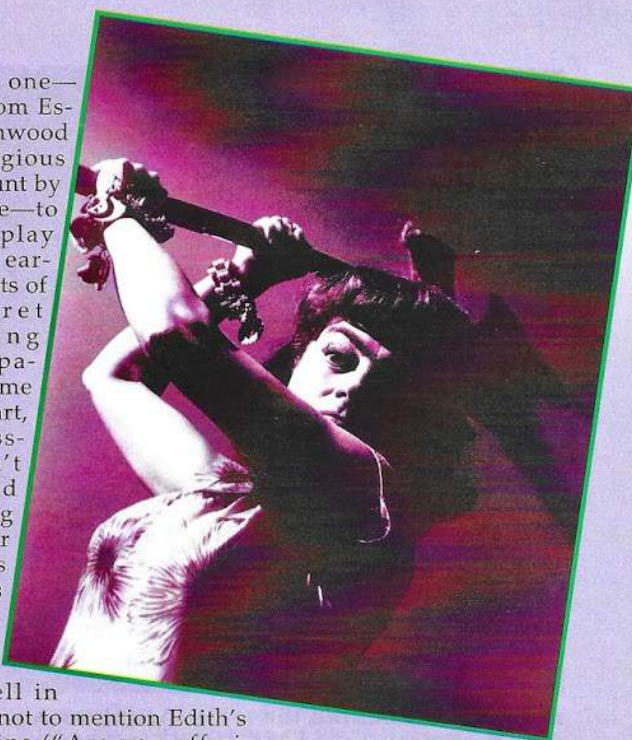
The basic idea of presenting two Bette Davises for the price of one was both a good one and an amusing one, since it carries an implicit realization that Davis costarring with Davis was apt to be a lot less trouble than having her costar with anyone else. And Davis—more convincingly appealing in a middle-aged manner than Crawford had been in STRAIT-JACKET—was more than up to the task. The film's early scenes, in which the good twin, Edie, appears with her evil twin, Margaret, are a Davisian field day—even if you can practically hear producer William H. Wright's sigh of financial relief over the fact that Bette/Margaret plays a portion of her scenes behind a heavy black veil, cutting down on the need for special photography.

The plot is a pretty sound one, even if it does play a bit like a blood and thunder variant on Davis' 1946 vehicle, A STOLEN LIFE. Twin sisters Edith and Margaret meet after many years at the funeral of Margaret's husband, a man Edith had been in love with, but who was lost to her when Margaret claimed pregnancy and got him to marry her. Finding out that the pregnancy had been a sham, Edith decides to murder her sister, make it look like the murder is actually her own suicide and take

Margaret's place. That's fine as far as it goes. The problem is that once Edith knocks off Margaret and takes her place, a lot of the fire goes out of the proceedings, since it leaves Davis

with no one—apart from Estelle Winwood as a religious zealot aunt by marriage—to really play off. The early delights of Margaret summing up her palatial home with a tart, "Depressing, isn't it?" and grouching about her widow's weaves ("I hate black. I don't look well in black"), not to mention Edith's own quips ("Are you offering me money or castoffs?") and unique rendition of "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" are quickly buried under the movie's heavy-handed plot involving Edith having to cope with successfully impersonating her late sister. There is something good to be said, however, for any movie that presents Peter Lawford as an Alfa-Romeo driving gigolo who gets killed by a Great Dane—a moment far more satisfying than the rather ho-hum ironic twist of Edith's execution for the murder of Margaret's husband.

It's also worth noting that DEAD RINGER obviously benefitted from the success of BABY JANE in that it was able to afford an unusually big-name cast. In





Right to Left behind the table: As rehearsals begin for *HUSH . . . HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE* (1964), Joan Crawford perks up at the sight of a camera pointed her way, Robert Aldrich looks ready to heave a Victor Buono-sized sigh of resignation, Bette Davis looks like she'd not only prefer to be in a different room than Crawford, but on a different planet, and Joseph Cotten looks like he can't imagine how Crawford managed to so quickly replace that half-filled bottle of vodka with a Pepsi.

addition to Davis, Lawford, and Winwood, the film also boasted such established performers as Karl Malden, Jean Hagen, and George Macready—not to mention character actors George Chandler, Cyril Delevanti, and Bert Remsen, and even organist Hazel Scott! (*RINGER*'s harpsichord-laden score is by another notable: Andre Previn.) Malden seems a bit out of the loop in a wholly naturalistic performance as the nice (albeit murderous) Davis' cop boyfriend, but Hagen shines as the cheerfully amoral friend of the evil (and equally murderous) Davis. It's the kind of cast for a film of its type that would have been unthinkable pre-*BABY JANE*.

Chop chop, sweet Charlotte
Chop chop till he's dead
Chop chop, sweet Charlotte
Chop off his hand and head
To meet your lover you ran chop chop
Now everyone understands
Just why you went to meet your love chop chop
To chop off his head and hand
—*HUSH . . . HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE*

Hoping that lightning would strike twice, Robert Aldrich had secured the services of *Baby Jane* novelist Henry Farrell and *BABY JANE* screenwriter Lukas Heller to come up with a new Davis/Crawford Gothic horror show (initially titled *WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO COUSIN CHARLOTTE*). As before, the idea of bringing together Davis and Crawford was easily as chilling as anything that would appear on the screen, though from a financially standpoint it was impossibly appealing.

There was trouble from the onset. Davis only agreed to costar again with Crawford after some serious haggling with Aldrich (including changing the title to *HUSH . . . HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE*), but this was minor compared to what happened as soon as the divas met up on the set. Whatever professional civility had existed during *BABY JANE* had been destroyed by Crawford's antics over the Oscars when Davis was nominated for *BABY JANE*. Crawford had called the other Best Actress nominees and offered to pick up the little bald guy for them if they were unable to attend. As luck would have it, that's just what

happened—and Davis not only lost the Oscar, but had to watch Crawford accept it on behalf of Anne Bancroft (for 1962's *THE MIRACLE WORKER*). This was not the sort of thing Bette Davis was ever likely to forget.

Davis did her level best to make Crawford's life miserable. It wasn't hard, since Davis was herself well liked by the cast and crew. Davis delighted in holding parties after the day's work, pointedly excluding Crawford. Crawford, who was drinking to excess at the time, became convinced that it was a conspiracy. It perhaps surprised no one when she claimed to be too ill to continue the film. Her condition was vague, but suspect. Whether or not her condition was real or convenient, Crawford finally managed to get released from the project ("I kept up with her condition by reading Hedda Hopper, who received frequent bulletins from Joan from under her oxygen tent," quipped Davis) and things ground to a halt while Aldrich looked for a replacement.

Legend has it that the Crawford role was offered to Barbara Stanwyck, Loretta Young, and Vivien Leigh—all of whom turned it down—before it was finally offered to Olivia de Havilland, who, according to Davis, had to be convinced (by her, of course) to play a villainess. Regardless of where truth, PR, and fiction lie in all this, de Havilland would turn out to be absolutely perfect in the role of Miriam Deering—not the least because she was the last person in the world one would expect of such perfidy as she exhibits in the film. Miriam was definitely no saintly Melanie Hamilton (de Havilland's role in 1939's *GONE WITH THE WIND*).

De Havilland herself was not a stranger to the horror—or at least horrific—film, having gone the good twin/evil twin route in *THE DARK MIRROR* (1946) and following it two years later with a complete mental breakdown and incarceration in *THE SNAKE PIT* (1948). When the offer came for *CHARLOTTE*, the actress had just starred in one of the most singularly unpleasant and tasteless of all horror hag outings—*LADY IN A CAGE* (1964). One can only guess at the motives behind writer/producer Luther Davis' decision to present this unrelentingly downbeat essay. (It's every bit as appealing as the dead dog that decorates the frame of one of the movie's first images.) There is not even one marginally human or likable image



TOP LEFT: Two wastrels (Ann Sothorn and Jeff Corey) invade the home of Mrs. Hilyard (Olivia de Havilland), a LADY IN A CAGE (1964). TOP RIGHT: The Snake Pit was nothing like this! BOTTOM LEFT: Charlotte Hollis (Bette Davis) tends the grave of her very Big Daddy (played in the prologue of 1964's HUSH . . . HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE by Victor Buono). BOTTOM RIGHT: A veteran of Southern-fried drama, de Havilland took over the role of Miriam Deering from Joan Crawford.

of mankind in the entire dreary film. It seems to exist solely to see what indignities can be inflicted on Mrs. Hilyard (de Havilland's character) while she's stuck in a home elevator about 10 feet off the floor like some aging go-go dancer. The movie's only other possible *raison d'être* can be to present an image of society in such a state of decay as to make the one in *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE* (1971) look positively rosy.

The setup for getting Mrs. Hilyard stranded in what has to be the world's slowest elevator (she recites a good six pages of dialogue while the damned thing descends before the power goes out) is almost so contrived that it's amusing. In many films, it would be worth a laugh, but by the time we get to the power failure, *LADY IN A CAGE* has so inundated us with dead dogs, angry motorists, and drunks passed out on the sidewalk that there's not much chance of laughing. There's also a bit of casual homophobia

lingering about the edges of the movie—references to Mrs. Hilyard being a monster mother who turned her son, Malcolm (William Swan), into a homosexual with excessive mother love (Luther Davis perhaps had visions of being Tennessee Williams), and a caricature gay man with poodle among the gawkers when the interminable drama finally concludes. The only item of note about the film—apart from a very young James Caan as lead psycho Randall, who terrorizes Mrs. Hilyard, and the thoroughly wasted Ann Sothorn as Sade, a small-time crook who attempts to loot the house—is de Havilland's performance. It's grueling and brave, but ultimately something of an embarrassment. The strained seriousness of the movie's supposed message makes the spectacle of this once great star crawling around the floor and poking Randall's

Continued on page 73



Music to Die for!

JEEPERS CREEPERS

by Richard Valley

For an album of tuneful melodies from movies that sometimes took a week or less to make, *JEEPERS CREEPERS: GREAT SONGS FROM HORROR FILMS*—the new CD produced by Grammy-nominated Bruce Kimmel for the publishers of *Scarlet Street*—was certainly a long time coming.

It was some 10 years ago, at a New York book and magazine show, that *Scarlet Street* managing editor Tom Amorosi and I—“I” being Richard Valley, publisher and editor of *Scarlet Street*—first met the multi-talented Mr. Kimmel. A friendship grew, we being fans of Bruce’s film *THE FIRST NUDE MUSICAL* (1976) and Bruce being a rabid reader of *Scarlet Street*, then subtitled *The Magazine of Mystery and Horror*. A few weeks later, over dinner at Joe Allen in Manhattan’s theater district, I mentioned a dream I’d been nursing for several years—a collection of songs from fright films, including “Faro-La, Faro-Li (Song of the New Wine)” from *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN* (1943), “Stella by Starlight” from *THE UNINVITED* (1944, later used as the main theme in Jerry Lewis’ 1963 *Jekyll and Hyde* spoof, *THE NUTTY PROFESSOR*), “You Gotta Have Ee-Ooo”

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LEFT: Judy Kaye, an original cast member of Broadway’s *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*, has fun recording “Faro-La, Faro-Li (Song of the New Wine)” from *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN* (1943). RIGHT: Broadway star Brent Barrett went straight from playing King Arthur in New Jersey’s Paper Mill Playhouse production of *CAMELOT* to recording “Stella by Starlight” from *THE UNINVITED* (1944).



LEFT: Bruce Kimmel (Center) takes a break from overseeing *JEEPERS CREEPERS: GREAT SONGS FROM HORROR FILMS* to pose with horror icons Susan Gordon and John Zacherle. RIGHT: What’s that squishy sound? “Beware of The Blob,” cries Broadway’s Alison Fraser.



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It was quite an impressive array of numbers. Bruce was enthusiastic. Tom was enthusiastic. The waiter was enthusiastic. (Well, actually, the waiter was auditioning.) Unfortunately, the record company with which Bruce was then associated was not enthusiastic, and the cost of *Scarlet Street* producing the album was prohibitive. There the matter lay, as dormant as the Frankenstein Monster before a refreshing bolt of electricity.

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And we do it.

Following that fateful din-din (as Baby Jane might call it), the next month was devoted to expanding the list of songs still further, which I accomplished with the help and suggestions of the *Scarlet Street* Message Boards (www.scarletstreet.com). Next, I put together a tape of some 36 tunes cribbed from soundtracks and old recordings to aid Bruce and orchestrator Grant Geissman in choosing the numbers. One of my faves—“The Fort Holland Song” from *I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE* (1945) among them—fell by the wayside, as did a favorite of Bruce’s—“Strange Love” from *LUST FOR A VAMPIRE* (1971). I made the suggestion that “Hey You” and “Faro-La, Faro-Li” be combined to form a Universal Horrors medley. Tom initially argued

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LEFT: The reincarnated Princess Ananka (Virginia Christine) has an unwelcome visitor (Lon Chaney Jr. as Kharis) at Tante Berthe's Cafe. Happily, Tante Berthe (Ann Codee) has already sung "Hey, You!" so she won't mind falling under *THE MUMMY'S CURSE* (1944). CENTER: Lawrence (Sal Mineo) is taught how to boogie by Norah (Juliet Prowse) in *WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?* (1965). RIGHT: Susan Gordon (who doesn't get shrunk in the film) poses with one of the giant props from *ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE* (1958).

have never been heard the way we're doing them, which I love. Grant and I work together on the arrangements; I have certain ideas for them and we just sit and work them out. Some we leave alone. For example, "Who Killed Teddy Bear?" is what it is—we didn't change it at all, and it's very faithful to the way it was originally done. "The Blob" is faithful—not the vocal, but the arrangement is very much like the original. We wanted to have "Stella by Starlight" done very simply, so it's just a guitar and flugelhorn backing Brent Barrett's vocal. On the other hand, I didn't want to hear 'Jeepers Creepers' again as an up-tempo song. I'd had it with that. So we did an incredible arrangement that's slow and bluesy, and Sharon McNight just hit a home run with it. There's no other way to put it. It's an amazing track, that's all I can tell you. I keep changing my favorite every day, but when we put that vocal together with the music track it was just magic."

As originally and so beautifully planned, Bruce brought his usual flock of songbirds to the studio, and arranged with Katherine Helmond (TV's *SOAP* and *WHO'S THE BOSS*, and Alfred Hitchcock's final film, 1976's *FAMILY PLOT*) to warble two timeless tunes from *WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?* with 13-year-old Remy Zaken. A special treat was the addition of Susan Gordon to our cast. Susan's dad, Bert I. Gordon, was the producer/director/writer/effects wiz behind such enduring flicks as *THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN* (1957), *BEGINNING OF THE END* (1957), *THE CYCLOPS* (1957), *EARTH VS. THE SPIDER* (1958), *TORMENTED* (1960), *THE MAGIC SWORD* (1962), and *EMPIRE OF THE ANTS* (1977), in several of which Susan appeared. For *JEEPERS CREEPERS*, Susan—an original cast member, though she didn't sing in the film—performed "You're My Living Doll" from *ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE* (1958).

According to Bruce, "This is Susan's first recording since the movie *THE FIVE PENNIES*, in which she sang

briefly—and out of tune. Here, she's fine. She's been taking vocal lessons and I'm proud to be the one to give her this first opportunity to sing on an album that isn't an original soundtrack. She was petrified, but she got through it very nicely and it's very well done. Katherine Helmond also makes her vocal debut on *JEEPERS CREEPERS*. She's great! It's a whole new career for her. We originally had someone else doing the number, but she fell ill. We were searching around and Katherine had just done a workshop of a musical version of *HAROLD AND MAUDE*. I thought, 'Oh, that's perfect! She's demented! Anyone who's seen her in *BRAZIL* or on *SOAP* knows how demented she can be, and it worked out very well. Like Susan, she was nervous, never having done this before. And like Susan, she came through just fine."

Katherine Helmond is teamed with newcomer Remy Zaken. "I discovered her," Bruce laughs, "though I think other people will make the same claim. We were going to do a benefit in New York that we'd already done in LA, and obviously we couldn't afford to fly in the kids from LA, so we had a casting session. I'd seen about 20 of the most phony baloney child actors, with all their child actorisms, and she just came in and what she did was so real. When the benefit fell through, I called her and said, 'We are definitely going to work together'—and here she is, doing a medley of 'I've Written a Letter to Daddy' and 'What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?' with Katherine Helmond." (Trivia break: The lyrics for "I've Written a Letter . . ." are by B. D. Merrill, who appears in *BABY JANE* as the Hudson Sisters' neighbor. In real life, Merrill is Bette Davis' daughter.)

For my part, I called one of my childhood idols, TV horror host Zacherley, to lend his talents as *JEEPERS CREEPERS*' "special guest ghoul." Along with *Famous Monsters of Filmland* editor Forrest J Ackerman, Zach (real name: John Zacherle) had inspired my love of horror

LEFT: Blanche Hudson (Joan Crawford) has been denied her din-din by crackpot sister Jane (Bette Davis) in *WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?* (1962). CENTER: Bud Abbott, Lou Costello, Evelyn Ankers, Joan Davis, and Richard Carlson try to *HOLD THAT GHOST* (1941) when they spend the night in a haunted house. Later, the house is turned into a nightclub where The Andrews Sisters belt out "Aurora." RIGHT: And speaking of belting, Tony (Michael Landon) lays one on Vic (Kenny Miller) for singing "Eeny Meeny Miney Moe" off the beat in *I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF* (1957).



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Before Superman, Noel Neill started out as an actual news reporter for *Women's Wear Daily*. She began her acting career as a singer and dancer on the live stage, and after a chance meeting with Bing Crosby, was hired to sing with his band at his nightclub in Del Mar, California. This friendship led to other nightclub work, eventually leading to character roles in over eighty feature films!

In 1948, after several years with Paramount Pictures, Noel landed the role of "Lois Lane" in the Columbia Pictures movie serial, *Superman*, opposite Kirk Alyn. The enormous success of this film necessitated a 1950 sequel. Then the television series began with George Reeves, and in seventy-eight episodes, Noel Neill set the standard for all "Lois Lanes" yet to come. Her later appearance in the 1978 Christopher Reeve feature film made her the only actress to appear in this role in all three film genres: serials, television, and feature films.

Truth, Justice, & The American Way is a rare biography that offers an exhaustive history of Miss Neill's professional acting career, coupled with museum-quality photographs, most of which are previously unpublished. These photographs go as far back as the 1920s and include her work in vaudeville and radio as a child, many of her films as a young starlet, modeling photographs, all of her Superman work, and glimpses of her personal and professional life today. Since Noel has given the author exclusive and unconditional access to all of her records and documents – and most importantly, her memories – something no other writer has acquired, this book is not only a one-of-a-kind publication, but a collector's item, as well.

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movies and set me on the road that would lead to *Scarlet Street*. The Cool Ghoul (as he was dubbed by AMERICAN BANDSTAND's Dick Clark) had a hit record of his own in the late fifties—"Dinner With Drac," which rose to number six on the *Billboard* chart.

"I'm happy to be part of this project," Zach told me on the way to the recording session, "because I have such enormous respect for *Scarlet Street*. It's a quality publication, easily the best being put out today. The color, design, everything about it is first-rate, so you just know that any other project from the people who produce *Scarlet Street* is also going to be first-rate."

Bruce is enthusiastic about Zach's participation. "I remember Zacherley from when I was a kid. I remember him on TV and on the cover of *Famous Monsters*. I love Zacherley! We found out he's a counter tenor—he's counter to any tenor I've ever heard before! We had a lot of fun with Zacherley, and he adds that authentic horror touch to the album."

JEEPERS CREEPERS: GREAT SONGS FROM HORROR FILMS was recorded in June and July 2003. All told, 17 fabulous singers (plus orchestra and a chorus dubbed The Scarlettes) performed 18 fantastic tunes from 17 classic horror films. The songs that made the final cut were "Who Killed Teddy Bear?" (from WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?, performed by Tammi Tappan); "Goody Goody" (from WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HELEN?, performed

by Lynnette Perry with a special appearance by Zacherley); "Look For a Star" (from CIRCUS OF HORRORS, performed by Guy Haines); "I've Written a Letter to Daddy" and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (from WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?, performed by Katherine Helmond and Remy Zaken); "The Faithful Heart" (from JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH, performed by Rebecca Luker); "Hey You" and "Faro-La, Faro-Li" (from THE MUMMY'S CURSE and FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN, performed by Judy Kaye and The Scarlettes); "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (from HUSH . . . HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE, performed by Christiane Noll); "Jeepers Creepers" (from JEEPERS CREEPERS, performed by Sharon McNight); "The Blob" (from THE BLOB, performed by Alison Fraser); "Aurora" (from 1941's HOLD THAT GHOST, performed by Michelle Nicastro); "Mothra's Song" (from 1961's MOTHRA, performed by Theresa Finamore and Juliana A. Hansen); "You're My Living Doll" (from ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE, performed by Susan Gordon); "Stella by Starlight" (from THE UNINVITED, performed by Brent Barrett); and the "I Was a Teenage Horror Medley" ("You Gotta Have Ee-Ooo" from HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER, "Eeny Meeny Miney Moe" from 1957's I WAS A TEENAGE WERE-WOLF, and "Daddy Bird" from 1958's FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER, performed by Jason Graae).

Bruce Kimmel is quick to point out that "JEEPERS CREEPERS is not a comedy album or a spoof, although there's some very funny material. We treat each song seriously in whatever style it warrants. We have fun with the songs, but we don't put quotes around them, as it were; we don't step back and comment on them or mock them. We respect the material. Because they're good songs. We do them as if they're classic material, because some of them are just that. 'Stella by Starlight' is certainly a classic. 'The Blob,' which is a Burt Bacharach song, is in its own way a classic. We have fun with 'The Blob'—Alison Fraser is funny performing it—but we don't make fun of 'The Blob.'"

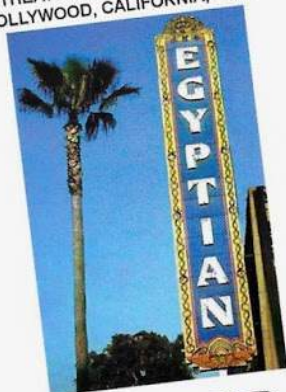
Bruce goes on to explain the process by which songs are chosen for a CD. "Well, one has to listen to everything and then, listening to the songs over and over, weed out the ones that are similar to others but not as good. Eventually, you come up with a program that you think will be interesting. It was especially difficult on

Continued on page 72

TOP LEFT: Debbie Reynolds and Swen Swenson offer a musical moment in WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HELEN? (1971). LEFT: Katherine Helmond answers the musical question "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" at a recording session in Los Angeles. CENTER: The Scarlettes provide backup for "Hey, You!" and "Faro-La, Faro-Li (Song of the New Wine)." RIGHT: Tennis star turned popular singer Guy Haines reads his favorite magazine while waiting to record "Look For a Star" from CIRCUS OF HORRORS (1960).



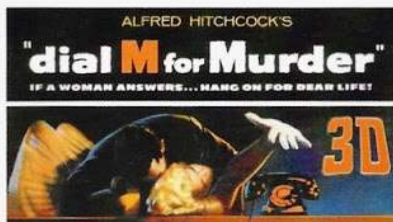
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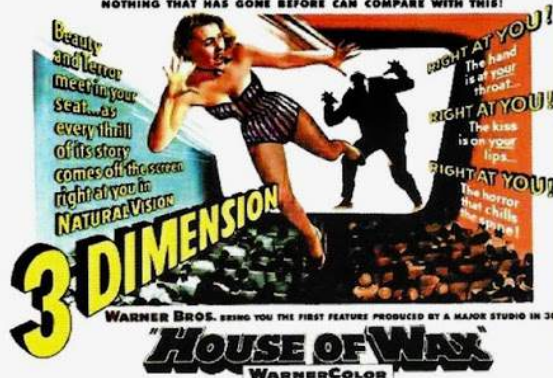


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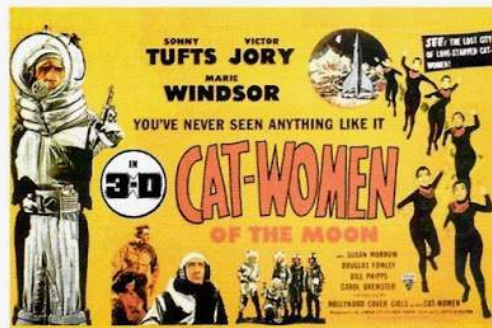
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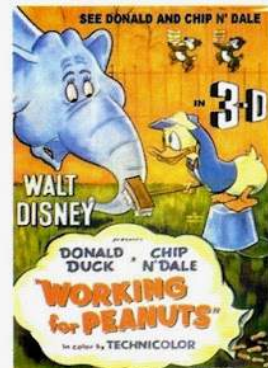
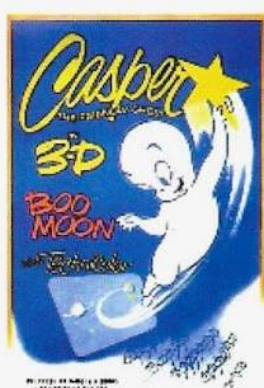


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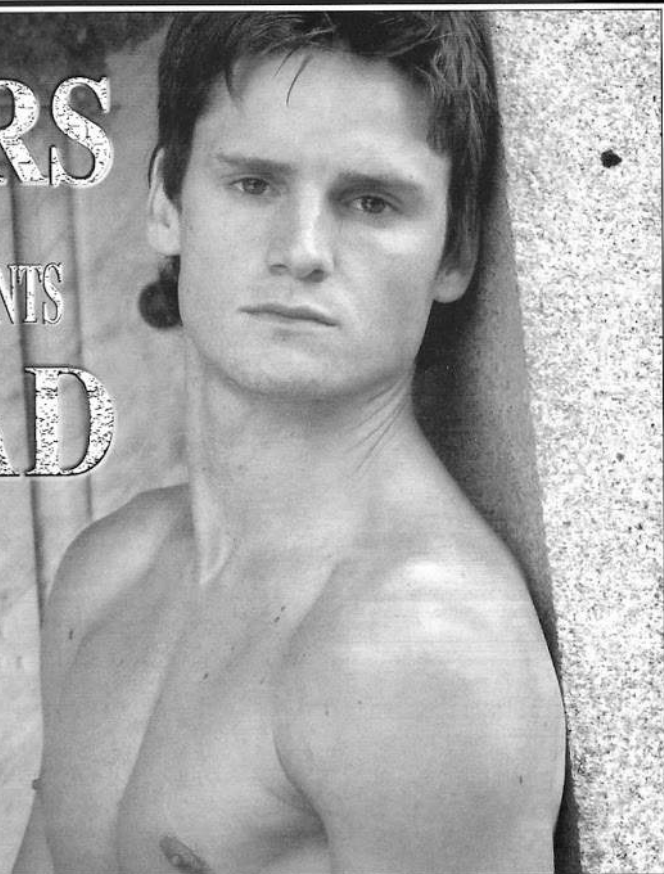


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SCREAMERS OR CUTE BOYS IN THEIR UNDERPANTS DROP DEAD

by Drew Sullivan



Horror's Golden Age produced a bevy of beauties who, due to Fay Wray's astonishing vocal gymnastics in *KING KONG* (1933), came to be popularly known as Scream Queens. The Fabulous Fay was the first, greatest, and loudest in a long line of imperiled damsels, and was followed by Evelyn Ankers (1941's *THE WOLF MAN*), Julie Adams (1954's *CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON*), Faith Domergue (1955's *THIS ISLAND EARTH*), Hazel Court (1957's *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*), Yvonne Monlaur (1960's *THE BRIDES OF DRACULA*), and Ingrid Pitt (1970's *THE VAMPIRE LOVERS*), among many others. Even when such handsome hunks as David Manners (1931's *DRACULA*), Charles Starrett (1932's *THE MASK OF FU MANCHU*), Robert Paige (1943's *SON OF DRACULA*), and Sandor Eles (1970's *COUNTESS DRACULA*) found themselves "the weaker sex" when confronted with assorted monstrosities, they failed to equal the hype generated by the heroines of horror.

In the past decade, Scream Queens have come to be known more for their screams than their screen appearances. The reason is simple—many of the women who descend on horror shows from coast to coast have never actually made a movie. There are exceptions, but the modern Scream Queen must only be willing to appear at a convention, wear as little as legally possible, pose for photos with fans, and—sometimes—scream, to earn the title.

Not so a spanking new phenomenon—the Scream King. To qualify for a Scream King crown, actors actually have to step in front of a camera—for direct-to-DVD releases, true, and often wearing little more than a grin (or a look of abject terror), but still they've got to have a few titles to their credit.

Dead Guys Cinema, the home of the Scream King, is the result of a collaboration between Alex Dove's Boston-based Dove Productions and Todd Russell's New Jersey-based THR Productions. Inspired by the success of the "men in peril" classic *PSYCHO SISTERS* (1995), which Russell coproduced, Dove and Russell brought together

their talents to create a groundbreaking and original collection of full-length films and shorts dedicated to showcasing the hottest new male actors. Russell offers the following history:

"*PSYCHO SISTERS* was a slight twist from conventional horror movies, as it featured male victims being terrorized by a pair of psychotic sisters. The original movie starred Tina Krause, Pam Sutch, and Christine Taylor. The movie was remade as in 1998 and featured well known B-movie queens JJ North and Theresa Lynn as the killers. Around the same time, I met Alex Dove of Dove Productions and we coproduced *DEAD STUDENTS SOCIETY*, which also featured lots of male victims. This time the killers were Roxanne Michaels and Joseph Anthony. Although these were straight horror movies, we found the good-looking male cast attracted a fair amount of gay viewers. Almost everyone else was making horror movies featuring female victims. Through a collaborative effort, Alex and I thought we'd try producing some male-victim features to fill a void in independent filmmaking.

"We decided to create work that was just not otherwise available," Dove agrees. "Audiences have longed for the chance to see great-looking males featured in horror films in the same way the girls have been. Instead of the throwaway "boyfriend" character, we made these guys the stars of our films. They battle vampires, search haunted houses, flee from serial killers, and lock themselves in male versus male struggles for survival. It only seemed natural to dub our new stars Scream Kings. They are handsome, powerful, and willing to tackle any challenge a horror story can throw them."

Having created *Dead Guys Cinema*, Dove and Russell faced the task of populating it. Where to find young actors eager to disrobe, die, and label themselves Scream Kings? Dove provides the answer:

"Casting usually begins four to five months before a project. I tap into networks of actors we've worked with, and take recommendations. We expand by searching *Back-*

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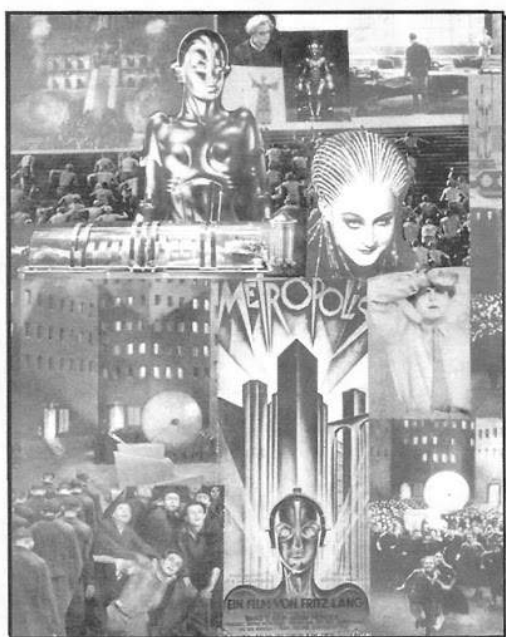
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stage and *Model Launch* online listings, often holding auditions in New York and LA. Increasingly, we have had actors contact us through our website. Lots of them tell me they've always wanted to be in this kind of film and are so glad to see someone making them. They submit video auditions based on instructions we send out to them. I've cast actors on the basis of video submission countless times and have been extremely impressed with

the result. In fact, the lead in *ZOMBIES*, Jonathan Williams, submitted a masterpiece via video and I was able to cast him with confidence.

"The whole concept of acting is to create a believable character. Any talented, trained professional decides whether they want to audition based on the role and the script. We don't care if actors are gay or straight. What we care about is their talent and their ability to create characters that people will believe in and care about. Horror films have launched the careers of many male stars—Johnny Depp, Brad Pitt, George Clooney, and Kevin Bacon, to name a few. Every one of our actors has plans to build a career and several have done quite well, including appearances on MTV and other direct-to-DVD and theatrical releases. They've all been immensely proud of the work they created and are eager to work with us again.

"On at least three occasions, I've cast actors who already had an adult-film following. They were recom-

mended to me because of their sincere desire to move into mainstream acting. They attended the auditions along with all of the other potential cast members. They had to have the reading, improvisation, and character development skills to even get through the casting process. It's great to cast an actor who has a following, but they have to show their acting chops as well."

Dead Guys Cinema also draws on the considerable talents of actors who don't necessarily aspire to *Scream* Kingery, including Michael R. Thomas, known to *Scarlet Streeters* as an occasional contributor to this magazine, to convention-goers for his comic turns at such shows as *Chiller* and the *Monster Bash*, and for his yearly teaming to introduce movies at the *Bash* with *Scarlet Street* Reditor Richard Valley.

"I met Michael Thomas while working on a *Seduction* Cinema movie *MISTRESS FRANKENSTEIN*," Russell recalls. "Of course, I'd seen him perform 'The Monster Mash' with Zacherley every Halloween at the *Chiller Theatre Expo*. He's a great actor and embellishes any character he is asked to play. I asked him to play a good priest in a Dead Guys Cinema movie currently in post-production called *FROM THE DEPTHS OF DEPRAVITY*, about a psychopathic boy-killing priest. His fans may see a different side of Michael in this upcoming, potentially controversial movie."

Still, as with *Scream Queens*, the primary appeal of a *Scream King* is his willingness to reveal all—or almost all. According to Dove, "We do our best to showcase the cast's good looks in the context of the story. If an actor has a great body, we intend to show it. That's what makes him a true *Scream King*. However, in the films whose stories call for implied sexual situations we make sure the nudity is done with taste."

And, of course, a lot of killing . . .



TOP LEFT: Michael R. Thomas is no stranger to the pages of *Scarlet Street*, but this is the first time he's appeared in the guise of a priest—and a pretty angry one, at that. The film is *FROM THE DEPTHS OF DEPRAVITY: FORGIVE ME FATHER FOR I HAVE SINNED*. **BELOW:** In *ZOMBIE* (scheduled for released in 2004), Samuel (Jason Hoffman) hovers over Christian (Jonathan Williams), whose *Serta* is clearly not inclined to provide *Perfect Sleeping*.



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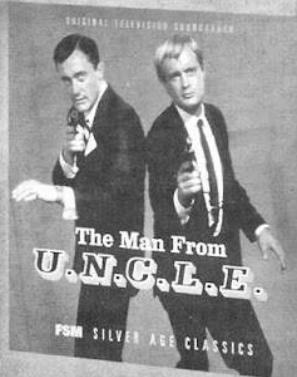
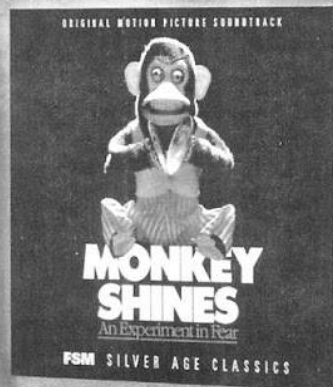
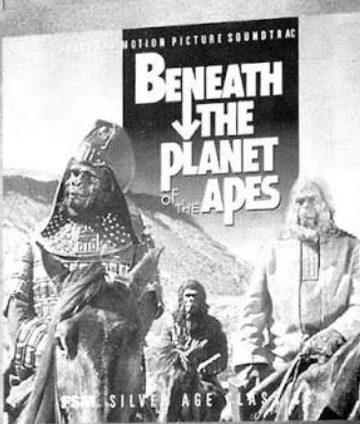
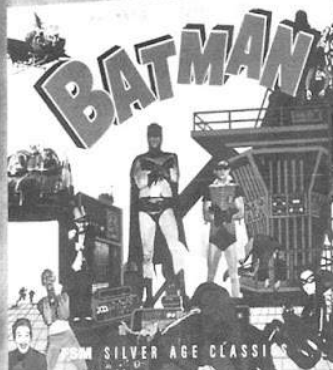
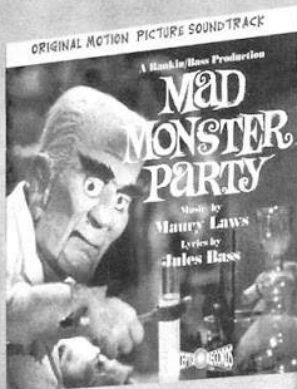
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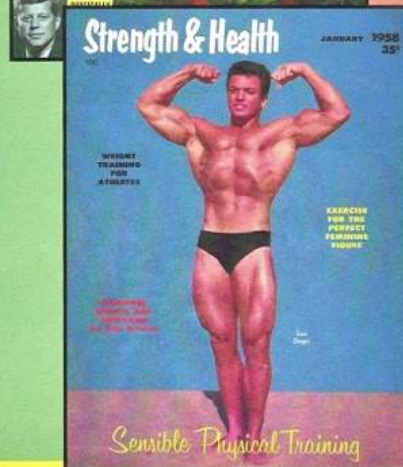
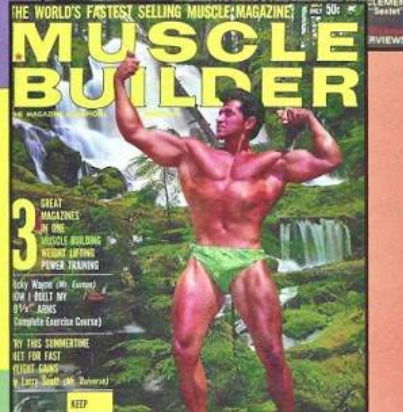
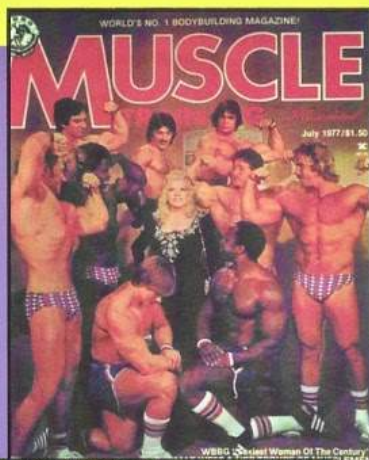
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MUSCLING IN ON THE MOVIES

by John F. Black

"A hard man is good to find."

—Mae West

Bodybuilder Steve Reeves and impresario Joseph E. Levine launched a motion picture genre in the late 1950s that would fill theaters for the better part of a decade. Reeve's international acclaim inspired many of his contemporaries to follow his path from the pages of muscle-building magazines onto the silver screen.

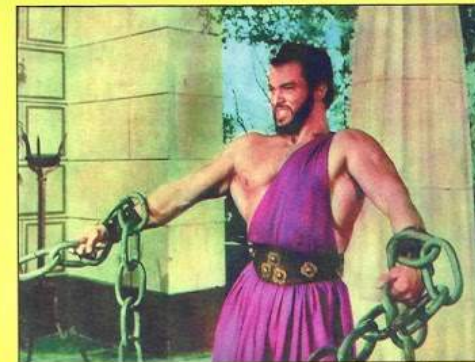
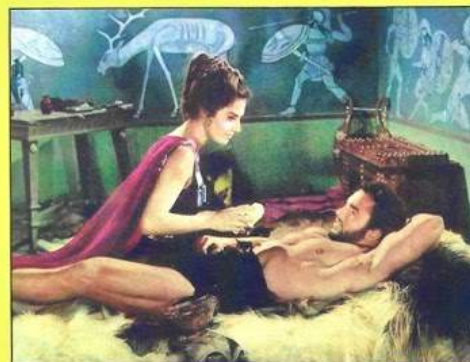
By 1950, Reeves had collected virtually all of the awards attainable in the world of physical culture. A native of Montana, he perfected his body sculpture regimen at Santa Monica's Muscle Beach community. The siren song of show business lured him into the role of a police lieutenant in Edward D. Wood Jr.'s putative noir *JAIL BAIT* (1954). Reeves filmed his scenes (including a gratuitous sequence in which he removed his shirt) early in 1953 before appearing as a Wazir guard in the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera's revival of *KISMET*. He remained with the show for nearly two years, but found time to appear in the MGM musical comedy *ATHENA* (1954), starring Jane Powell and Debbie Reynolds. Ironically, the film satirized southern California's health fadist subculture. After departing *KISMET*, Reeves joined Carol Channing in an ill-fated east coast production of *THE VAMP*. Undissuaded by its failure, the strongman kept his eyes open for a bigger opportunity.

Several other bodybuilding luminaries also were testing the waters. Mae West's fifties nightclub revue plucked several Muscle Beach denizens to provide Adonis-styled eye candy. Hungarian expatriate Mickey Hargitay, Reg Lewis, Dan Vadis, and Gordon Mitchell garnered considerable exposure while traveling the USA with West's troupe. As legend has it, Jayne Mansfield attended a New York dinner performance, spotted Hargitay, and announced, "I'll have a steak—and the man on the left." They wed two years later. Hargitay, Lewis, Vadis, and Mitchell enjoyed their association with the iconic Chickadee, but sought something bigger.

Reeves came to the attention of Italian director Pietro Francisci in early 1957. Francisci was casting a low-budget film about the Greek demigod Hercules (sic), and reasoned that Reeves' classic American countenance and chiseled physique were ideal for the titular role. Reeves' lack of thespian training wasn't an issue, because the dialogue would be dubbed by Italian actors in post-production.

American producer Joseph E. Levine noted the European popularity of *HERCULES* (1957/59) and brokered a modest deal to acquire the property for stateside distribution. After dubbing it into English, Levine employed an unprecedented saturation marketing campaign that helped the picture become a 1959 box-office bonanza. The quickly commissioned sequel, *HERCULES UNCHAINED* (1959/60), further cemented the public's adoration of Reeves. Competing European filmmakers rapidly inked other prominent Anglo bodybuilders, launching an exodus from Muscle Beach to the shores of Italy.

Thanks to his *HERCULES* fame, Reeves usually commanded the most prestigious roles. His personifications included such



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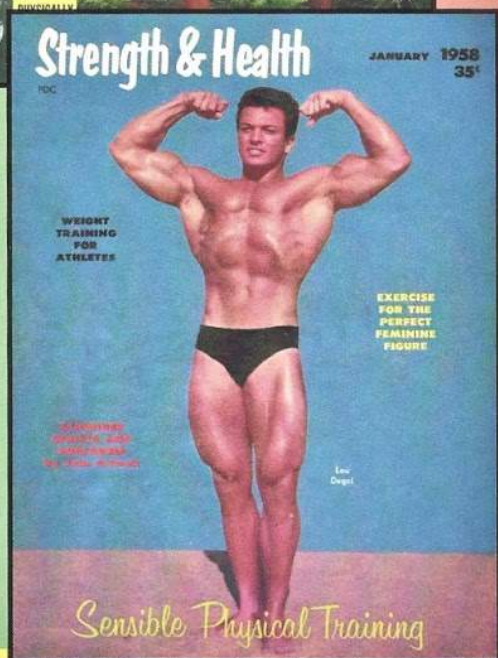
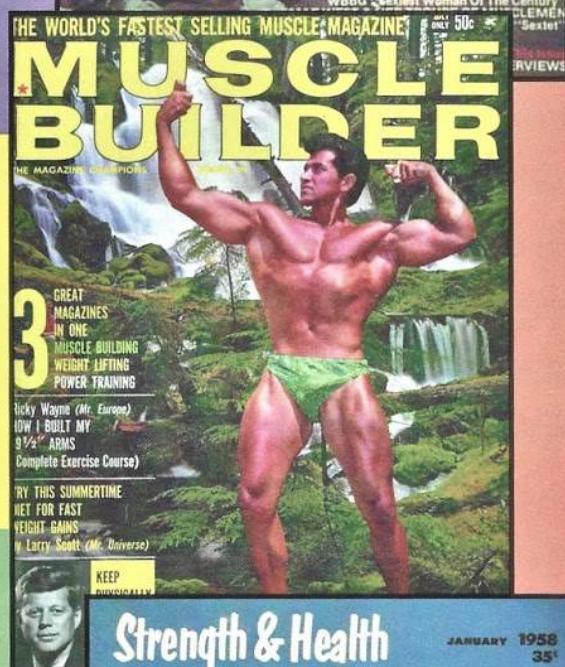
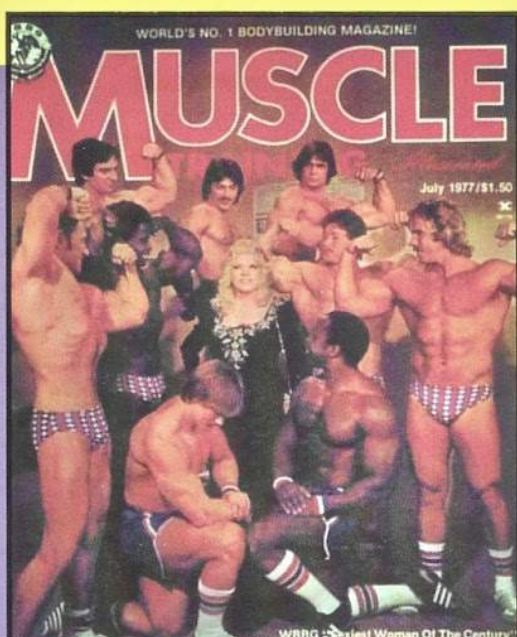
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MUSCLING IN ON THE MOVIES

by John F. Black

"A hard man is good to find."

—Mae West

Bodybuilder Steve Reeves and impresario Joseph E. Levine launched a motion picture genre in the late 1950s that would fill theaters for the better part of a decade. Reeves' international acclaim inspired many of his contemporaries to follow his path from the pages of muscle-building magazines onto the silver screen.

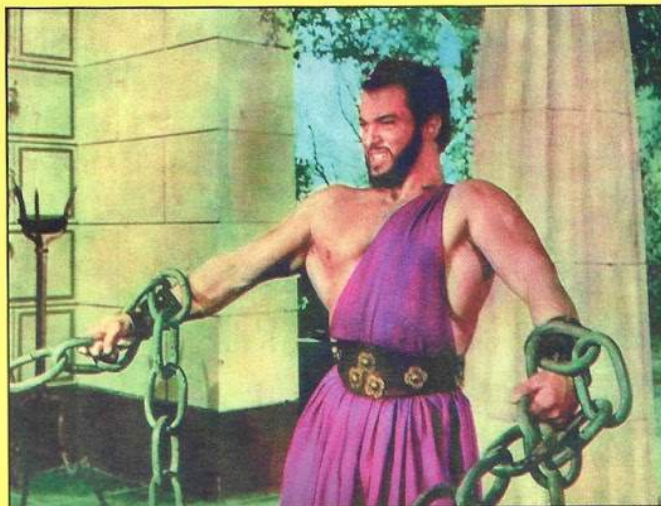
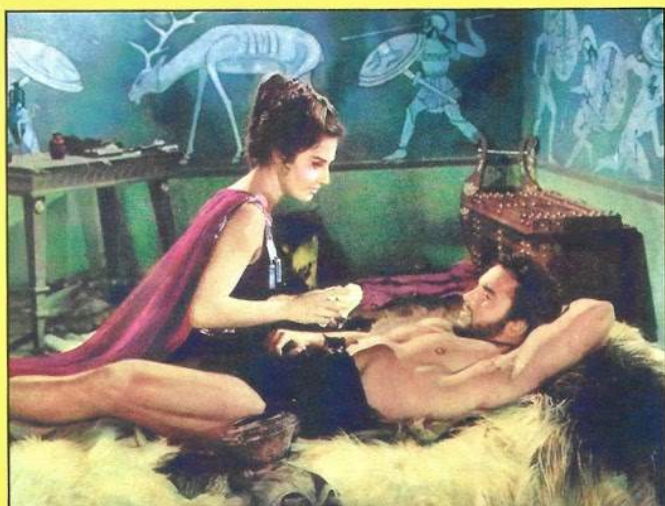
By 1950, Reeves had collected virtually all of the awards attainable in the world of physical culture. A native of Montana, he perfected his body sculpture regimen at Santa Monica's Muscle Beach community. The siren song of show business lured him into the role of a police lieutenant in Edward D. Wood Jr.'s putative noir *JAIL BAIT* (1954). Reeves filmed his scenes (including a gratuitous sequence in which he removed his shirt) early in 1953 before appearing as a Wazir guard in the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera's revival of *KISMET*. He remained with the show for nearly two years, but found time to appear in the MGM musical comedy *ATHENA* (1954), starring Jane Powell and Debbie Reynolds. Ironically, the film satirized southern California's health fadist subculture. After departing *KISMET*, Reeves joined Carol Channing in an ill-fated east coast production of *THE VAMP*. Undissuaded by its failure, the strongman kept his eyes open for a bigger opportunity.

Several other bodybuilding luminaries also were testing the waters. Mae West's fifties nightclub revue plucked several Muscle Beach denizens to provide Adonis-styled eye candy. Hungarian expatriate Mickey Hargitay, Reg Lewis, Dan Vadis, and Gordon Mitchell garnered considerable exposure while traveling the USA with West's troupe. As legend has it, Jayne Mansfield attended a New York dinner performance, spotted Hargitay, and announced, "I'll have a steak—and the man on the left." They wed two years later. Hargitay, Lewis, Vadis, and Mitchell enjoyed their association with the iconic Chickadee, but sought something bigger.

Reeves came to the attention of Italian director Pietro Francisci in early 1957. Francisci was casting a low-budget film about the Greek demigod Hercules (sic), and reasoned that Reeves' classic American countenance and chiseled physique were ideal for the titular role. Reeves' lack of thespian training wasn't an issue, because the dialogue would be dubbed by Italian actors in post-production.

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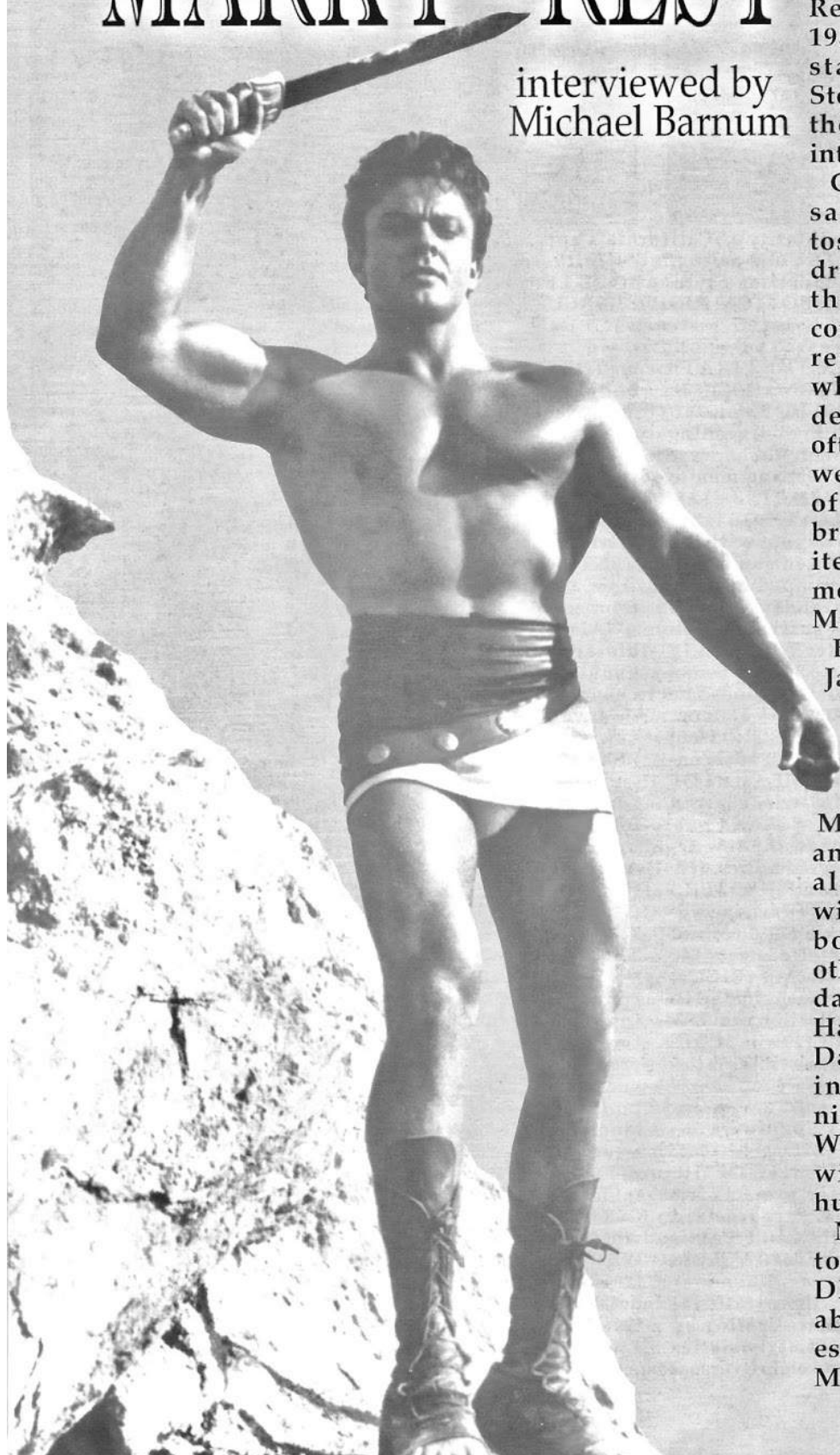
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FROM MUSCLE BEACH TO THE MOVIES MARK FOREST

interviewed by
Michael Barnum



In the early 1960s, scores of bodybuilders streamed to Europe to try their hand at performing in a popular new film genre spawned by the 1957 hit motion picture *LE FATICHE DI ERCOLE* (*THE LABORS OF HERCULES*). Released in the United States in 1959 as, simply, *HERCULES*, it starred a former Mr. Universe, Steve Reeves, and it transformed the occasional bit actor into an international celebrity!

Gladiator films, sword and sandal epics, peplum or "fus-tos"—by any name, these films drew crowds to theaters around the world, where eager fans could see half-naked musclemen rescue buxom young maidens while fighting off dragons, evil despots, invading armies, or—often as not—all three! The films were colorful, fun, and chock full of action, and many of the big, brawny stars became great favorites with audiences. One of the most popular of these actors was Mark Forest.

Born Louis Lorenzo Degni on January 16th, 1933, in New York City, Forest's interest and hard work in the field of bodybuilding led him to compete in physique contests such as Mr. America, Mr. Muscle Beach, and Mr. Venice Beach. Eventually he found himself, along with a group of other California bodybuilders (including such other soon-to-be Sword and Sandal stars as Reg Lewis, Mickey Hargitay, Gordon Mitchell, and Dan Vadis), recruited to appear in Mae West's very popular nightclub show in the late fifties. West's show toured the country with its generous mix of risqué humor and manly beefcake.

Making his way to Italy in 1960 to star in *GOLIATH AND THE DRAGON* (1960), his first of about a dozen movies Mark Forest became a sensation in *MOLE MEN VS. THE SON OF HER*



LEFT: Mae West's nightclub act in the 1950s included (left to right) Lester Shafer, Harry Swartz, Irvin "Zabo" Koszewski, Armand Tanny, George Eiferman, Joe Gold, and Mark Forest. RIGHT: Forest makes friends with Anna-Maria Pace in *HERCULES AGAINST THE SONS OF THE SUN* (1964).

HERCULES (1961), *HERCULES AGAINST THE MONGOLS* (1963), and *KINDAR THE INVULNERABLE* (1964), among other films. While these pictures packed the movie houses, they didn't quite satisfy the muscular performer artistically and he soon left the film business to pursue his real love—music!

Today, Mark Forest resides in Southern California, working as a personal trainer and concentrating on a singing career that uses his beautiful strong voice to its full advantage—a voice that was, ironically, dubbed over in every one of his films! He is also working on his first music CD, the culmination of over 30 years of work and training.

Scarlet Street: You were born and raised in New York. What took you to California?

Mark Forest: I moved to California when I was 19. I came out here on a vacation and I liked it. I was a skinny little kid, so I wanted to get big like the guys in the magazines. I started working out quite a bit and, inside of a couple of years, I noticed that I responded very easily. After less than two years of

training, I weighed about 200 pounds. At 16, I could bench press 350 pounds. I had this power and this body that responded to exercise quite well. Then I entered my first contest, a national contest, at age 19. I didn't win the title, but I did win all the subdivisions.

SS: What bodybuilders inspired you?

MF: Steve Reeves was my idol. I tried to work along the lines of his physique, just like everybody else was doing at that time, I guess.

SS: You were part of the Muscle Beach crowd in its heyday in the 1950s.

MF: Well, yes, I was in that era. I won Mr. Muscle Beach and then Mr. Venice Beach. So I was very popular in Santa Monica at the time. I was working out here in Los Angeles and then went on tour with Mae West. I toured with her company for awhile. Shortly after that, I started my acting career in Italy, where I stayed for about seven years.

SS: Tell us about working with Mae West.

MF: Well, it was interesting. (Laughs) She was an interesting woman. She was certainly very famous. She was nice to me and she was a nice lady. I wasn't that

thrilled with it all, to tell you the truth. I was just another guy in the show. I always wanted to do something better than that, which I did. I started to study drama, acting. I started to do the Shakespearean stuff and I became a very good actor. When I went to Italy, they were quite surprised that I had this acting ability. I not only looked the part, but I was actually able to act. That's why some of these films are so successful. There's still quite a following and I still get fan mail from all over.

SS: Did you get a chance to do any film work in the States before you went to Europe?

MF: I was on the cover of a magazine, which got me a screen test for Tarzan. I was on the cover of some health magazine and an agent got hold of me. I didn't get the part, but right after that I started my career in Europe as an actor.

SS: And how did that come about?

MF: Well, I was working out in a gym in Hollywood, a famous gym called Bert Goodrich's Gym, where a lot of people in the movie business used to train. Good-

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LEFT: Forest fights a big fuzzy in *TERROR OF ROME AGAINST THE SON OF HERCULES* (1964). RIGHT: The mighty Goliath (Forest) gets his rocks off protecting a damsel in *GOLIATH AND THE DRAGON* (1960).



GREAT SCOTT! GORDON SCOTT

interviewed by Jessie Lilley

Some 43 years after hanging up his loincloth, Gordon Scott remain for many the definitive Lord of the Jungle, with at least two of his six Tarzan movies—*TARZAN'S GREATEST ADVENTURE* (1959) and *TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT* (1960)—considered the best jungle man epics ever made, and a third—*TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI* (1957)—running a close third.

Born Gordon M. Werschkul in Portland, Oregon, on August 3, 1927, the future film hero majored in physical education at the University of Oregon and, after an army stint, found work in an astonishing variety of occupations—salesman, fireman, cowboy, lifeguard. It was while working in that last capacity at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas that he was spotted by a Hollywood agent. Making his debut in *TARZAN'S HIDDEN JUNGLE* (1955), Scott followed Hollywood tradition by marrying his costar, Hitchcock discovery Vera Miles. (It was Scott's third marriage. They divorced in 1959.) In 1960, Scott relinquished the Tarzan role and moved his base of operations to Europe, starring in such pictures as *SAMSON AND THE SEVEN MIRACLES OF THE WORLD* (1961), *GOLIATH AND THE VAMPIRES* (1961), *GLADIATOR OF ROME* (1962), *ZORRO AND THE THREE MUSKETEERS* (1963), *HERCULES AGAINST MOLOCH* (1963), *DUEL OF THE TITANS* (1963), *BUFFALO BILL* (1964), *THE TRAMPLERS* (1966), and *DANGER! DEATH RAY* (1967).

Appearing periodically on the celebrity autograph circuit, Gordon Scott took some time out in the mid-1990s to speak with *Scarlet Street* . . .

Gordon Scott: I'll tell you how I got started. I was working in Las Vegas at the time, at the Sahara Hotel. I had the health club and the swimming pool and, before we opened one morning, I was working out on the three-meter board. This fellow walked up to me, introduced himself as Walter Mash and said that he was an agent. They were trying to look for a new Tarzan and he had me come down to meet the people at MGM, including Sol Lesser, who owned the Tarzan franchise. I said, "Sure!" The following week, Mash called and said that he had made the appointment. I went down and we set up a test for the following Wednesday. They tested me and I signed Friday. It was very quick, that overnight thing.

Scarlet Street: How did you test for Tarzan? What did you have to do?

GS: Oh, running, swimming, action sequences with the stunt men, a lot of closeups, and not much in the way of clothes. There was a lot of competition for this part. There were 2,500 people who went for it!

SS: Your first film was *TARZAN'S HIDDEN JUNGLE*. Did you find it difficult working before the cameras?

GS: No, I think I was too stupid to worry! (Laughs) I didn't think about it. It was just fun doing those things. I never had any acting training, but I didn't have very much dialogue or anything. God knows. It was a gradual thing. We had the dialogue after the second film. The later pictures followed

Edgar Rice Burroughs more closely, the story he wrote in his book about John Clayton, who is Tarzan and goes to back to England and becomes educated and then returns to the jungle.

SS: Did you prefer playing an educated ape man?

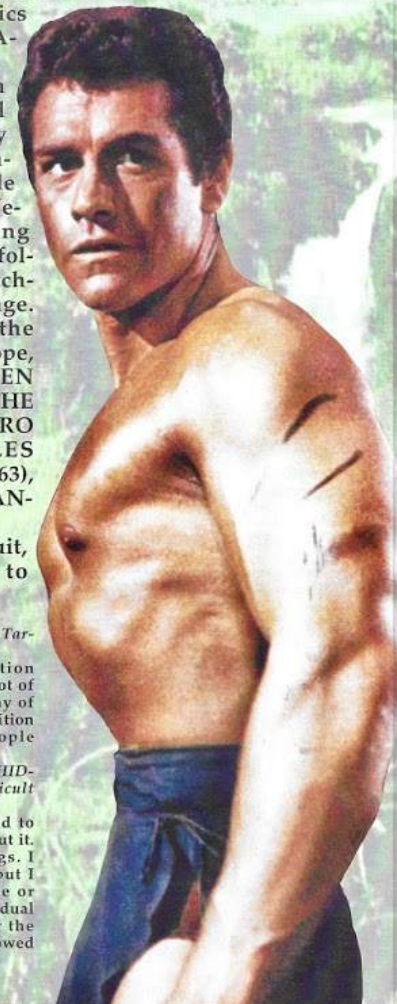
GS: Oh, yes! Much easier!

SS: Easier than "Me Tarzan, you Jane?"

GS: Well, Johnny Weissmuller did it so well; he had that whole "Me Tarzan" thing with Maureen O'Sullivan. I felt uncomfortable doing it, because I'm a well-educated man and I like to show off! (Laughs)

SS: They omitted Jane from *TARZAN'S HIDDEN JUNGLE*, but Cheetah was in evidence. Have you any horror stories about working with animals?

GS: Only one. In Africa, we were using a lion. He was great! He could



PAGE 56: Gordon Scott is considered by many jungle aficionados to be the screen's greatest Tarzan of the Apes. At least two of his films (1959's *TARZAN'S GREATEST ADVENTURE* and 1960's *TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT*) are genre classics. THIS PAGE: Tarzan indulges in some phallic imagery while Jane (Eve Brent) watches in admiration.

charge, but he never put his claws out, and I could roll around on the ground and pretend to be fighting him. After the film was over, we had some newspaper people from newspapers from London come out. We were at The New Stanley Hotel and they were in this room, in back of a table and asking questions. I was in the middle of the floor with Bobby, the big, black-maned lion. After the interview was over, the gal from *The Observer*, I think it was, got up and popped a flashbulb. It really scared Bobby! And he went for the first thing that was near him, which was me. I felt his muscles tense, so I went over the table—but he caught me in the lower leg and ripped one pant leg right out of the crotch! (Laughs) After the trainer came in and got Bobby out, I looked down at my leg and it was just pumping blood. The gal who took the photograph just passed out completely! (Laughs) It was really no joke that time; I nearly lost my leg! But that was the only thing that really happened.

SS: And it didn't even happen on the set. Wasn't it dangerous battling the python in *TARZAN'S FIGHT FOR LIFE*?

GS: It was kind of silly, because they had this long box thing that they kept the snake in, with hot lights on it all the time. It was dormant and sleepy, so I would just pick it up and wrap it around me and roll around. It didn't look quite right, so they kept it out of the box, and the more they kept it out of this warmth, the more it woke up. Boy, it really cinched up on me! It weighed 200 pounds, and it was 18 feet long! They finally got it unwrapped from me and we on to get the shot. They put it to sleep again.

SS: Your leading lady in *TARZAN'S HIDDEN JUNGLE*, Vera Miles, was your third wife. Was she under contract to Alfred Hitchcock at that time?

GS: No, she did one for John Ford—*THE SEARCHERS*, a great movie—and then Hitchcock signed her for *THE WRONG MAN* with Henry Fonda.

SS: It was said that Hitchcock objected to the marriage.

GS: Oh, no! That's publicity! He was supposed to have objected to her marrying me because I was Tarzan, and that wasn't sophisticated.

SS: Just because you ran around the jungle in a loincloth . . .

GS: Yeah, my little leather knickers! (Laughs)

SS: Actually, your leather knickers weren't as little or skimpier as the ones worn by previous Tarzans. Was that the result of fifties conservative thinking, or perhaps the Catholic Legion of Decency?

GS: No, not at all; it was just how I was built. They had to use just a little more material. (Laughs) For heaven's sakes, there must be a better way to explain that!

SS: *TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI* was a great improvement over your first Tarzan film. It was the first to be shot on location . . .

GS: And it was in color! It was kind of a breakthrough. It was a natural—Tarzan was an outdoor adventure kind of thing and we got some beautiful shots. Of course, it was much more difficult filming on location, because of the nature of the film. You're running around wild animals and that sort of thing. And no matter what Tarzan may have done in Burroughs' books, it's not very easy to run around the jungle barefoot. There was one time I got a bad cut on the instep and had to wear a rubber sheath on my foot, but after it healed I had to go barefoot again. With all the running around in bare feet, I developed callouses. It actually toughened my feet, so maybe Burroughs wasn't that far off the mark.

SS: It was while making *TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI* that you rode a giraffe.

GS: That was very painful! (Laughs) They have a ridge down their backs, and you have to be very, very careful where you sit. In one shot in the film, it looked like I was laughing and having a good time—but I was really in terrible pain.

SS: You also took part in a spear-throwing competition.

GS: Oh, yeah, with the Masi. I used to throw the javelin when I was in school, so I could throw it much further than they could. It's really a completely different thing, though—the javelin weighs about nine ounces and the Masi spear, with the long blade and the small throwing handle, weighed at least a pound and a half! But I did okay.

SS: Even though Jane was absent from *TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI* and two women were present, there was no attempt to give Tarzan a romance.

GS: That was bad writing, wasn't it? (Laughs) Some of those films that we had to do were really ridiculous. The ones that I like—*TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT* and *TARZAN'S GREATEST ADVENTURE*—there was some real thought put into them, but there wasn't time for romance or anything like that. There was a relationship briefly with Sara Shane in *TARZAN'S GREATEST ADVENTURE*. There was a moment there, where I'm wounded and she takes care of me all night; there was a little romance there. The love scene was



filmed but cut, actually. We didn't have any clothes on, which is all right if you're being squeezed by a python but not all right if you're squeezing a woman. That scene has never been shown. I have it embedded in my mind, so that's good enough.

SS: Following the location work for *TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI*, you returned to the studio jungle for *TARZAN'S FIGHT FOR LIFE* and *TARZAN AND THE TRAPPERS*. Jane and Boy were back, too, with Boy being renamed Turtu. **GS:** The writing was bad for both of those. They weren't nearly as good as *TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI*. Actually, *TARZAN AND THE TRAPPERS* wasn't a feature. They turned it into a feature, but it was made for television, as a pilot for a series that never really got off the ground. That was just

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interviewed by Jessie Lilley

Some 43 years after hanging up his loincloth, Gordon Scott remain for many the definitive Lord of the Jungle, with at least two of his six Tarzan movies—*TARZAN'S GREATEST ADVENTURE* (1959) and *TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT* (1960)—considered the best jungle man epics ever made, and a third—*TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI* (1957)—running a close third.

Born Gordon M. Werschkul in Portland, Oregon, on August 3, 1927, the future film hero majored in physical education at the University of Oregon and, after an army stint, found work in an astonishing variety of occupations—salesman, fireman, cowboy, lifeguard. It was while working in that last capacity at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas that he was spotted by a Hollywood agent. Making his debut in *TARZAN'S HIDDEN JUNGLE* (1955), Scott followed Hollywood tradition by marrying his costar, Hitchcock discovery Vera Miles. (It was Scott's third marriage. They divorced in 1959.) In 1960, Scott relinquished the Tarzan role and moved his base of operations to Europe, starring in such pictures as *SAMSON AND THE SEVEN MIRACLES OF THE WORLD* (1961), *GOLIATH AND THE VAMPIRES* (1961), *GLADIATOR OF ROME* (1962), *ZORRO AND THE THREE MUSKETEERS* (1963), *HERCULES AGAINST MOLOCH* (1963), *DUEL OF THE TITANS* (1963), *BUFFALO BILL* (1964), *THE TRAMPLERS* (1966), and *DANGER! DEATH RAY* (1967).

Appearing periodically on the celebrity autograph circuit, Gordon Scott took some time out in the mid-1990s to speak with *Scarlet Street* . . .

Gordon Scott: I'll tell you how I got started. I was working in Las Vegas at the time, at the Sahara Hotel. I had the health club and the swimming pool and, before we opened one morning, I was working out on the three-meter board. This fellow walked up to me, introduced himself as Walter Mash and said that he was an agent. They were trying to look for a new Tarzan and he had me come down to meet the people at MGM, including Sol Lesser, who owned the Tarzan franchise. I said, "Sure!" The following week, Mash called and said that he had made the appointment. I went down and we set up a test for the following Wednesday. They tested me and I signed Friday. It was very quick, that overnight thing.

Scarlet Street: How did you test for Tarzan? What did you have to do?

GS: Oh, running, swimming, action sequences with the stunt men, a lot of closeups, and not much in the way of clothes. There was a lot of competition for this part. There were 2,500 people who went for it!

SS: Your first film was *TARZAN'S HIDDEN JUNGLE*. Did you find it difficult working before the cameras?

GS: No, I think I was too stupid to worry! (Laughs) I didn't think about it. It was just fun doing those things. I never had any acting training, but I didn't have very much dialogue or anything, God knows. It was a gradual thing. We had the dialogue after the second film. The later pictures followed

Edgar Rice Burroughs more closely, the story he wrote in his book about John Clayton, who is Tarzan and goes to back to England and becomes educated and then returns to the jungle.

SS: Did you prefer playing an educated ape man?

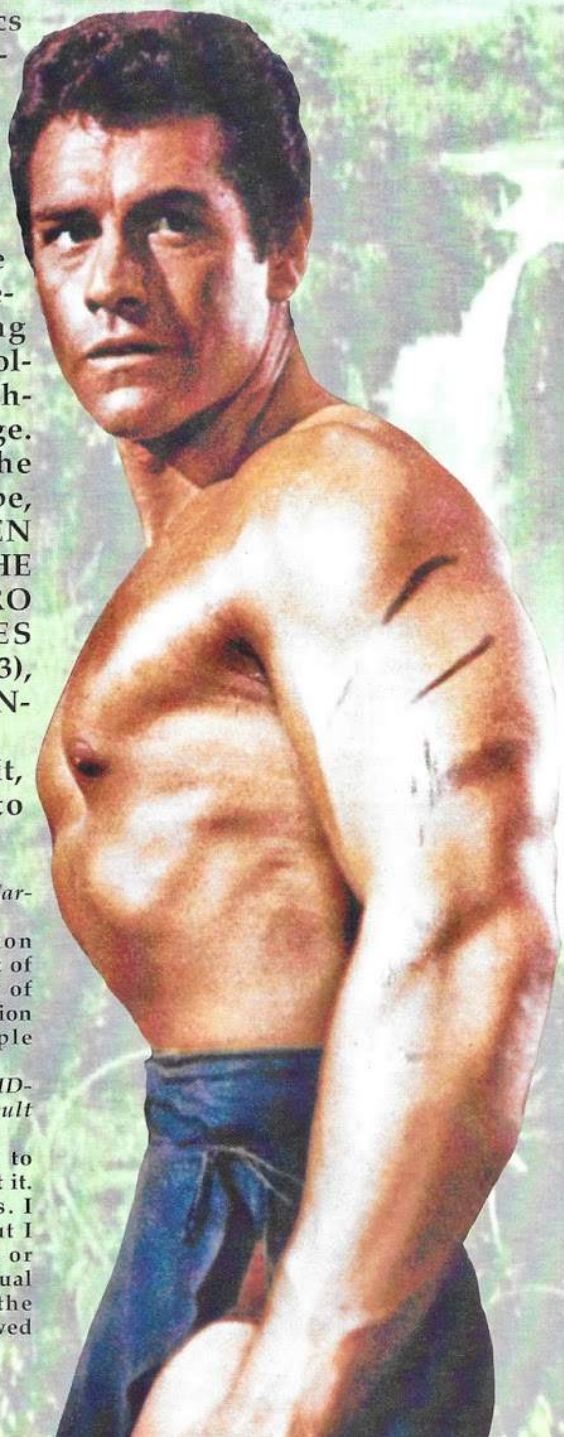
GS: Oh, yes! Much easier!

SS: Easier than "Me Tarzan, you Jane?"

GS: Well, Johnny Weissmuller did it so well; he had that whole "Me Tarzan" thing with Maureen O'Sullivan. I felt uncomfortable doing it, because I'm a well-educated man and I like to show off! (Laughs)

SS: They omitted Jane from *TARZAN'S HIDDEN JUNGLE*, but Cheetah was in evidence. Have you any horror stories about working with animals?

GS: Only one. In Africa, we were using a lion. He was great! He could



PAGE 56: Gordon Scott is considered by many jungle aficionados to be the screen's greatest Tarzan of the Apes. At least two of his films (1959's *TARZAN'S GREATEST ADVENTURE* and 1960's *TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT*) are genre classics. THIS PAGE: Tarzan indulges in some phallic imagery while Jane (Eve Brent) watches in admiration.

charge, but he never put his claws out, and I could roll around on the ground and pretend to be fighting him. After the film was over, we had some newspaper people from newspapers from London come out. We were at The New Stanley Hotel and they were in this room, in back of a table and asking questions. I was in the middle of the floor with Bobby, the big, black-maned lion. After the interview was over, the gal from *The Observer*, I think it was, got up and popped a flashbulb. It really scared Bobby! And he went for the first thing that was near him, which was me. I felt his muscles tense, so I went over the table—but he caught me in the lower leg and ripped one pant leg right out of the crotch! (Laughs) After the trainer came in and got Bobby out, I looked down at my leg and it was just pumping blood. The gal who took the photograph just passed out completely! (Laughs) It was really no joke that time; I nearly lost my leg! But that was the only thing that really happened.

SS: And it didn't even happen on the set. Wasn't it dangerous battling the python in *TARZAN'S FIGHT FOR LIFE*?

GS: It was kind of silly, because they had this long box thing that they kept the snake in, with hot lights on it all the time. It was dormant and sleepy, so I would just pick it up and wrap it around me and roll around. It didn't look quite right, so they kept it out of the box, and the more they kept it out of this warmth, the more it woke up. Boy, it really cinched up on me! It weighed 200 pounds, and it was 18 feet long! They finally got it unwrapped from me and we on to get the shot. They put it to sleep again.

SS: Your leading lady in *TARZAN'S HIDDEN JUNGLE*, Vera Miles, was your third wife. Was she under contract to Alfred Hitchcock at that time?

GS: No, she did one for John Ford—*THE SEARCHERS*, a great movie—and then Hitchcock signed her for *THE WRONG MAN* with Henry Fonda.

SS: It was said that Hitchcock objected to the marriage.

GS: Oh, no! That's publicity! He was supposed to have objected to her marrying me because I was Tarzan, and that wasn't sophisticated.

SS: Just because you ran around the jungle in a loincloth...

GS: Yeah, my little leather knickers! (Laughs)

SS: Actually, your leather knickers weren't as little or skimpy as the ones worn by previous Tarzans. Was that the result of fifties conservative thinking, or perhaps the Catholic Legion of Decency?

GS: No, not at all; it was just how I was built. They had to use just a little more material. (Laughs) For heaven's sakes, there must be a better way to explain that!

SS: *TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI* was a great improvement over your first Tarzan film. It was the first to be shot on location...

GS: And it was in color! It was kind of a breakthrough. It was a natural—Tarzan was an outdoor adventure kind of thing and we got some beautiful shots. Of course, it was much more difficult filming on location, because of the nature of the film. You're running around wild animals and that sort of thing. And no matter what Tarzan may have done in Burroughs' books, it's not very easy to run around the jungle barefoot. There was one time I got a bad cut on the instep and had to wear a rubber sheath on my foot, but after it healed I had to go barefoot again. With all the running around in bare feet, I developed callouses. It actually toughened my feet, so maybe Burroughs wasn't that far off the mark.

SS: It was while making *TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI* that you rode a giraffe.

GS: That was very painful! (Laughs) They have a ridge down their backs, and you have to be very, very careful where you sit. In one shot in the film, it looked like I was laughing and having a good time—but I was really in terrible pain.

SS: You also took part in a spear-throwing competition.

GS: Oh, yeah, with the Masi. I used to throw the javelin when I was in school, so I could throw it much further than they could. It's really a completely different thing, though—the javelin weighs about nine ounces and the Masi spear, with the long blade and the small throwing handle, weighed at least a pound and a half! But I did okay.

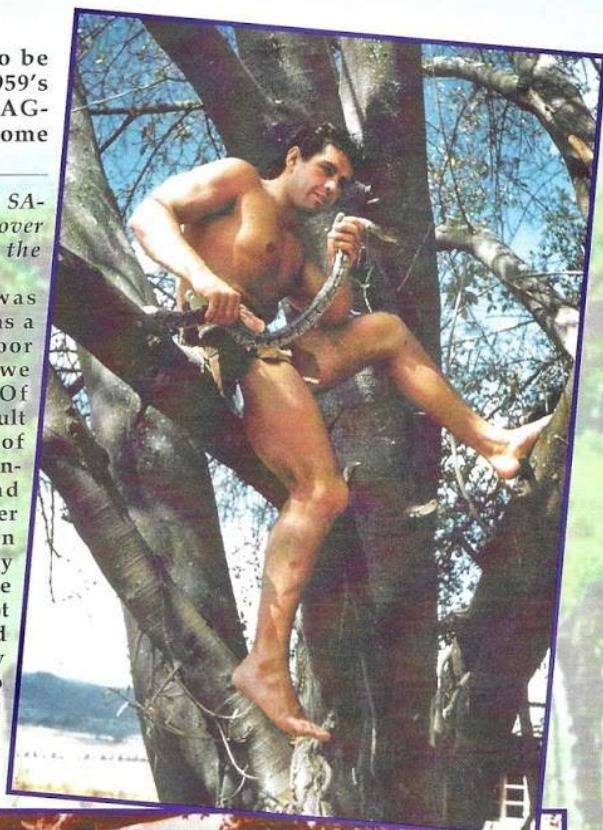
SS: Even though Jane was absent from *TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI* and two women were present, there was no attempt to give Tarzan a romance.

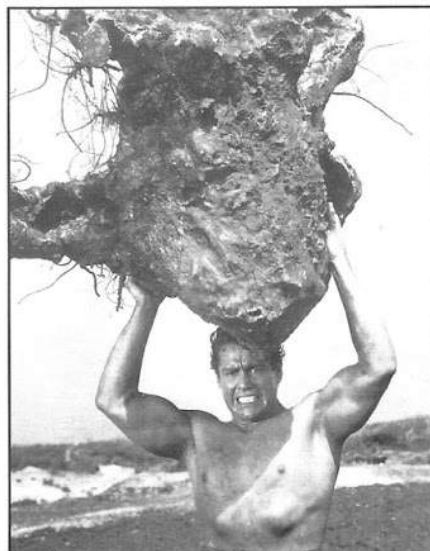
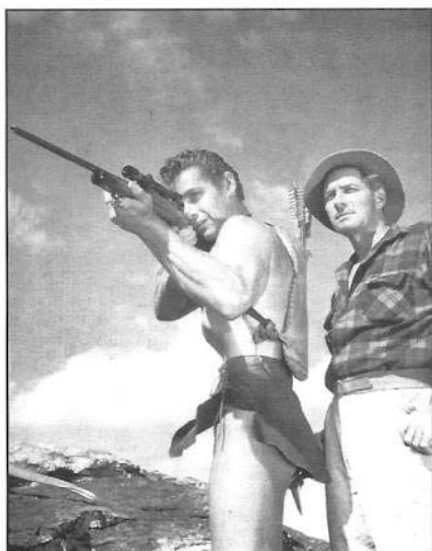
GS: That was bad writing, wasn't it? (Laughs) Some of those films that we had to do were really ridiculous. The ones that I like—*TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT* and *TARZAN'S GREATEST ADVENTURE*—there was some real thought put into them, but there wasn't time for romance or anything like that. There was a relationship briefly with Sara Shane in *TARZAN'S GREATEST ADVENTURE*. There was a moment there, where I'm wounded and she takes care of me all night; there was a little romance there. The love scene was

filmed but cut, actually. We didn't have any clothes on, which is all right if you're being squeezed by a python but not all right if you're squeezing a woman. That scene has never been shown. I have it embedded in my mind, so that's good enough.

SS: Following the location work for *TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI*, you returned to the studio jungle for *TARZAN'S FIGHT FOR LIFE* and *TARZAN AND THE TRAPPERS*. Jane and Boy were back, too, with Boy being renamed Tartu.

GS: The writing was bad for both of those. They weren't nearly as good as *TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI*. Actually, *TARZAN AND THE TRAPPERS* wasn't a feature. They turned it into a feature, but it was made for television, as a pilot for a series that never really got off the ground. That was just





LEFT: One of the villains in *TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT* was played by Jock Mahoney. Scott should have been watching his back—Mahoney took over the role of the ape man in the next jungle epic. **CENTER:** *TARZAN'S GREATEST ADVENTURE* revealed a more vulnerable Tarzan, capable of being hurt and in need of help from a woman (Sara Shane). **RIGHT:** Seeking to broaden his range, Scott dons a colorful hat to perform his celebrated Carmen Miranda impression in *GOLIATH AND THE VAMPIRES* (1964).

more bad writing that ruined the show's chances, I'm afraid.

SS: Sol Lesser ended his association with Tarzan at about that point.

GS: And Sy Weintraub took over. I hadn't had much of a relationship with Lesser; he would never come to the set. When he did, he was just a nice, old guy who was running out of gas. That's why I'm sure he wasn't as innovative as Sy Weintraub, because Sy was so full of energy. He suggested

that we take a whole company and shoot the next two films in Africa. So he was really the spark. I got along really well with Sy. You bet!

SS: Weintraub's productions also had some truly talented actors lending support, including Sean Connery, Anthony Quayle, and John Carradine...

GS: Oh, they were first class! Anthony Quayle was a marvelous actor, and Niall MacGinnis was in the same company.

And Sean—after *GREATEST ADVENTURE*, Sy asked him to be

in the next one in a completely different character. Sean verbally agreed and said,

"Well, yeah, but first I have to do this one film for Harry Saltzman and Cubby Broccoli. So Sy agreed to wait and Sean went back to England and, of course, the one film he had to do was *DR. NO*. (Laughs) The first James Bond! We couldn't touch him after that, but he's a great guy. We had a lot of fun in Nairobi and the Equator Club; it was a great trip!

SS: What can you tell us about working with John Carradine, who was the villain in *TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT*?

GS: Oh, he was great! He was famous for his eccentricities, but he was very professional; we never lost a minute over anything that he did. I never questioned his drinking or his habits, because he was right there, knew his lines, and was great in the film. He made a lot of bad films because he really loved acting, but his early movies—*THE*

GRAPES OF WRATH and *STAGECOACH* and others—was all first class.

SS: Another *TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT* costar was Jock Mahoney, who took over the role of the ape man in the next film.

GS: Yeah, well, they loaned me out to Dino DiLaurentiis to do a film in Yugoslavia. My seven year contract was up during the filming of that film and they wired me and said they'd like to sign me for another seven years. By that time I was about ready to do something else, because I was getting very tired of it. I wired back and told Sy that I thanked him very much for the past seven years, but that I'd like to move on. There certainly weren't any bad feelings between me and Jock Mahoney because of it. It worked out, since I was offered four films right away in Europe. I remained there for 10 years and did something like 42 films! I did three spaghetti westerns, and some sword-and-sandal things—those sort of films. Contemporary films, too.

SS: The sword and sandals are probably the best known.

GS: They were a lot of action, action, action. Oh, God, but they took a long time to film. When they were done well, they usually took about two and a half months to make. Some of them didn't, but when they had production value in them, they often took that long. I worked everywhere—Egypt, Germany, Spain; we shot in Cairo, Rome, Beirut. Beirut used to be so beautiful, then. It was called the Paris of the Mid-East.

SS: *DUEL OF THE TITANS* costarred you with another famous musclemans of the period—Steve Reeves.

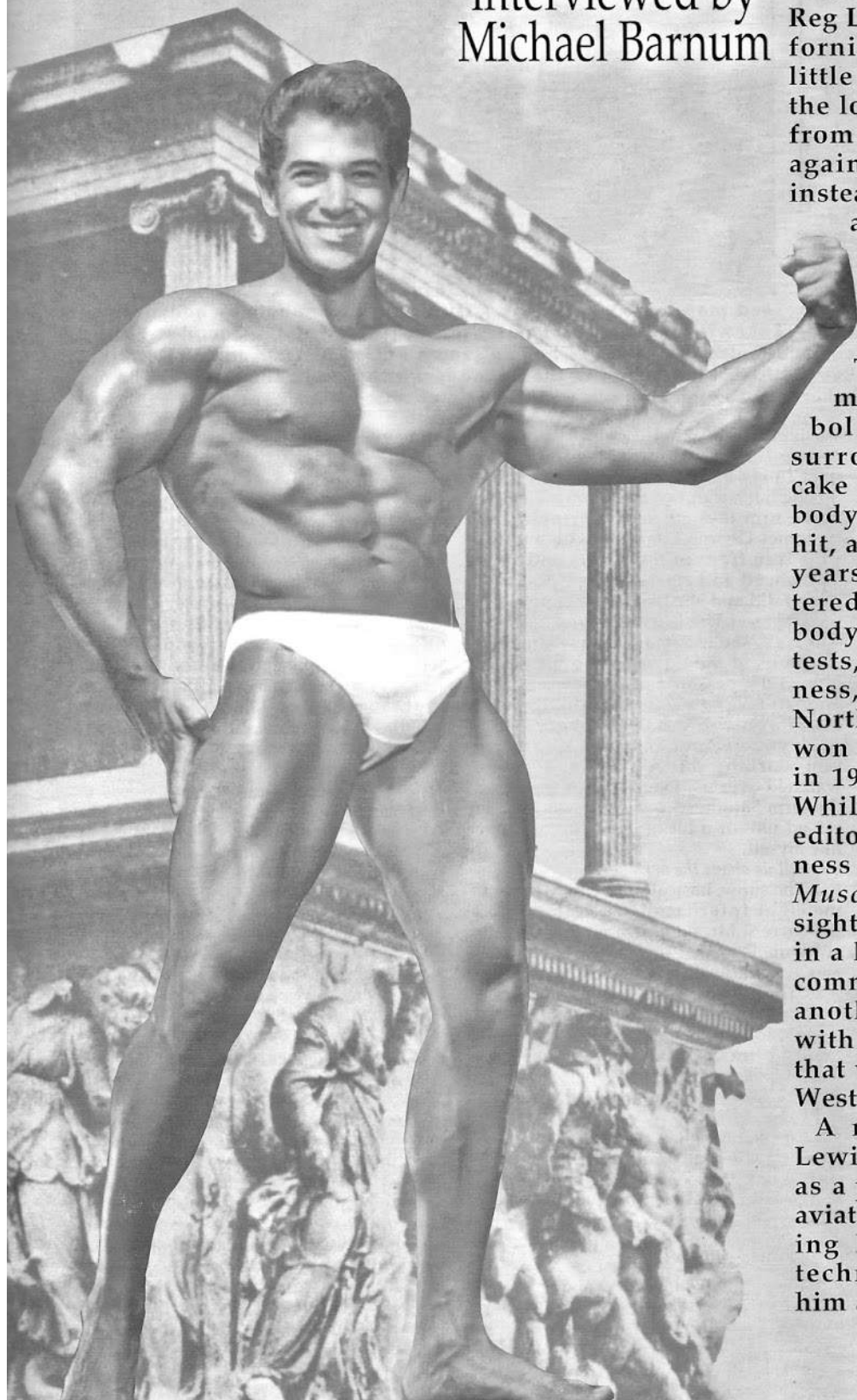
GS: *ROMULUS AND REMUS* was the original title of that one. I'd known Steve since 1947. We used to work out together at Bert Goodrich's gym. Well, he was an instructor and I'd work out, and then they cast him as Hercules. It

Continued on page 80



FROM MUSCLE BEACH TO THE MOVIES REG LEWIS

interviewed by
Michael Barnum

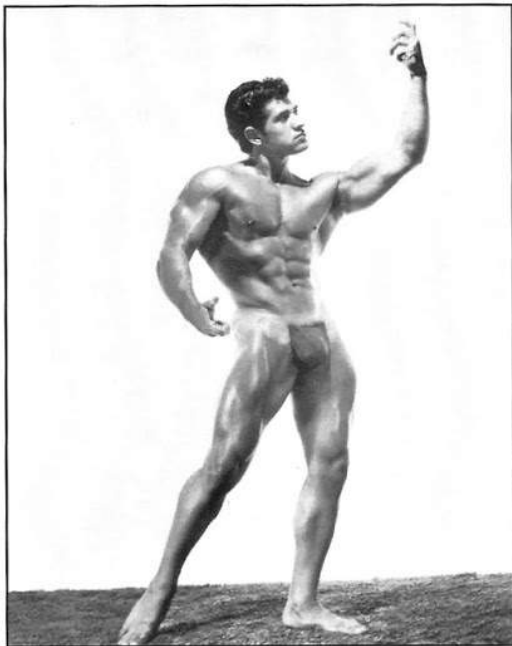


Despite his appearance in only one Italian sword and sandal epic, Reg Lewis, with his matinee idol good looks and fantastic muscular form, is one of the most asked about of the bodybuilder-turned-actors who invaded the movie screens in the early 1960s.

The third from the oldest child, Reg Lewis was born in Niles, California, on January 23, 1936, in a little house across the street from the local church. After graduating from high school, Reg decided against a career in baseball and, instead, joined up with Mae West, appearing in her popular nightclub act and playing Las Vegas, New York, and other hot spots around the land during the late 1950s.

The show, featuring the famous platinum-haired sex symbol spouting double entendres surrounded by a bevy of beefcake (consisting of some of the top bodybuilders of the era), was a hit, and Reg stayed with it for two years. At that time, he also entered—and won—a number of bodybuilding and physique contests, including, Mr. Physical Fitness, Mr. Pacific Coast, and Mr. Northern California. In 1957, he won the title of Mr. Universe and in 1963 he became Mr. America. While working as the West Coast editor for two of Joe Weider's fitness magazines, *Mr. America* and *Muscle Builder*, Reg turned his sights toward acting. He appeared in a handful of films and over 16 commercials, and later worked in another Las Vegas act, this time with Debbie Reynolds, in a show that was a takeoff on the old Mae West show.

A modest and friendly man, Lewis is still very busy working as a personal trainer, dabbling in aviation and filmmaking, and writing his own book on exercise techniques. You might even spot him at the Sharon and Ray Courts



LEFT: Reg Lewis reveals what the well-dressed man isn't wearing in a fifties physique photo by bodybuilder-turned-photographer Russ Warner. **RIGHT:** Lewis is less casually dressed at Hollywood's Coconut Grove, where he stops to pose with Natalie Wood and Roddy McDowall. The gentleman between Wood and McDowall is, of course, Robert Wagner without makeup. **PAGE 61:** "A man in the house is worth two in the street." The one and only Mae West samples the goods in her famous nightclub act.

Movie Memorabilia and Celebrities shows, held regularly in North Hollywood. He won't be hard to find—even in the heart of Hollywood, there aren't too many men, of any age, with a physique like Mr. Universe, Reg Lewis!

Scarlet Street: How did you develop your interest in bodybuilding?

Reg Lewis: I'd started playing baseball, and I was very small for my age. George Eiferman [Mr. America, 1948] came to my school, and I thought, "Wow, that guy is huge!" I figured, if I wanted to grow big, bodybuilding would be the way to do it and I'd play better baseball. My father said, "No, you can't play ball if you're musclebound." We didn't know then what we know today about working out with weights. When he saw that I played better baseball, it kind of confounded him.

SS: Were there any bodybuilders or athletes that you admired?

RL: Oh, yes—Steve Reeves, of course. And I'd have to say, also from that era, Jack Delinger and George Eiferman, of course, the guy who got me started.

SS: You soon started working for Mae West.

RL: A guy had come by the gym and said they were trying out for Mae West. I was 18 years of age at that time. I left in 1955 to work in Las Vegas at the Mae West Revue. I was the youngest guy in the troupe. I was with the show for about two years.

SS: George Eiferman was also in the Mae West show, wasn't he?

RL: That was so amazing! When I finally met George, I told him, "You know, I wouldn't be here if it weren't for you!"

SS: Tell us about the audition.

RL: Mae West interviewed me in her bedroom, and asked me to start posing.

Well, I was a plain old country boy, and I said, "I don't want to stand here and pose in my BVDs!" I felt uncomfortable. So she hollers out of the room, "George, make him feel more comfortable!" So in comes George Eiferman with a towel, puts it in front of my shorts and says, "Go ahead and start posing." So that's what I did and she liked me! (Laughs)

SS: What was Mae West like in real life?

RL: Well, she was marvelous—and she really liked the guys quite a bit. She'd give you a personal interview at times and tell you how you were doing—asking if you could handle everything, were you getting enough sleep, were you working out regularly, etc. She watched over us. Even though she hated the term "mother," in a sense she kind of raised us—or a lot of the younger guys like myself.

SS: Tell us about the act.

RL: The show, basically, was built around the eight International Adonises and the current Mr. America, who was Richard Dubois at that time. Of course, there was Armand Tanny; Mark Forest, who was then known as Lou Degni; Zabo Koszewski; Chuck Krauser, who was Paul Novak; Joe Gold; and Dominic Guiliano. Oh, and Jim O'Hara, Mr. New Orleans, was in it, too. He used to be my roommate. They were pretty much the main guys in the show.

SS: Actress Louise Beavers also had a part.

RL: Yes, she was Beulah the maid, and she'd say, "Miss West, there are 400 men waiting out in the lobby to see you." Then Mae would say, "Well, I'm a little tired tonight. One of those guys has got to go." (Laughs)

SS: How did the men in the show get along?

RL: Quite good, as a matter of fact. The only complainer was Joe Gold. He usually

managed to find something wrong. We used to call him "Old Mold" because he was grumpy a lot of the time. But he was a nice guy, and we all enjoyed his madness, and took it in stride.

SS: At what point did you begin entering bodybuilding competitions?

RL: Before the show I had entered junior events. I won The Best Built Youth in America, which was called The Junior Mr. Olympics. It was held in conjunction with the Olympic games at the time. And I had won Young Mr. Oakland before that, so I had entered a lot of junior events. As soon as the show was over with, I started entering in earnest in the regular senior events.

SS: You won the Mr. Universe event held in England in 1957.

RL: Yes, that's one of the top events.

SS: And you won Mr. America.

RL: Yes, in 1963. And I won the Over 40 Mr. America in 1983, almost 20 years later. In other events, I came in second, like in Mr. USA. In Mr. USA, at that time, you had to beat guys who were already Mr. Americas. So I had to beat out the former Mr. America from the year before, Ray Schaefer, and several other contest winners. That was a feather in my hat.

SS: Has bodybuilding changed since the 1950s?

RL: Oh, yeah, sure. It's drug-oriented now. There are designer drugs and the bodies look entirely different. If you look at the bodies, now, they're production-line looking, because they're basically all affected by drugs in a very similar way. The guys from the past all had a very distinctive look—Clarence Ross had a look, Steve Reeves had a look, Jack Delinger had a look; you could tell who they were. The guys, now—if you cut off their heads, they'd all look the same. (Laughs)

"Mae West interviewed me in her bedroom, and asked me to start posing. Well, I was a plain old country boy, and I said, 'I don't want to stand here and pose in my BVDs!' I felt uncomfortable. So she hollers, 'George, make him feel more comfortable!' So in comes George Eiferman with a towel, puts it in front of my shorts, and says, 'Go ahead and start posing.' Mae really liked the guys quite a bit. She watched over us. Even though she hated the term 'mother,' in a sense she kind of raised us . . ."

SS: Are you still in contact with the Muscle Beach bodybuilders from the fifties and sixties?

RL: I hear from Mark Forest quite a bit. He calls me. And every now and then I go down to Muscle Beach and say hello to Zabo Koszewski. Of course, Art Zeller died, but I used to see him quite a bit. So, yes, I still hang around some of the old guys down there, but up this way I more or less just talk to people like Mark Forest. I used to talk to Steve Reeves when he was in town.

SS: The guys from Muscle Beach were a fairly close-knit group.

RL: Yes, when there's a reunion. There's Dave Draper, and all the guys from the beach. There was Jack LaLanne, who was from my area. We're like old friends. Almost every one of the bodybuilders from that time has worked some way in Hollywood. When I first came down here, everybody wanted to work as an extra, because you could lay on the beach and still make plenty of money as an extra and have a lot of fun. Keith Stephan played some big roles where he was some kind of a monster. Armand Tanny was in *30 SECONDS OVER TOKYO*. People tried to call bodybuilders beach bums, but they were really just people who were trying to find direction in life and found a way to feel good, to feel better, to feel healthier and have a lot of fun besides. Perhaps they could profit, but they didn't look at that as the primary thing. The profit zone was fine if it came to them. Some guys became multi-millionaires and others did not. (Laughs) Harry Swartz, who was with the Mae West show for a time, became a millionaire. As a matter of fact, he helped some of the boys from the beach. Bodybuilding was a way of life, so it took precedent over other things, and believe me, it's a lot of fun. Irvin "Zabo" Koszewski had been a beach icon for years and has had a good, respectful relationship with almost all of the boys from the beach. He's kind of the cornerstone of bodybuilding when it comes to Muscle Beach. There was a recent documentary done on Muscle Beach, which was really a disservice. Muscle Beach was based on bodybuilding and the documentary acted like it was based on gymnastics and people on high bars. Well, every guy who ever read a muscle magazine didn't go to look at the high-bar people; they went to see the muscle platform and the guys working out. Muscle Beach, to us, was bodybuilding, and people from all over the world came. People came from England, from Germany, France—they came

from all over to work out here. The people who were interested in the hand balancing were just local people from Santa Monica. It was more like 70 percent bodybuilders and 30 percent hand balancing and gymnastics. You went there to see what the competition was for the next contest—like Mr. California, Mr. Southern California, or Mr. Pacific Coast. You went to a place called Muscle-House-By-the-Sea, in which all the bodybuilders lived. It was run by a lady named Joy, who lived to be 98 years old and was killed by a car while crossing the street. That was an era. So the documentary was a real disservice to bodybuilding. Someone should really do a whole new film on Muscle Beach. As a matter of fact, I'd love to do it myself.

SS: Muscle Beach is different, now, isn't it?

RL: The camaraderie is different with the drug bodybuilders. They can be temperamental and people find some of them hard to get along with. Back then, we enjoyed life and living and doing. We had no axes to grind.

SS: The fact that so many bodybuilders from 50 years ago are still around shows that it must be a very healthy lifestyle.

RL: Well, now, let's face the facts. More than 100,000 people lived to be 100 last year in the United States. A lot of us, if we take care of ourselves, should live a lot longer.

SS: How did you come to star in *FIRE MONSTERS AGAINST THE SON OF HERCULES* in 1963?

RL: Well, I sent my pictures off to an agency, the same one that Steve Reeves went through. The film companies all cast their people through these agencies. They were casting two movies for EUR Studios in Rome. They liked my photographs and said, "Can you be there in two weeks?" I said, "Yes! I'll get all of my stuff together."

Since I was working for Joe Weider as the West Coast editor of *Muscle Builder* and *Mr. America*, I just decided that I'd get the hell out of town and have some fun and make some money!

SS: Was this your first acting experience?

RL: I'd done some stage and, of course, the Mae West show. I had worked at The Circle Theater with Jeff Corey and worked under his tutelage, and I'd done some stuff at the local colleges. These films didn't require a great deal of acting ability, anyway. The pictures were mostly oriented towards children. Everything was more of a look and a move.

SS: And with all the dubbing, nobody got to hear your real voice.

RL: Oh, sure. In fact, the actors were all speaking different languages! Some of



the people were French, some were Yugoslavian, and some were Italian. We picked up the cue from looking over at the director, and you'd know when to say your line by his pointing at you. There was no way they could clean it up unless they dubbed everything.

SS: What budget did *FIRE MONSTERS AGAINST THE SON OF HERCULES* have?
RL: Not much! (Laughs) I would venture to say it was in the area of \$150,000 for most of those movies. They were never much more than that at that time.

SS: Do you recall anything about your leading lady, Margaret Lee?

RL: Oh, yes! She was a magnificent-looking girl. She had worked on *THE TEN COMMANDMENTS* as one of the slave girls; she was an international beauty. She had been featured on the cover of some of the English modeling magazines. She was known as England's Marilyn Monroe, so she had a pretty good handle on who she was at the time. She was easy to work with and a lot of fun.

SS: Part of the movie was filmed in Yugoslavia, wasn't it?

RL: It was filmed in Ljubljana and some parts of Dubrovnik. We went there by train. We traveled by night on the Northwest Orient Express. Some of the locations we went to by bus, into the wilds where there were streams and where there was snow and ice. That was my first trip to Europe, and it was a good experience. My wife at the time joined me later. As a matter of fact, my son was born in Rome.

SS: Was your wife an actress?

RL: She had been brought up in the theater. Her father was a drama coach. She was a good actress and she did several stage plays and had a singing voice, but didn't really get into the whole thing professionally, necessarily.

SS: Why did you have your hair dyed blonde?

RL: They felt that the dark hair had been done with Steve Reeves. They wanted

some contrast and decided that they wanted to dye my hair. Well, we had to use those old-fashioned dyes and, boy, they really burned my head! I had to have it redone constantly, so I told them to use henna. Sometimes you'll see in the film that my hair appears red, but the henna was much easier on my scalp. The reason I knew about it was that my wife had red hair and used henna. It was a vegetable-based material. I didn't want any more of those dyes, so we used henna to color the roots, which also started turning a different color. I started to look like Harpo Marx! (Laughs)

SS: In one scene, you do battle with a large dragon. What was your impression of the creature and the special effects in the movie?

RL: Well, you know, they really tried. They spent a lot of money thinking that this monster would be the centerpiece of the film and, unfortunately, it didn't look too good. I had to kill the dragon. I had to use a spear that happened to be torched with fire at the end, and when I stuck it in the mouth I set the monster on fire! (Laughs) They had to rebuild the head, so that caused a delay. Of course, that was only one of the monsters; they also had an undersea monster and another monster that came out of the ocean, and they integrated them together. That's how they were able to get two different movies out of this one. The Maciste-type film was made up of certain different scenes, and then the French version were touchy-feely scenes with Margaret Lee and were not seen by American audiences.

SS: What's your opinion of the finished film?

RL: Well, it was great for kids. I'm sure kids just loved the monsters, as kids do to this day. No matter what it is, it still looks fearsome to a kid. But to an adult, it looks absolutely ludicrous, because we know it's all made out of rubber. (Laughs)

SS: Was *FIRE MONSTERS* your only Maciste or Hercules movie?

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three movies! And it happened just like that—I was just a lucky guy!

SS: You and Steve Reeves are two of the best-known muscle actors to become stars in Italy.

MF: Of course, Steve was the first one and I was the second. He did the first Hercules movie and then I did the second one. In Italy, it was called *THE REVENGE OF HERCULES*, and in the United States it was called *GOLIATH AND THE DRAGON*. It was with Broderick Crawford, who was an Academy Award-winning actor.

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SS: In *GOLIATH AND THE DRAGON*, you had some scenes with various monsters, including a fire-breathing dog, a giant bat, and, of course, a dragon.

MF: Well, I wish they hadn't put them in the movie. I didn't think they really needed them. I guess it was for the kids

the people were French, some were Yugoslavian, and some were Italian. We picked up the cue from looking over at the director, and you'd know when to say your line by his pointing at you. There was no way they could clean it up unless they dubbed everything.

SS: What budget did *FIRE MONSTERS AGAINST THE SON OF HERCULES* have?

RL: Not much! (Laughs) I would venture to say it was in the area of \$150,000 for most of those movies. They were never much more than that at that time.

SS: Do you recall anything about your leading lady, Margaret Lee?

RL: Oh, yes! She was a magnificent-looking girl. She had worked on *THE TEN COMMANDMENTS* as one of the slave girls; she was an international beauty. She had been featured on the cover of some of the English modeling magazines. She was known as England's Marilyn Monroe, so she had a pretty good handle on who she was at the time. She was easy to work with and a lot of fun.

SS: Part of the movie was filmed in Yugoslavia, wasn't it?

RL: It was filmed in Ljubljana and some parts of Dubrovnik. We went there by train. We traveled by night on the Northwest Orient Express. Some of the locations we went to by bus, into the wilds where there were streams and where there was snow and ice. That was my first trip to Europe, and it was a good experience. My wife at the time joined me later. As a matter of fact, my son was born in Rome.

SS: Was your wife an actress?

RL: She had been brought up in the theater. Her father was a drama coach. She was a good actress and she did several stage plays and had a singing voice, but didn't really get into the whole thing professionally, necessarily.

SS: Why did you have your hair dyed blonde?

RL: They felt that the dark hair had been done with Steve Reeves. They wanted

some contrast and decided that they wanted to dye my hair. Well, we had to use those old-fashioned dyes and, boy, they really burned my head! I had to have it redone constantly, so I told them to use henna. Sometimes you'll see in the film that my hair appears red, but the henna was much easier on my scalp. The reason I knew about it was that my wife had red hair and used henna. It was a vegetable-based material. I didn't want any more of those dyes, so we used henna to color the roots, which also started turning a different color. I started to look like Harpo Marx! (Laughs)

SS: In one scene, you do battle with a large dragon. What was your impression of the creature and the special effects in the movie?

RL: Well, you know, they really tried. They spent a lot of money thinking that this monster would be the centerpiece of the film and, unfortunately, it didn't look too good. I had to kill the dragon. I had to use a spear that happened to be torched with fire at the end, and when I stuck it in the mouth I set the monster on fire! (Laughs) They had to rebuild the head, so that caused a delay. Of course, that was only one of the monsters; they also had an undersea monster and another monster that came out of the ocean, and they integrated them together. That's how they were able to get two different movies out of this one. The Maciste-type film was made up of certain different scenes, and then the French version were touchy-feely scenes with Margaret Lee and were not seen by American audiences.

SS: What's your opinion of the finished film?

RL: Well, it was great for kids. I'm sure kids just loved the monsters, as kids do to this day. No matter what it is, it still looks fearsome to a kid. But to an adult, it looks absolutely ludicrous, because we know it's all made out of rubber. (Laughs)

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who wanted to see that stuff; it would get them into the theater. They were more interested in selling tickets than making a masterpiece. But the movie is okay; it's all right. It got me started. I wasn't that thrilled about most of my films. I would think that, if we had a better storyline, it would have been nicer, but they thought differently. I was working for them and I had to do what they wanted me to do. (Laughs)

SS: What was your impression of your costar, Broderick Crawford?

MF: I thought Broderick Crawford was absolutely incredible! Just a wonderful, great professional artist. He won the Academy Award for ALL THE KING'S MEN. It was great knowing him and working with him. He came from a family of great theater people.

SS: His mother was Helen Broderick, who appeared with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in TOP HAT and SWING TIME.

MF: It was a great experience the 10 weeks I spent there, it really was. I had a tremendous director, Vittorio Cottafavi, who had won many awards in Italy, so for me it was great. It was a top-budgeted movie for the Italian Cinema.

SS: It's very well made, especially compared to some of the sword and sandal pictures that came out in later years.

MF: The movie was one of the biggest grossing films of the season in Italy—and that, of course, got me to go to the next movie filmed, which was called SON OF SAMSON. I got a good start, with a good director and cast and a good-budgeted movie, and it launched my career.

SS: In SON OF SAMSON, you actually play Maciste.

MF: In Italy, it was called MACISTE NELLA VALLE DEI RE [MACISTE AND THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS]. That's the movie where I made my name. Steve Reeves was known for Hercules and I was known for Maciste.

SS: In America, they'd always change Maciste to Samson or Atlas or Hercules or some better-known character.

MF: Yes, I guess people didn't know Maciste here. For box office reasons, to get people in the theater, they changed it. We did SON OF SAMSON in Yugoslavia. We were there for about 12 weeks. Shooting schedules ran much longer back then. Later on, when they did all these series of mythological movies, it was just five weeks and then they were finished. Our pictures ran long because they were more involved, especially SON OF SAMSON. It was a big production. It wasn't one of those wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am movies; it was a highly-budgeted film that also was very, very successful on the international market and especially in Italy.

SS: Do you recall Chelo Alonso, your leading lady in SON OF SAMSON?

MF: Oh, I loved her dearly. She's now living in Rome. A friend of mine was in touch with her about a year or so ago, and she said to express her love to Mark. She was so happy that I was singing and doing all this with the music now.

SS: Dan Vadis came to Italy to be the next big peplum star. You appeared with him in MACISTE, STRONGEST GLADIATOR IN THE WORLD, in 1962.

MF: He was a very dear friend of mine. I heard he died a tragic death, but he was a wonderful, wonderful person. He was a really sweet man and a great athlete—just a tremendous person to work with.

SS: Tell us about THE LION OF THEBES.

MF: That's one of my better movies. I wonder whatever happened to my leading lady in that one—Yvonne Furneaux. I loved her. She was very professional and a delight to work with, and she was a very good actress.

SS: She appeared in Hammer's THE MUMMY in 1959, as well as films throughout Europe.

MF: She did. She had quite a career. Now, the one movie that I really liked was the one I did in Cairo—KINDAR, THE INVULNERABLE. That was one of my better movies. I was very delighted with that one. As far as acting, though, I would have to say LION OF THEBES is the one in which I have more real acting to do. I have some very good scenes.

SS: It's a shame that you're dubbed in all of these movies.

MF: It is too bad, because I do have a very good speaking voice and I never got a chance to use it. Plus, I speak fluent Italian! (Laughs)

SS: In the American releases of your films, your voice is dubbed, and in the Italian releases your voice is also dubbed, but in Italian. Nobody ever got to hear your real voice!

MF: That's just the technique they use over there. They make the movie first, then they put the voice in later.

SS: Have you stayed in touch with any of the other Hercules actors?

MF: I was in contact with Steve Reeves. I saw him once in awhile. He still looked great and was still a very handsome man, and he exercised all the time. He was happy. I see Reg Lewis once in awhile, also. I used to know Kirk Morris while I was in Italy, but I don't know whatever happened to him. Someone was going to do a film documentary on Muscle Beach and actor Gordon Mitchell called me up and asked me if I'd like to do it. So I've heard from Gordon as well.

SS: Your films were crammed with action scenes. Did you use a double?

MF: I did, but not all of the time. I did a lot of my own stunts. It was hard to find a double that looked like me, because I had that big body. I was very serious about my work. I tried to do a very convincing job in my movies, so I did most of the work unless it was something very, very dangerous or something like riding a horse in the distance at a fast gallop or something along those lines.

SS: When the sword and sandal films started to lose popularity, many of the actors from those films moved on to other genres.

MF: I had opportunities to do westerns and 007-type films, but at that point I got this interest in singing. I'd made enough money and I said, "Well, I don't think I want to be around here anymore." I just closed down a career. I had all kinds of opportunities to do straight roles, but at that point I didn't think that was what I wanted to do.

SS: Which of your films is your favorite?

MF: GOLIATH AND THE DRAGON, the original uncut version, with the production values and the charismatic feeling it had. I liked that one a lot. As for acting, THE LION OF THEBES and KINDAR THE INVULNERABLE are two of my better flicks.

SS: It may be a surprise to your fans that you have a singing career.

MF: Well, it's always been a great love of mine. Being Italian, I grew up with an opera background. I just decided when I stopped making movies that I'd try to develop my voice. I started to study very

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who wanted to see that stuff; it would get them into the theater. They were more interested in selling tickets than making a masterpiece. But the movie is okay; it's all right. It got me started. I wasn't that thrilled about most of my films. I would think that, if we had a better storyline, it would have been nicer, but they thought differently. I was working for them and I had to do what they wanted me to do. (Laughs)

SS: What was your impression of your costar, Broderick Crawford?

MF: I thought Broderick Crawford was absolutely incredible! Just a wonderful, great professional artist. He won the Academy Award for ALL THE KING'S MEN. It was great knowing him and working with him. He came from a family of great theater people.

SS: His mother was Helen Broderick, who appeared with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in TOP HAT and SWING TIME.

MF: It was a great experience the 10 weeks I spent there, it really was. I had a tremendous director, Vittorio Cottafavi, who had won many awards in Italy, so for me it was great. It was a top-budgeted movie for the Italian Cinema.

SS: It's very well made, especially compared to some of the sword and sandal pictures that came out in later years.

MF: The movie was one of the biggest grossing films of the season in Italy—and that, of course, got me to go to the next movie filmed, which was called SON OF SAMSON. I got a good start, with a good director and cast and a good-budgeted movie, and it launched my career.

SS: In SON OF SAMSON, you actually play Maciste.

MF: In Italy, it was called MACISTE NELLA VALLE DEI RE [MACISTE AND THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS]. That's the movie where I made my name. Steve Reeves was known for Hercules and I was known for Maciste.

SS: In America, they'd always change Maciste to Samson or Atlas or Hercules or some better-known character.

MF: Yes, I guess people didn't know Maciste here. For box office reasons, to get people in the theater, they changed it. We did SON OF SAMSON in Yugoslavia. We were there for about 12 weeks. Shooting schedules ran much longer back then. Later on, when they did all these series of mythological movies, it was just five weeks and then they were finished. Our pictures ran long because they were more involved, especially SON OF SAMSON. It was a big production. It wasn't one of those wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am movies; it was a highly-budgeted film that also was very, very successful on the international market and especially in Italy.

SS: Do you recall Chelo Alonso, your leading lady in SON OF SAMSON?

MF: Oh, I loved her dearly. She's now living in Rome. A friend of mine was in touch with her about a year or so ago, and she said to express her love to Mark. She was so happy that I was singing and doing all this with the music now.

SS: Dan Vadis came to Italy to be the next big peplum star. You appeared with him in MACISTE, STRONGEST GLADIATOR IN THE WORLD, in 1962.

MF: He was a very dear friend of mine. I heard he died a tragic death, but he was a wonderful, wonderful person. He was a really sweet man and a great athlete—just a tremendous person to work with.

SS: Tell us about THE LION OF THEBES.

MF: That's one of my better movies. I wonder whatever happened to my leading lady in that one—Yvonne Furneaux. I loved her. She was very professional and a delight to work with, and she was a very good actress.

SS: She appeared in Hammer's THE MUMMY in 1959, as well as films throughout Europe.

MF: She did. She had quite a career. Now, the one movie that I really liked was the one I did in Cairo—KINDAR, THE INVULNERABLE. That was one of my better movies. I was very delighted with that one. As far as acting, though, I would have to say LION OF THEBES is the one in which I have more real acting to do. I have some very good scenes.

SS: It's a shame that you're dubbed in all of these movies.

MF: It is too bad, because I do have a very good speaking voice and I never got a chance to use it. Plus, I speak fluent Italian! (Laughs)

SS: In the American releases of your films, your voice is dubbed, and in the Italian releases your voice is also dubbed, but in Italian. Nobody ever got to hear your real voice!

MF: That's just the technique they use over there. They make the movie first, then they put the voice in later.

SS: Have you stayed in touch with any of the other Hercules actors?

MF: I was in contact with Steve Reeves. I saw him once in awhile. He still looked great and was still a very handsome man, and he exercised all the time. He was happy. I see Reg Lewis once in awhile, also. I used to know Kirk Morris while I was in Italy, but I don't know whatever happened to him. Someone was going to do a film documentary on Muscle Beach and actor Gordon Mitchell called me up and asked me if I'd like to do it. So I've heard from Gordon as well.

SS: Your films were crammed with action scenes. Did you use a double?

MF: I did, but not all of the time. I did a lot of my own stunts. It was hard to find a double that looked like me, because I had that big body. I was very serious about my work. I tried to do a very convincing job in my movies, so I did most of the work unless it was something very, very dangerous or something like riding a horse in the distance at a fast gallop or something along those lines.

SS: When the sword and sandal films started to lose popularity, many of the actors from those films moved on to other genres.

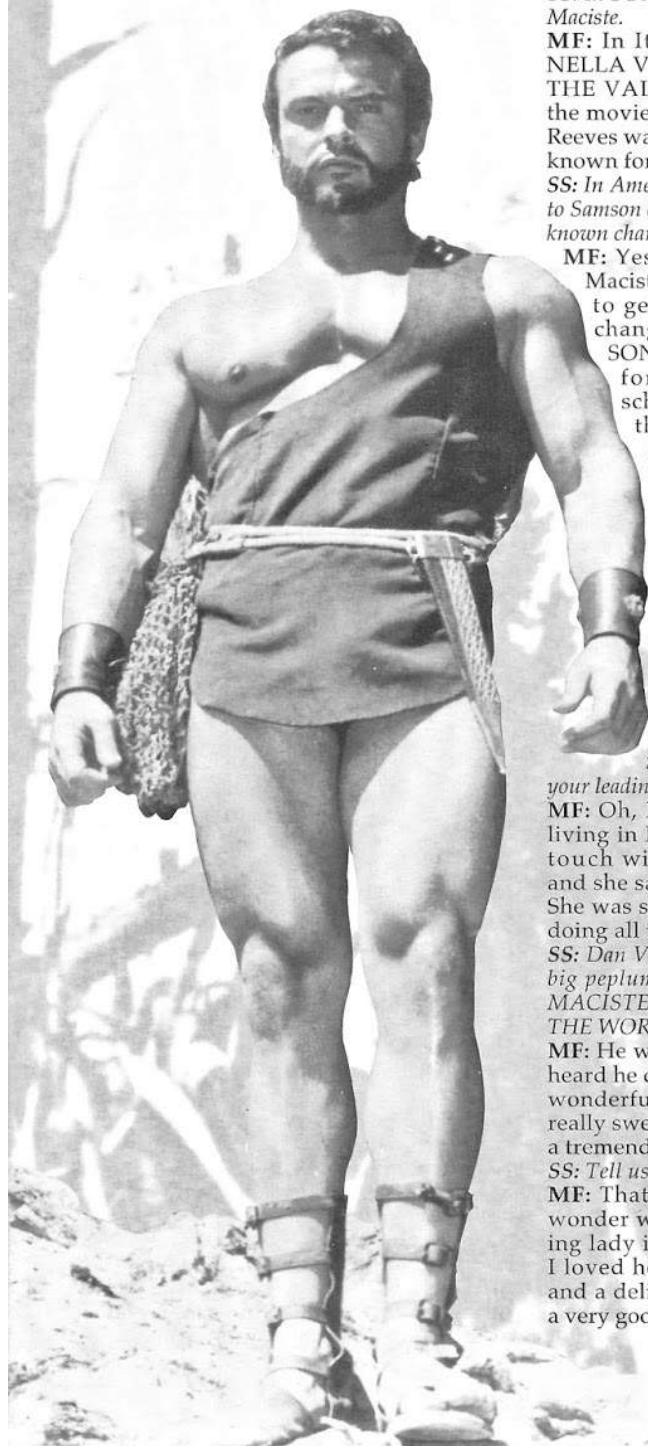
MF: I had opportunities to do westerns and 007-type films, but at that point I got this interest in singing. I'd made enough money and I said, "Well, I don't think I want to be around here anymore." I just closed down a career. I had all kinds of opportunities to do straight roles, but at that point I didn't think that was what I wanted to do.

SS: Which of your films is your favorite?

MF: GOLIATH AND THE DRAGON, the original uncut version, with the production values and the charismatic feeling it had. I liked that one a lot. As for acting, THE LION OF THEBES and KINDAR THE INVULNERABLE are two of my better flicks.

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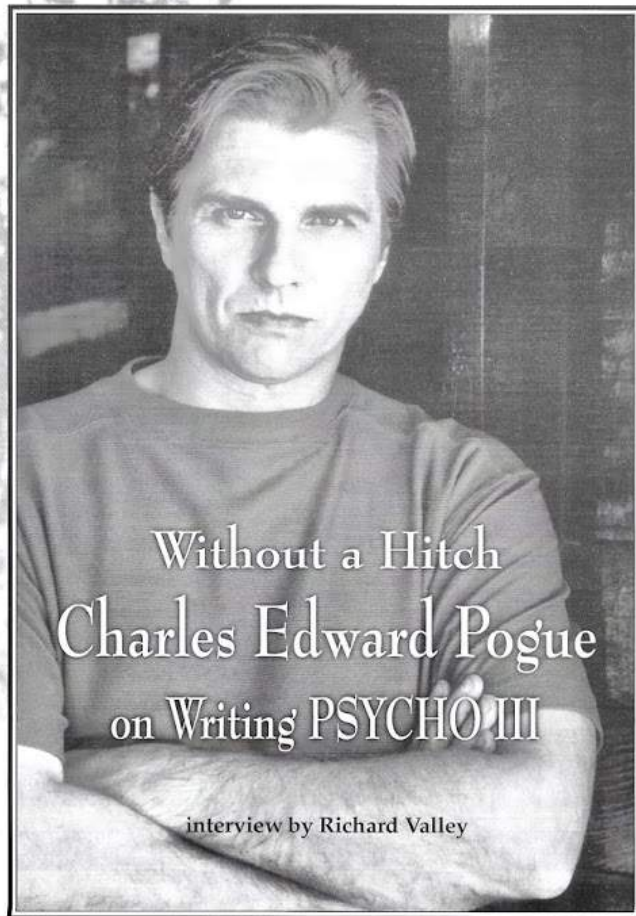
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Scarlet Street: What was your reaction to hearing about the Granada series with Jeremy Brett?

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SS: Lestrade is dumbed down.

CEP: Well, the director, Dougie Hickox, wanted to make Lestrade into a tippler. He always had him with a glass in his hand. And I think, again, Sy wanted a very obvious, music hall kind of character. The dailies of those scenes were very, very funny. Ronald Lacy was really quite funny as Lestrade, but his scenes just went by the wayside. I'd fig-



ured, let's exploit the character of Lestrade slowly, let's bring him in and actually integrate him into the story. Having him trying to track down Selden gave me a perfect excuse to do that.

SS: In his interview in *Scarlet Street*, Ian Richardson was critical of Sy Weintraub.

CEP: Now, of course, Ian's opinions of Sy are colored by events. He felt that he was getting screwed out of making the film *AMADEUS*, because he'd signed to play Holmes. But I gotta tell you, Sy and I got along quite well—the man treated me royally. He took me to London, which was the only place I wanted to go. It was three months after I had written the scripts, and he insisted that I go into the editing room with a pad and a pencil and make editing suggestions. He made me really feel like an integral part of the creative team and was very protective of the scripts. I think he was grooming me to be his point man in London. Had the series gone on, he didn't want to spend all that time in London. He thought I'd oversee things.

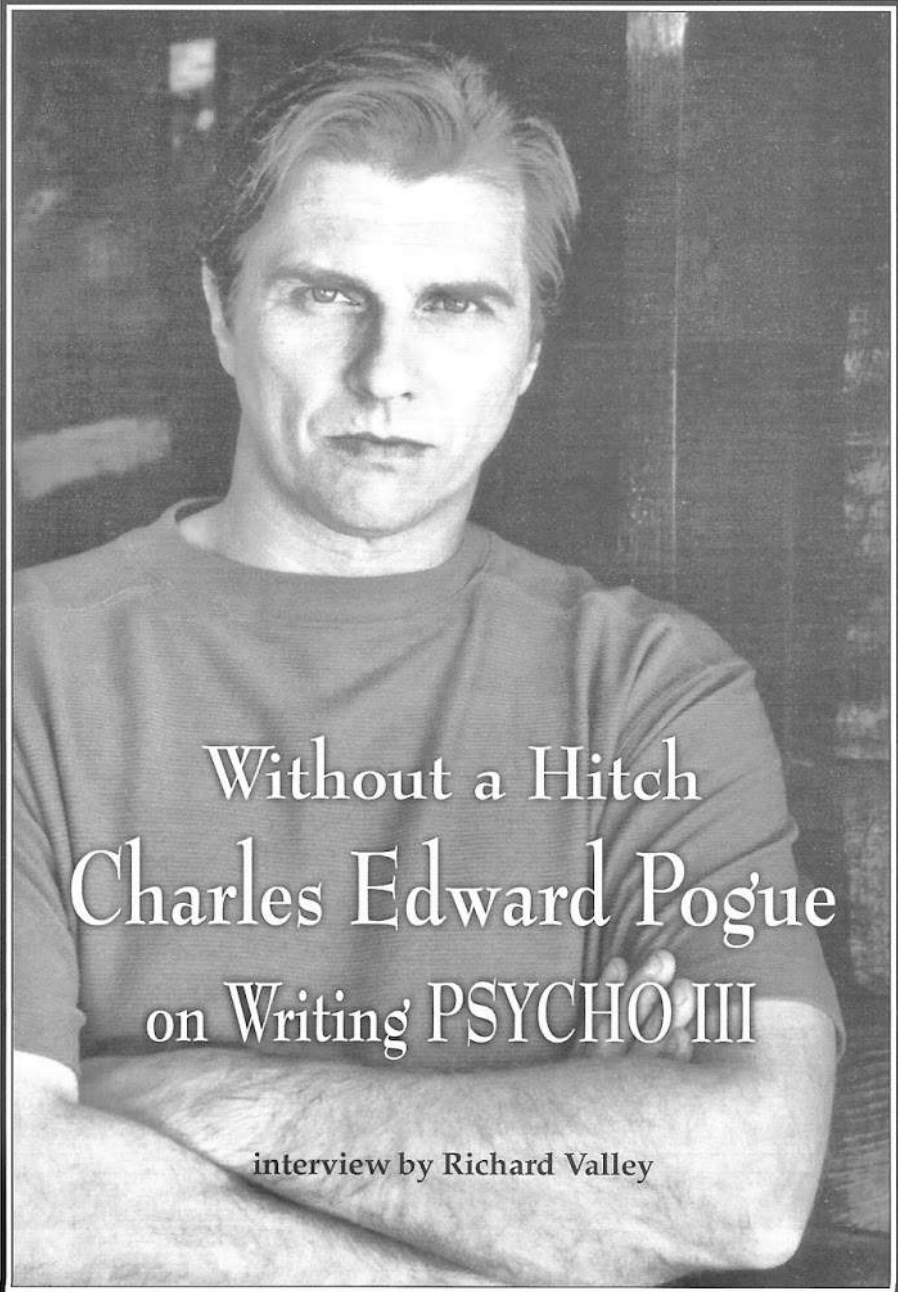
SS: What led you to write your own Sherlock Holmes play, *THE EBONY APE*?

CEP: It was originally an outline for the series, but I could never get it passed by Sy. Subsequently, he never bought it. I owned it, and I thought, "The material is too good to waste. This would make a good play."

SS: How difficult was to get all the different elements from so many different Conan Doyle stories to work as one story?

CEP: It was just something I had to do, because it was outlined for television and I had two hours of TV time to fill. Besides the three major stories—which are "The Creeping Man," "The Devil's Foot," and "The Speckled Band"—there are elements from "The Second Stain" and "The Veiled Lodger."

Continued on page 70



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CEP: No, in my version, the night before, Watson shot and wounded Selden on the moor, and the guy broke into Dr. Mortimer's to patch himself up. While Mortimer and Watson are having this conversation, Lestrade is trying to figure out what they're talking about. While this is going on, Watson looks through Mortimer's telescope, and he sees the gypsy go into the hut from the telescope—and that's the scene you don't see in the film. It now cuts from Watson directly to the gypsy!

SS: Lestrade is dumbed down.

CEP: Well, the director, Doug Hickox, wanted to make Lestrade into a tippler. He always had him with a glass in his hand. And I think, again, Sy wanted a very obvious, music hall kind of character. The dailies of those scenes were very, very funny. Ronald Lacy was really quite funny as Lestrade, but his scenes just went by the wayside. I'd fig-

ured, let's exploit the character of Lestrade slowly, let's bring him in and actually integrate him into the story. Having him trying to track down Selden gave me a perfect excuse to do that.

SS: In his interview in *Scarlet Street*, Ian Richardson was critical of Sy Weintraub.

CEP: Now, of course, Ian's opinions of Sy are colored by events. He felt that he was getting screwed out of making the film *AMADEUS*, because he'd signed to play Holmes. But I gotta tell you, Sy and I got along quite well—the man treated me royally. He took me to London, which was the only place I wanted to go. It was three months after I had written the scripts, and he insisted that I go into the editing room with a pad and a pencil and make editing suggestions. He made me really feel like an integral part of the creative team and was very protective of the scripts. I think he was grooming me to be his point man in London. Had the series gone on, he didn't want to spend all that time in London. He thought I'd oversee things.

SS: What led you to write your own Sherlock Holmes play, *THE EBONY APE*?

CEP: It was originally an outline for the series, but I could never get it passed by Sy. Subsequently, he never bought it. I owned it, and I thought, "The material is too good to waste. This would make a good play."

SS: How difficult was to get all the different elements from so many different Conan Doyle stories to work as one story?

CEP: It was just something I had to do, because it was outlined for television and I had two hours of TV time to fill. Besides the three major stories—which are "The Creeping Man," "The Devil's Foot," and "The Speckled Band"—there are elements from "The Second Stain" and "The Veiled Lodger."

Continued on page 70



Record Rack

by Ross Care

Tony Perkins Just Sings

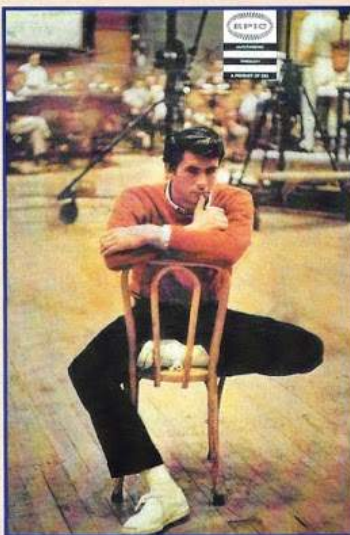
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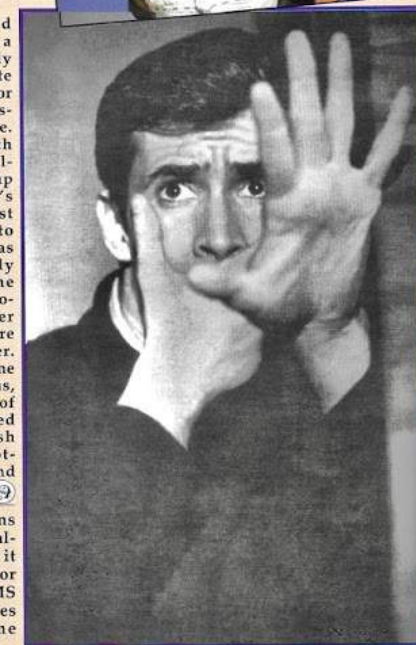
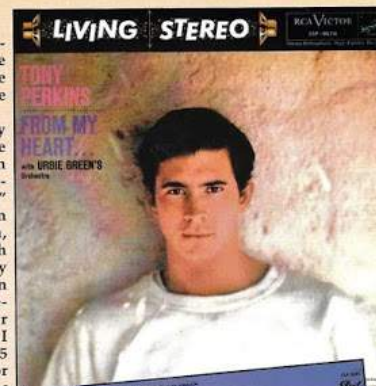
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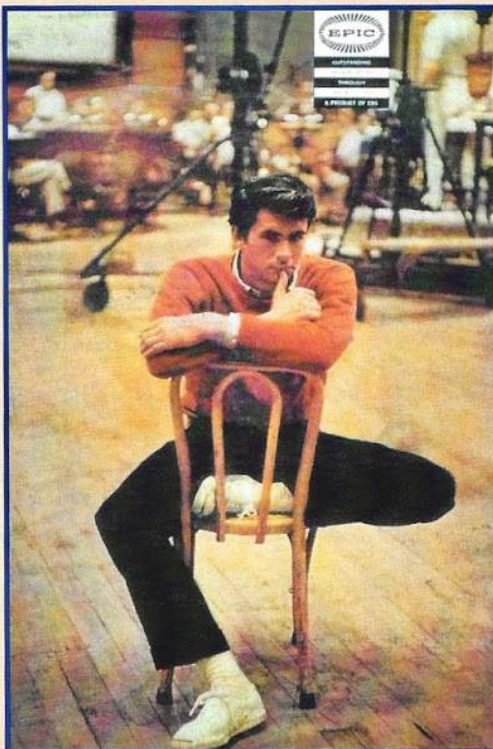
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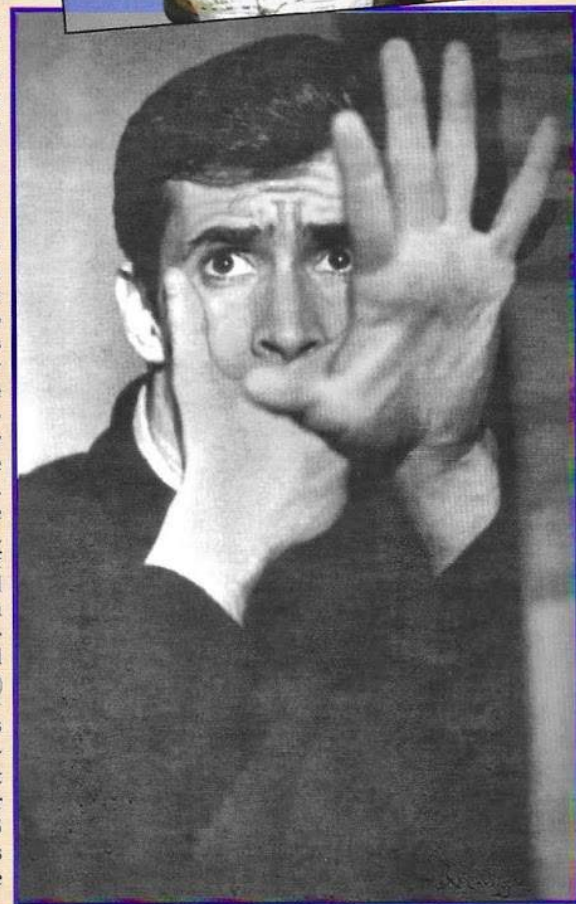
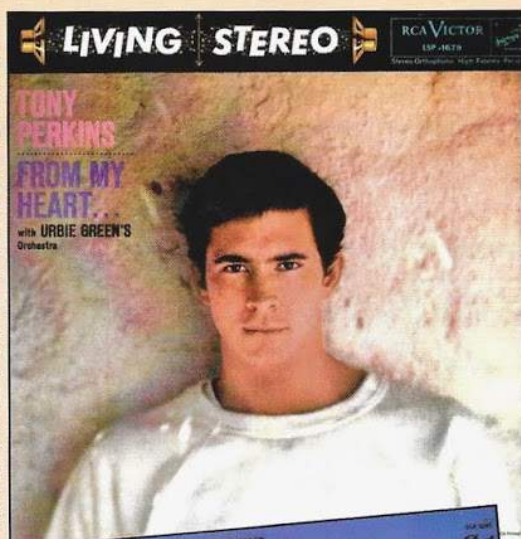
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"You could see that Tony was wound pretty tight. I don't know whether it was tortured homosexuality or just tortured Tony Perkins. He was pulled by these wild demons inside him. But he'd also found a way to make them work for him and there was a strange peace about him as well. He was certainly one of the smartest men I've ever met. He was so smart, it was scary!"

CHARLES EDWARD POGUE

Continued from page 67

SS: When you write a script, do you plot everything out beforehand?

CEP: With mysteries, yes. I'm a great believer in having an outline. I rarely diverge from that; I don't understand these people who just sit down and stare at a blank page or a computer screen and say, "Well, I'll put three people in a room and see what happens." I need to know where I'm going—and with a mystery, you have to know. You have to make sure that all the strands are there, that all the ducks are in a row and things fall into place and are revealed when they need to be revealed and hidden when they need to be hidden. It's like a jigsaw puzzle, a mystery. With Holmes, it was a little easier, simply because I had the master guiding my hand. Conan Doyle had already solved a lot of the problems.

SS: Before we move on to *PSYCHO III*, tell us a little about the films that got away, or the films that got made but weren't what they should have been, in your opinion.

CEP: Well, I got a lot of offers after *THE FLY*. I signed with Disney to write *THE THIEF OF BAGDAD*, which never happened, and then *A PRINCESS OF MARS*. That was a great script and it's rather a cult item among Edgar Rice Burroughs fans. The president of the LA chapter of

the Burroughs Bibliophiles said it was the most "Burroughsian script ever."

SS: You wrote the remake of the film noir classic *D.O.A.*, too.

CEP: That got made, unfortunately. It had a husband-wife directing team—Annabel Jankel and Rocky Morton—who did everything with a camera but tell a coherent story. Other hands also tinkered with it, although I got sole screenplay credit. Sometimes you find yourself fighting for sole credit on a film that actually embarrasses you, because there is backend money and residuals involved.

SS: You wrote *DRAGONHEART*.

CEP: Easily the best script I ever wrote, but a very flawed movie. My producer, Raffaella DeLaurentiis, loved it. We went to work on another script about Conan the Barbarian, which eventually evolved into *Kull the Conqueror*, another Robert E. Howard character. We also worked on another project—a remake of *THE UNINVITED*, the classic ghost story with Ray Milland. That never happened, and it's too bad. Then came *DRAGONHEART*, a much-loved script that I feel fell far short of what it should have been.

SS: How did you become involved with writing *PSYCHO III*?

CEP: I had just written *THE FLY*, and the script was going around town. Ev-

eryone loved it. I was very much the flavor of the month. Well, I was called in to pitch *PSYCHO III*, and I thought, "Oh, Christ, what do you do with *PSYCHO III*?" It had never occurred to me! I was not that familiar with the original *PSYCHO*. I knew it was a good film, but I had only seen it maybe once or twice. I watched it again in preparation for *PSYCHO III* and it's a really great movie! That made the task of writing a sequel even more daunting. I took the meeting and they wanted to hear my thoughts for a second sequel—and I didn't have any! (Laughs) Then I walked out of the meeting and I was flooded with ideas! I pitched it to them and they wanted me. Of course, it all depended on whether Tony Perkins liked it—and thank God, he liked it. He liked it so much that he decided to direct it.

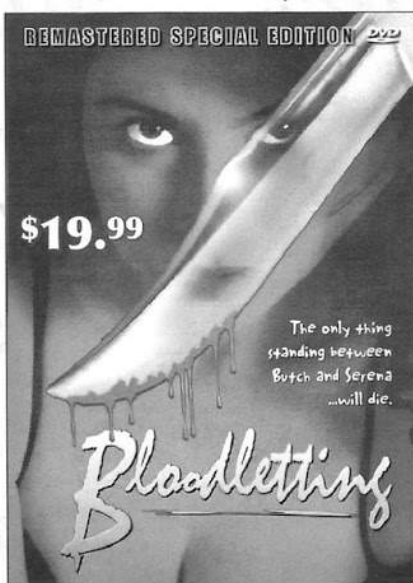
SS: What was the idea that got you the job?

CEP: I didn't like what they'd done with *PSYCHO II*, which was messing with the mythology. Mother is not Mother anymore—that really pissed me off! Suddenly she's this auntie, Mrs. Pool or whatever her name is, so my mission was to go back and correct the mythology and make the horror implied instead of having all this blood. I had to do it so that there was no crack in it, no crack in the mythology. I had a vague

In *PSYCHO III* (1986), Norman Bates (Anthony Perkins) has a close encounter of the worst kind with Maureen Coyle (Diana Scarwid), resulting in her death when she tumbles backwards down the stairs as did Milton Arbogast (Martin Balsam) in the original *PSYCHO* (1960).



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idea of Norman falling in love, and making the story a journey to light as opposed to a journey to darkness. Norman gets healed. I really didn't have a lot of ideas at first, but I just knew how to do the murders, and I came up with this Marion Crane lookalike thing. Originally, I thought of having Janet Leigh come back, but they thought she was too old and that it wouldn't work—this romance between two old people. (Laughs) SS: *Had to consider the youth market, right?* CEP: Well, I thought it would have been damned interesting, myself. And the whole thing was that Norman was cured at the end; the original ending was that he'd exorcized his demons. He's gone through the whole business where he slashes Mother—Mother's mummy—and he's going downstairs with the sheriff. The sheriff says, "You made a fool of me. I believed in you and trusted you. I'll have you locked up forever!" And Norman's last line is, "But, I'm free; I'll finally be free." And then he looks up at the window and the rocker, the empty rocker, is blowing in the wind. SS: *Too gentle an ending, they thought?* CEP: Well, you'll notice that the blood-letting in the movie is not exactly implied. (Laughs) They wanted blood. Well, we had blood in the script originally. But you only saw blood splattered on the phone booth, on the toilet, the pipes—you never saw a knife go into anybody, except at the end with the stuffed mummy of Mother. That was the only time you ever saw it. But the idiots wanted the blood, the shock value. Tony and I wanted to suggest all the violence, like Hitchcock. Everything was

implied. But unfortunately, Universal wanted us to be more obvious.

SS: *Anthony Perkins was with you on your original concept, wasn't he?*

CEP: Tony was with me. Working with Tony was one of the most painless experiences I ever had, much like working with Sy Weintraub on the Holmes films. After Sherlock Holmes, I thought, "Oh, my God, this is too easy! I can't believe the movie business is this easy! Somewhere, someone's gonna screw me!" (Laughs) Naturally, I have a list of horror stories since then. I got a call from Tony one day, and he said, "They want a Brian DePalma ending." I said, "What does that mean?" He said, "Like Carrie coming up out of the grave, that kind of shock ending. We can kill the priest, we can kill the reporter, we can kill the sheriff"—and I'm thinking, "Oh, God, who needs this bloodbath at the end!"

SS: *The studio, evidently.*

CEP: So off the top of my head I came up with this idea. "No, no, no! You put him in the sheriff's car. He's done his 'I'll be free! I'll be free!' number and he's sitting in the back of the car, and he pulls out his mother's severed hand and starts to stroke it." It immediately negated everything the movie had been about, but it was better than having buckets of blood and a pile of corpses. I really didn't think they'd use it.

SS: *Still, it screams studio interference.*

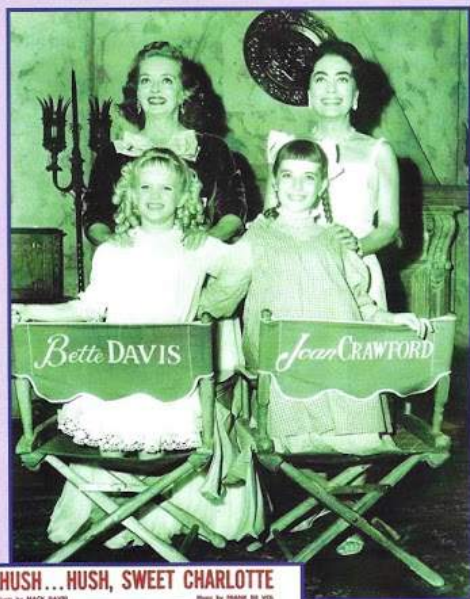
CEP: Oh, yeah—but working with Tony was a pleasure! Tony was from the theater and I'm from the theater, so we really got along. We had the same work methods, spoke the same language. We'd go through the script page by page,

word by word—he loved the details. The script underwent very few changes before filming. He'd look at the pages and say, "This is great! This is great! This is great!" The only time we really had a disagreement—which I lost—was at the end when Maureen, the Marion Crane lookalike, comes back to Norman. It's raining and she's wet and she puts on Mother's robe. She goes up to the house to see Norman, and she's wearing Mother's robe. They embrace, and he kisses her and sort of kills her with a kiss. He's smelling Mother's robe and he just had this big fight with Mother about Maureen, so in Norman's mind he's killing Mother, not Maureen. Mother's ruined his life and taken his only love. Well, Tony said, "No, no—Norman never kills! Mother kills!" My argument was, "Well, at this point he can't tell the difference! He's become Mother; the lives have merged so much that you're left with this image of him killing with his kiss." Tony disagreed. That's when we came up with this whole thing where Norman embraces Maureen, and then he hears Mother's voice in his head and rips off the robe. Maureen goes tumbling backwards down the stairs like Martin Balsam in PSYCHO and hits her head on the cupid! (Laughs)

SS: *That's just one of many Hitchcock references in the film. The entire opening sequence in the church tower is clearly inspired by VERTIGO, and the murder scene in the phone booth echoes Tippi Hedren in THE BIRDS.*

CEP: I wanted to place the victims in these tight, claustrophobic, vulnerable

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Continued Next Issue...



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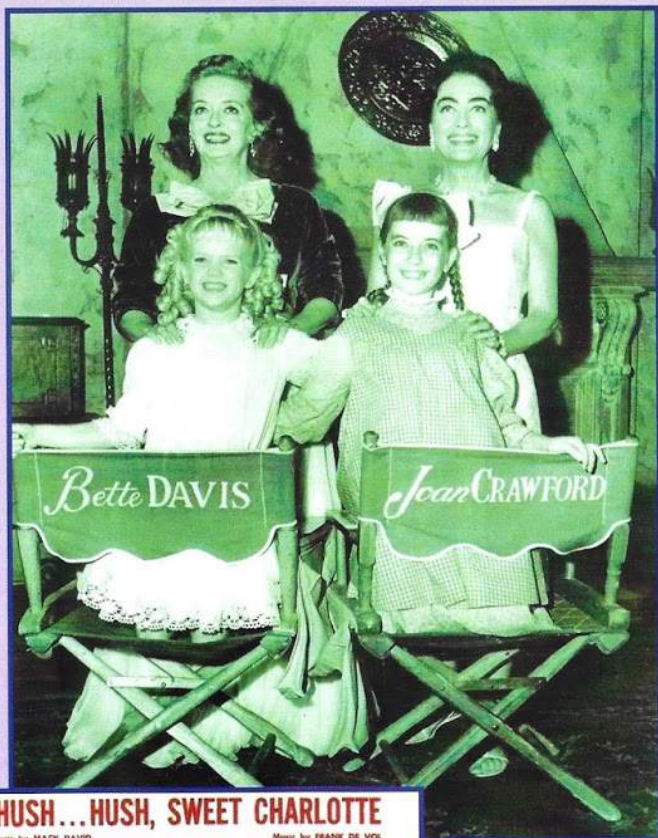
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Continued from page 46

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EVIL BRAIN FROM OUTER SPACE

SCIENCE FICTION

LOST ZEPPELIN* (1929, Tiffany, Ricardo Cortez, Conway Tearle, Virginia Valli). A little dated, but this early sci-fi talkie has some brilliant visuals in this tale about an ill-fated expedition to the South Pole aboard a gigantic zeppelin. 16mm. DVD item #S089D, VHS item #S089.

AIR HAWKS* (1934) Ralph Bellamy, Edward Van Sloan, Tala Birelli, Wiley Post, Douglas Dumbrille. A great B film. A small airline is terrorized by a mad scientist who blasts their planes out of the sky with a giant death ray! Van Sloan is terrific as the mad scientist. Our highest recommendation! Wow. 16mm. DVD item #S239D, VHS item #S239.

CALTIKI, THE IMMORTAL MONSTER* (1959) John Merivale, Didi Sullivan, Max Gunther, Gay Pearl, directed by Riccardo Freda. A living, man-devouring radioactive mass is discovered in a subterranean pool near ancient Mayan ruins. Fragments of it are taken back to civilization where they grow into another horrible blob. A cool movie. Recommended. 16mm. DVD item #S121D, VHS item #S121.

EVIL BRAIN FROM OUTER SPACE* (1959) Ken Utsui, Junko Iwuchi, Reiko Seto, Terumi Hoshi. Another hilarious Starman movie. This epic has our hero battling against the sinister brain of Balazar and his crazed minions of Marpellans. Ludicrous excitement that shouldn't be missed. 16mm. DVD item #S240D, VHS item #S240.

GAMERA VS. MONSTER X* (1970) Tsutomu Takakuwa, Kelly Varis, Kathy Murphy. Really corny. Gamera fights Jiger, a monster who menaces a world expo. Gamera is infected with one of Jiger's eggs, which hatches and produces a tiny monster that sucks the life out of our monster hero. Two boys take a mini-sub into Gamera's bloodstream and destroy the monster. Color. 16mm. DVD item #S241D, VHS item #S241.

THE TRIAL OF EARTH* (1971, aka ENVIRONMENT) Robert Corntwaite. A group of earthlings are taken before an alien court as defendants for their planet as Earth is put on trial for environmental treachery. Corntwaite, who plays the defense attorney for Earth, played Professor Carrington in *The Thing From Another World*. This is a short, but very interesting sci-fi film about environmental balance. We've also added another short film, *OTHER PLANETS* (1972), which is one of the better films about planets we've ever seen. Each planet is discussed, including legends and sci-fi mythology. Beautiful planetary graphics. Color. 16mm. DVD item #S242D, VHS item #S242.

THE MUTATIONS* (1973) Donald Pleasance, Tom Baker, Brad Harris, Michael Dunn, Julie Ege. Pleasance plays a mad scientist crossing plants and animals. He creates a series of horrendous freaks, including a lizard woman and a human Venus Flytrap. Dunn has great fun playing Pleasance's deformed assistant. Chilling at times and well worth a look. Color. 16mm. DVD item #S243D, VHS item #S243.

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THE BRAIN LEECHES* (1978) Paul Jones, Marcia Scott, Ray Starr, directed by Fred Ray. *The Brain Leeches* may be the greatest bad movie of all time. Invading aliens are taking over the brains of folks in a small town. The head leech is a wad of black tinfoil with a couple of white thumbtacks for eyes. Others are spidery-like rubber things pulled along by strings. Our highest bad movie recommendation goes out to *The Brain Leeches*, along with our deepest thanks to Fred Ray for making it available. 16mm. DVD item #S244D, VHS item #S244.

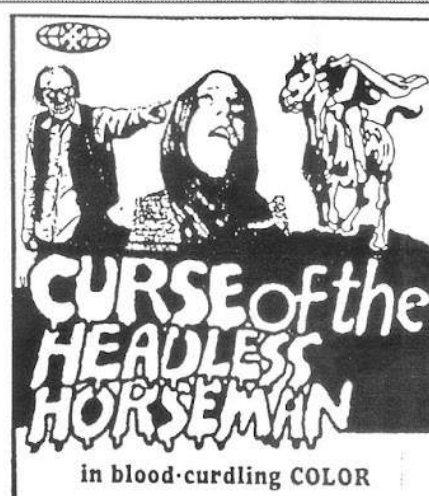
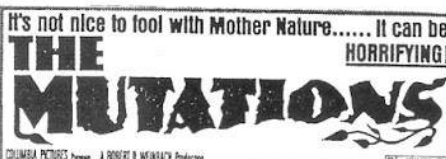
HORROR THRILLERS

FANTOMAS* (1932) Jean Galland, Thomy Bourdelle, Tania Fedor, Georges Rigaud. An old dark house chiller! A hooded killer is afoot in an old chateau on a stormy night. The guests suspect that something is amiss. When they try to call the police, the phone wire is cut! The wind howls. Entering from a secret panel, Fantomas strangles an old lady, then disappears into the night. More killings follow. PLEASE NOTE: In French with no subtitles. The basic story is pretty easy to understand, though. Highly recommended. DVD item #H309D, VHS item #H309.

GHOST OF ST. MICHAELS* (1941) Will Hay, Claude Hulbert, Charles Hawtrey. There's a killer afoot at mysterious Dundayne Castle, home of St. Michael's school for boys. Two headmasters appear to have been murdered by the ghost of a long-dead piper, whose wailing pipes can be heard at the scene of death. A fairly amusing comedy-chiller. Our video master comes from a European source and is a little softer than usual, but still acceptable. DVD item #H310D, VHS item #H310.

DR. RENAULT'S SECRET* (1942) George Zucco, J. Carroll Naish. Sheppard Strudwick, Lynne Roberts, Mike Mazurki. Mad doctor Zucco has transformed an ape into a man-like creature that passes for human but soon reverts to his savage, monstrous instincts. Naish turns in a great performance as the tortured man-beast that eventually spills human blood. A must. 16mm. DVD item #H311D, VHS item #H311.

GHOSTBUSTERS* (1982) Gil Lamb, Carol Hughes. A reporter wannabe ends up impersonating a nurse in this old dark house 2-reel comedy chiller. All the usual 'spooky house' cliches. Mildly amusing and incredibly rare. Also: **KILLER WITH WINGS** (1945) George Zucco, Ralph Lewis. A mad doctor uses an ancient winged monster to kill his enemies. A digest version of 'The Flying Serpent.' There is a drive-in countdown between shows. 16mm. DVD item #H312D, VHS item #H312.



ESCAPE FROM BROADMOOR* (1948, aka CURSE OF THE BROADMOOR GHOST) John Stuart, Victoria Hopper, John Le Mesurier, Frank Hawkins, directed by John Gilling. Another forgotten horror film surfaces. A maid is murdered at a forlorn country mansion. Years later, the murderer returns to the scene of the crime where he encounters a chilling dose of supernatural revenge. An effective ghost chiller directed by Hammer icon Gilling. 16mm. DVD item #H313D, VHS item #H313.

DR. ORLOF'S INVISIBLE HORROR* (1970) Howard Vernon, Brigitte Carva, Fernando Sancho, Isabel Del Rio. A young doctor is summoned to the castle of Dr. Orlof. There he encounters a deranged woman who claims to be terrorized by an invisible ape! Is she really that deranged, though? Be advised, this Euro-chiller has a lot of nudity, plus a rape scene involving a nude maid and the invisible ape. Quite atmospheric, though. Color. 35mm DVD item #H098D, VHS item #H098.

CURSE OF THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN* (1972) Don Carrara, Claudia Dean, B.G. Fisher, Margo Dean, Lee Byers. Nothing like a good old cheaply made American horror film. A headless horseman ravages the countryside! He brings horror and death to the local populace. Very cheaply made, but what is it about this film that seems so likable? Color. 16mm DVD item #H314D, VHS item #H314.

HUNCHBACK OF THE MORGUE* (1972) Paul Naschy, Rosanna Yanni, Alberto Dalbes, Maria Perschy, Vic Winner. Paul plays a ghastly hunchback whose only friend, a lady, dies suddenly, leaving Paul to the evil bidding of a mad doctor who promises to bring his gal back to life if Paul does his evil bidding. Lots of grisly murders follow in what is basically an old-fashioned monster movie. Rated R for nudity and violence. Color. 16mm. DVD item #H315D, VHS item #H315.

CARNIVAL OF THE CANNIBALS* (1980) Paul Naschy, Elko Nagashima, Jack Molina. A gangster double crosses his gang and flees with stolen diamonds. The gang tracks him to a small town, but the crooks start being bumped off in a horrible manner. What is the horrible truth behind the killings that soon spread across the town? Aka "Human Beasts". Rated R. Color. 16mm. DVD item #H316D, VHS item #H316.

VAMPIRE HOOKERS* (1979) John Carradine, Bruce Fairbairn, Trey Wilson, Karen Stride, Lenka Novak. Carradine is an aged vampire who has a bevy of vampiric beauties who lure many of their 'customers' back to his lair. One of the campiest movies we offer. A real schlock classic. Rated R. Color. 16mm. DVD item #H317D, VHS item #H317.

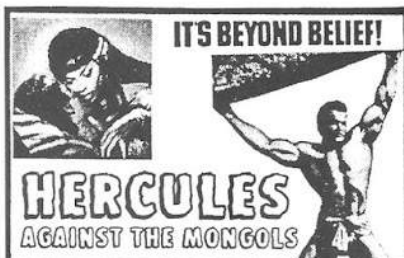
THE WAILING* (1979) Directed by Riccardo Freda, with Stefano Patrizi, Silvia Dionisio, Anita Strendberg, Henri Garcin. An actor brings his acting pals to the eerie villa where his aging mothers lives. Horrible murders begin to occur as a black-gloved killer stalks the property. One great sequence has a woman stalked by the killer during a thunderstorm. Some great plot twists add to this great film. Definitely rated R. Highly Recommended. Color. 16mm. DVD item #H318D, VHS item #H318.

THE DEMON* (1981) Cameron Mitchell, Jennifer Holmes. A small town is the target of a wave of horrible killings. A monster appears to be afoot, craving for the blood of the town's inhabitants. There is an eye-popping scene where the demon stalks a naked blonde through a house. Mitchell and cast are quite good in this interesting supernatural thriller. Rated R. Color. 16mm. DVD item #H319D, VHS item #H319.

SWORD & SANDAL

L'ASSEDIO DI SYRACUSE* (1962) Rossano Brazzi, Tina Louise, Sylvia Koscina, Gino Cervi. A cool sci-fi sword and sandal film, complete with a solar death ray! Brazzi, as Archimedes, longs for a beautiful dancing girl played by the stunning Louise. They are kept apart by marriages, intrigue, sci-fi, and war in this well made film about ancient Rome. Recommended. Color. DVD item #SS124D, VHS item #SS124.

HERCULES AGAINST THE BARBARIANS* (1964) Mark Forest, Ken Clark, Gloria Milland, Jose Greci. Hercules is pitted against Genghis Khan. Forest performs many Herculean feats. He saves a girl from stake-burning. He bends the bars on his cell to escape. He carries giant logs and moves giant rocks. He also fights a duel before Mongol royalty. Nice color. 16mm. DVD item #SS104D, VHS item #SS104.



HERCULES AGAINST THE MONGOLS* (1964) Mark Forest, Ken Clark, Grazia Maria Spina, Jose Greci. In this loose follow-up to *Hercules against the Barbarians*, Forest finds himself in the fight of his life against the three sons of Genghis Khan. The three sons all have their eye on a beautiful princess. Hercules stands between them. Nice color. 16mm. DVD item #SS125D, VHS item #SS125.

SANDOKAN FIGHTS BACK* (1964) Ray Danton, Guy Madison, Franco Bertoja, Mario Petri. Madison and Danton make a good team in this colorful epic. Sandokan leads a group of soldiers in an effort to retake the throne of Sarawak. They are attacked by the son of the evil tyrant who had once taken the throne. Lots of nice action sequences. Color. 16mm. DVD item #SS1226D, VHS item #SS1226.

ADVENTURER OF TORTUGA* (1964) Guy Madison, Nadia Gray, Rik Battaglia. In the New World, a rugged pirate leader and a corrupt governor vie for the affections of a beautiful Indian heiress. She falls in love with the pirate and together they annihilate the governor and his forces. Color. 16mm. DVD item #SS127D, VHS item #SS127.

SWORDS WITHOUT A COUNTRY* (1968) Falco Lulli, Jose Jaspe, Leonora Ruffo. The downtrodden peasants of ancient Italy revolt against their evil gentry, who has plagued them with many cruelties. They are led by a heroic peasant who is in love with a nobleman's daughter. Color. 16mm. DVD item #SS128D, VHS item #SS128.

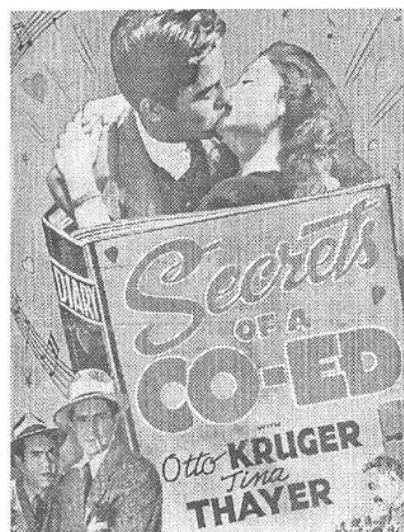
EXPLOITATION

SECRETS OF A COED* (1942, PRC) Otto Kruger, Tina Thayer, Rick Vallin, Diana Del Rio. See what happens when a good girl goes bad. Much to the chagrin of her attorney father, a pretty college student falls for a slimy gangster who controls a gambling racket. Colorful cast heads this nice PRC effort. 16mm. DVD item #X105D, VHS item #X105.

LABYRINTH* (1959) Nadja Tiller, Peter Van Eyck, Nicole Badal, Amedeo Nazzari, Hannah Wiedner. A brilliant piece of filmmaking about a group of mental misfits in a way-out-of-this-world sanatorium. Tiller is an alcoholic poet battling madness. Van Eyck, also an alcoholic, is the handsome artist who befriends her. Wiedner, however, almost steals the show as the sex kitten nymphomaniac who is also suicidal. There are many bits of brilliance in this outstanding film. Wow! Our absolute highest recommendation! 16mm. DVD item #X106D, VHS item #X106.

TWO BEFORE ZERO* (1962) Basil Rathbone, Mary Murphy. This is one Rathbone fans have been looking for years. Basil is a black-robed purveyor of communism. He is periodically interrupted by the questions of a white-robed every woman played by Murphy. Watch for lots of disturbing historical Russian footage. A bizarre docu-drama with fantasy overtones. 16mm. DVD item #X107D, VHS item #X107.

WOMEN OF THE WORLD* (1963) Narrated by Peter Ustinov. A very entertaining mondo movie about women all over the world and the weird things that they bring to our lives: harems, nude sunbathing, breast enlargement, birth scenes, etc. This is actually a very enjoyable schlockumentary. Color. 16mm. DVD item #X108D, VHS item #X108.



MYSTERY-SUSPENSE-CRIME-FILM NOIR

NOTE: Mystery-Suspense titles are just \$12.95 (unless otherwise noted), plus \$2.05 per title for packaging, handling, and postage.

THE CRUSADER* (1932, Majestic) H.B. Warner, Evelyn Brent, Lew Cody, Ned Sparks, Walter Byron. Sparks plays a sleazy reporter out to smear the local DA. Things get hot when the DA's wife becomes the prime suspect after a well-known underworld figure is gunned down. Warner, as the DA, heads a colorful cast in this interesting crime drama. Not bad. From 16mm. DVD item #M333D, VHS item #M333.

TWIN HUSBANDS* (1934, Chesterfield) John Miljan, Shirley Grey, Monroe Owsley, Hale Hamilton. Miljan plays a famous crook who awakens in a posh mansion, only to be told that he is someone else. His "wife" and personal secretary try to convince him of his new identity so he will help them obtain a fortune in bonds. But what happened to the real husband? Well done. 16mm. DVD item #M334D, VHS item #M334.

GET THAT MAN* (1935, Mayfair/Empire) Wallace Ford, Finis Barton, E. Alyn Warren, Leon Ames. Ford plays a cabby who is a dead ringer for a millionaire. When the millionaire ends up murdered, Ford is coerced by a sly private detective into taking his place. Crime, danger, and death follow. One great scene has Ford clinging to a running board during a wild car ride. 16mm. DVD item #M335D, VHS item #M335.

THE FIGHTING PILOT* (1935, Reliable) Dick Talmadge, Gertrude Messinger, Robert Frazer, Eddie Davis, Victor Mace. A fun poverty row action film with a bit of a yellow peril slant to it. A crafty gangster is trying to secure the plans to a new aircraft from a gifted inventor. However, Dick—who's engaged to the inventor's daughter—intercedes on his behalf. Action and danger follow in the form of brawls and chases in the typical Talmadge manner. 16mm. DVD item #M336D, VHS item #M336.

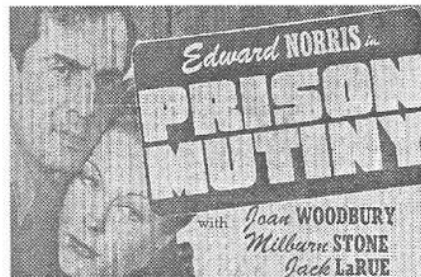
DEATH ON THE SET* (1935) Henry Kendall, Eve Gray, Jeanne Stuart, Garry Marsh, Wally Patch. A well-known film director has a gangster double, whom he ends up killing. Taking the gangster's place, he then causes an actress to be framed. A gritty British crime film. From 16mm. DVD item #M337D, VHS item #M337.

LADY LUCK* (1936, Chesterfield) William Bakewell, Patricia Farr, Lulu McConnell, Duncan Renaldo, Ins. Adrian. A female movie-star wannabe holds a winning ticket for a race won by champion racehorse, "Lady Luck." Things get complicated for her when a slimy sportsman is found shot to death, the murder weapon in the hand of the starlet. A sharp reporter tries to figure out who the real killer is. A great little Chesterfield whodunit. 16mm. DVD item #M338D, VHS item #M338.

I'LL NAME THE MURDERER* (1936, Puritan) Ralph Forbes, Marion Shilling, Malcolm MacGregor, James Guffy, John Cowell. A fine poverty row crime thriller. When a Broadway singer is found murdered in her dressing room, a newspaper columnist sets out to find the killer. Poverty row fans will love this one. Recommended. Upgraded from a nice old 16mm original print. DVD item #M339D, VHS item #M339.

MISSING GIRLS* (1936, Chesterfield) Roger Pryor, Muriel Evans, Sidney Blackmer, Noel Madison, Ann Doran. A top Chesterfield production! A U.S. Senator is assassinated by a gangster. A young reporter, also on the trail of a kidnapped girl, gets involved. Things eventually lead to a Florida farmhouse where a major shootout ensues. A great gangster film! 16mm. DVD item #M401D, VHS item #M401.

DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI* (1937) Charles Bickford, Anna Mae Wong, Buster Crabbe, J. Carol Naish. A must! Gangsters murder an Oriental importer after he refuses to smuggle illegal aliens in Chinatown. His daughter takes on the task of finding the killer. The murder trail leads her and a Chinese detective to smuggler's ship in Central America. Wow! 16mm. DVD item #M341D, VHS item #M341.



SECRET EVIDENCE* (1941, PRC) Marjorie Reynolds, Charles Quigley, Ward McTaggart, Kenneth Harlan, Donald Curtis. When Reynolds becomes engaged to the local DA, played by Quigley, her former boyfriend—a gangster—shows up. The gangster later ends up shot! However, who's to blame? The finger would seem to point at Marjorie. Nifty PRC crime. 16mm. DVD item #M342D, VHS item #M342.

TOMORROW WE LIVE* (1942, PRC) Ricardo Cortez, Jean Parker, Emmett Lynn, William Marshall, directed by Edgar G. Ulmer. Cortez is great doing what he does best, playing a slimy racketeer. Parker plays a college dropout who falls into his clutches. Ricardo and Jean have some nice scenes together, although she was probably a little too old for this type of role. 16mm. DVD item #M343D, VHS item #M343.

PRISON MUTINY* (1943, Monogram, aka YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW) Edward Norris, Joan Woodbury, Jack LaRue, Milburn Stone, Kenneth Harlan. Norris is good as a wild playboy who is framed by crooks for a robbery he didn't commit and eventually landing in prison! There he becomes pals with the prison's most hardened criminal, who plans a daring escape. 16mm. DVD item #M344D, VHS item #M344.

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE SECRET WEAPON* (1943) Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce, Lionel Atwill, Dennis Hoey. The evil Professor Moriarty attempts to steal a secret military weapon in what is considered by many to be the best of the "modern" Holmes films, all of which were made by Universal. Is Atwill the best Moriarty? Mastered from a very nice 16mm print. DVD item #M345D, VHS item #M345.

JOHNNY ONE-EYE* (1950) Pat O'Brien, Wayne Morris, Dolores Moran, Gayle Reed, Donald Woods, Lyle Talbot. O'Brien and Morris are killers who murder and dump the body of a traitorous gangster in the drink. Morris helps friend O'Brien to the cops. While on the lam, O'Brien meets up with and befriends a small dog that was beaten by Morris. Later on, O'Brien, who is suffering from gangrene, thinks he sees the ghost of a dead gangster. 16mm. DVD item #M346D, VHS item #M346.

THE NIGHT WAS OUR FRIEND* (1952) Ronald Howard, Michael Gough, Elizabeth Sellers, Marie Ney. Gough plays a man who was captured by jungle natives and held captive for two years. Later, after returning to civilization and his wife, he begins to slowly go insane. What is the dread secret of his jungle captivity? Gough is terrific as he slowly goes psychotic. 16mm. DVD item #M347D, VHS item #M347.

SINISTER SERIALS

NOTE: All Sinister Serials are just \$19.95 (unless otherwise noted), plus \$2.05 per title for packaging, handling, and postage.

PHANTOM OF THE WEST* (1931, Mascot) Tom Tyler, Bill Desmond, Dorothy Gulliver, 10 chapters. A town is terrorized by the "League of the Lawless," whose leader is an eerie, masked killer, "the phantom." Tom goes after the weird band. The trail leads to the killer of his dad! From a top 16mm print. DVD item #SL31D, VHS item #SL31.

ROBINSON CRUSOE OF CLIPPER ISLAND* (1936, Republic) Mamie Clark, Herbert Rawlinson, William Newell, 14 Chapters. Adventures in the South Seas in this early Republic. Watch out for the Volcano god! Lots of fun. 35mm. DVD item #SL07D, VHS item #SL07.

THE PAINTED STALLION* (1937, Republic) Ray Corrigan, Hoot Gibson, Sammy McKim, 12 chapters. Exciting adventure on a wagon train headed west. On board: Davey Crockett, Jim Bowie, and Kit Carson. Who is the elusive Indian girl atop the mysterious painted stallion? Considered by some to be the best western serial ever made. From a beautiful 35mm print. DVD item #SL35D, VHS item #SL35.



ZORRO RIDES AGAIN* (1937, Republic) John Carroll, Helen Christian, Reed Howes. 12 chapters. A master criminal plots to take control of the California-Yucatan line. Watch for the incredible chase between train and trucks. 35mm. DVD item #SL36D, VHS item #SL36.

ACTION-ADVENTURE

NOTE: Action-Adventure titles are just \$12.95 (unless otherwise noted), plus \$2.05 per title for packaging, handling, and postage.

THE SEA GHOST* (1932, Peerless) Laura La Plante, Alan Hale, Clarence Wilson, Claud Allister. A skipper is fired for picking up survivors from a torpedoed ship instead of chasing the sub that sank it. After the war, he finds himself pitted against the same German captain in a search for treasure. From 16mm. DVD item #AA35D, VHS item #AA35.

HITLER, BEAST OF BERLIN* (1939, PRC) Roland Drew, Steffi Duna, Alan Ladd, Greta Granstedt. The first PRC film (actually released under the PPC banner). A heroic underground group bands together as they take on the Nazi movement. Ladd has a small part from his pre-stardom days. 16mm. DVD item #AA36D, VHS item #AA36.

WARRIORS FIVE* (1962) Jack Palance, Joanna Ladd, Serge Reggiani, Falco Lulli. A WW2 action thriller set in Italy circa 1943. Palance plays an American paratrooper who falls in with a group of Italian guerrillas. Together they start a daring delaying action against the German forces. From 16mm. DVD item #AA37D, VHS item #AA37.

FORGOTTEN HORRORS

NOTE: Forgotten Horror titles are just \$12.95 (unless otherwise noted), plus \$2.05 per title for packaging, handling, and postage.

HOUSE OF DANGER* (1934, Peerless) Onslow Stevens, Janet Chandler, James Bush, Desmond Roberts. A secret panel opens... a shot rings out! Here's a typical Forgotten Horrors thriller with a group of people gathered in a large old house with a killer in their midst. The "dumpty" scene is cool. 16mm. DVD item #FH67D, VHS item #FH67.

THE SPHINX* (1933, Monogram) Lionel Atwill, Theodore Newton, Sheila Terry, Paul Hurst. Now from a 35mm nitrate print. This is a well-done mystery thriller. A man observed at the scene of a murder is known to be mute. Yet, a witness hears him talking while leaving the scene. So who is the real killer? The scene where the killer is exposed is quite memorable. Recommended. DVD item #A001D, VHS item #A001.

A SHOT IN THE DARK* (1935, Chesterfield) Charles Starrett, Edward Van Sloan, Robert Warwick. An excellent poverty row murder mystery with a mysterious murder weapon. This is one of those creepy, intricate murder thrillers that keeps your interest perked from beginning to end. From a nice 16mm print. DVD item #FH26D, VHS item #FH26.

JUNGLE THRILLERS

ADVENTURE GIRL* (1934, RKO) Joan Lowell. A notoriously bad jungle docu-drama. Lowell, a self-styled adventurer, retells her "true" adventures in the wilds of Guatemala. Her overacting is a sight to see, especially in the climax where she is chased by boats of savage natives, encircled with fire! A puker. 16mm. DVD item #J067D, VHS item #J067.

SCHWEITZER, JUNGLE DOCTOR* (1952) Pierre Fresnay, Maria Welter, Raymond Rouleau. Fine film rendition of the adventures of Albert Schweitzer. Fresnay is good in the title role as he tries to free natives of deadly diseases. 16mm. DVD item #J068D, VHS item #J068.

IGUASSU, THE DEVIL'S THROAT* (1965) Luggi Picchi, Odette Lara. This gritty adventure thriller is set in the wilds of the South American jungles. A group of renegade war deserters terrorize Indian natives in the wilds of Brazil near the eye-popping Iguassu Falls. Nice action sequences. Not bad. 16mm. DVD item #J069D, VHS item #J069.

FANTASY

CRYSTAL STAR* (circa 1959) This film is a mystery for us. There are no credits or cast listings of any kind. It appears to be a Russian fantasy very similar to other Euro fantasies like *Magic Voyage of Sinbad* and *Day the Earth Froze*. We obtained our video master from an outside source that was also ignorant of the film's origins. Where did this one come from? Color. 16mm. DVD item #F033D, VHS item #F033.

HANZEL AND GRETEL* (1954) Jurgen Micksch, Mara Bielenberg, Ellen Frank, Barbara Gallauner. Hansel and Gretel stumble upon the witch's gingerbread house in the forest. They're looking for the witch's treasures, but she captures them and prepares to bake Hansel in the oven! Cute. Color. 16mm. DVD item #F034D, VHS item #F034.

THE LION MAN* (1975) Steve Arkin, Barbara Lake, Charles Garrett. One of the campiest fantasy action films we've seen in a long time. Our hero is the Son of Solomon, who's also the son of a witch. His claw-like hands are effective weapons against his enemies. However, when his hands are later destroyed by acid, he is equipped with bear-like claws to do battle with. Some of the action sequences in this film are really pretty amazing. Color. 16mm. DVD item #F035D, VHS item #F035.

BOOK ENDS

The Scarlet Street Review of Books

THE VERTIGO MURDERS

J. Madison Davis

Simon and Schuster, Inc, 2000

304 pages—\$14.00

Expectations for J. Madison Davis' *The Vertigo Murders*—authorized by the Alfred Hitchcock Estate and Universal Studios—were high. "Did Alfred Hitchcock, the world-famous Master of Suspense, have a secret life as a detective? Did his mordant humor hide a deductive mind worthy of a Hercule Poirot or Nero Wolfe?" That's the notion put forth by the book, set during the filming of one of Hitchcock's greatest and best-loved films—*VERTIGO* (1958). The idea is surely an appealing one. The execution, sadly, is sorely disappointing, falling far short of the mark.

Brutal murders of the Jack the Ripper variety are being carried out in Hollywood, circa 1957. One starlet—a Marilyn Monroe wannabe—has been killed, and it appears that Alfred Hitchcock, the director, may be involved in some manner. (He's been sent the dead woman's ear.) Private detective Chess Slattery is called in by Hitch to help solve the murders. The detective becomes involved not only with the movers and shakers of Hollywood, but with a number of less savory citizens, before the mystery—reminiscent of the real-life Black Dahlia case that rocked Hollywood during the late 1940s—is solved.

The mystery, such as it is, is fairly entertaining. The real problem is that there's not nearly enough depth to the characters—whether drawn from life or completely imaginary—populating Davis' story. Slattery, a moral man in a town practically devoid of standards, never develops beyond being a Philip Marlowe clone. Hitchcock's wife (Alma) and daughter (Pat) also figure in the mystery, as do James Stewart, Kim Novak, and other Hollywood personalities, but Davis seems content to let the reader add whatever he or she knows of these famous people in order to flesh out their characters; in effect, he forces the reader to do the work of the writer. Nor does Davis make more than a feeble attempt to bring the filming of *VERTIGO* to life. We get little sense of the Paramount Studios of 1957, or what it was like to be involved in an Alfred Hitchcock production. It's a shame, because *The Vertigo Murders* could have—and should have—been full of the Hitchcockian lore and colorful characters that have made the Master of Suspense a legend.

—Leonard J. Kohl

LONG LIVE THE DEAD

Hugh B. Cave

Crippen and Landru, 2000

240 pages—\$16.00

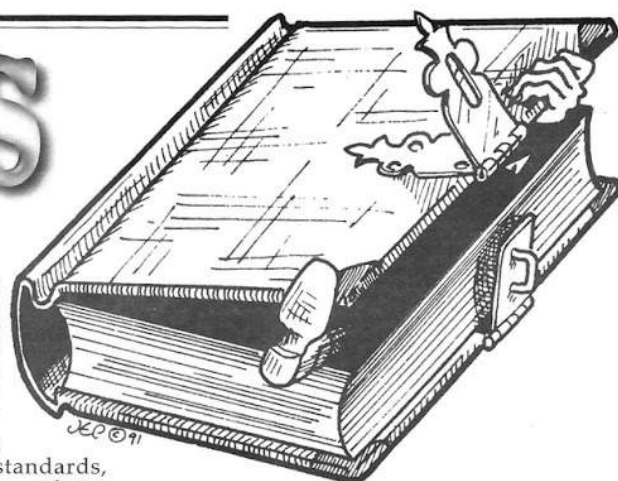
COME INTO MY PARLOR

Hugh B. Cave

Crippen & Landru, 2003

220 pages—\$17.00

The legendary *Black Mask* pulp magazine (created in 1920 by H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan, but sold eight issues later to publishers Eltinge "Pop" Warner and Eugene Crow) launched the careers of such major stars in the crime fiction firmament as Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler, Erle Stanley Gardner, and Cornell Woolrich, but these bright lights of darkness were never the whole show and many neglected *Black Mask* contributors are well worth investigating. Not the least among these is Hugh B. Cave, whose best work saw publication not only in *Black Mask*, but in such rival pulps as *Dime Detective*, *Weird Tales*, and *Argosy*. Many of these "lost" tales have been returned to print by Crippen & Landru, Publishers, in two collections titled *Long Live the Dead* and *Come Into My Parlor*, the first published in honor of Cave's 90th birthday, the second in celebration of his 92nd.



Long Live the Dead reprints all 10 of Cave's *Black Mask* contributions, published between 1934 and 1941 and all written in the classic tough-guy style that inspired *film noir* in the 1940s. The current owner of *Black Mask*, Keith Alan Deutsch, offers an introduction covering Cave's career and the history of pulp fiction (virtually the same thing), and also interviews the nonagenarian author. Additionally, Cave pens new introductions to each story. (Like many of his contemporaries, Cave often had his work published pseudonymously, sometimes as the cleverly-monickered "Justin Case.")

Come into my Parlor collects 11 stories penned between 1936 and 1940 by Cave for *Detective Fiction Weekly*. Not all are of the hard-boiled dick variety, but they all inhabit the same dark world of Depression America, though the world often isn't nearly as dark as that walked by Cornell Woolrich, and a reasonably happy ending is never entirely beyond the reach of Cave's heroes and heroines. Those who prefer horror to mystery will prefer this collection to *Long Live the Dead*. Whatever your preference, all of Cave is well worth reading and there's no better place to start than these Crippen & Landru editions.

—Richard Valley

MURDERERS' ROW

Otto Penzler, editor

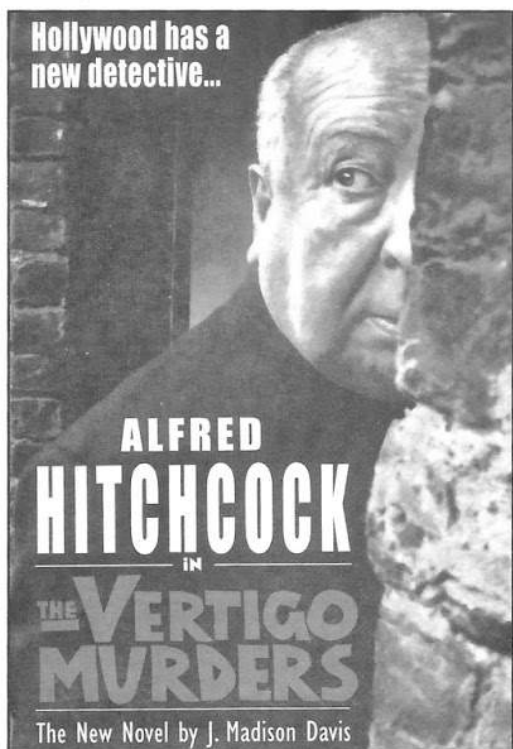
New Millennium Press, 2001

369 pages—\$14.00

Bud Marr's relief pitching lost the 1986 World Series for the Red Sox. He relives it on VHS damn near every night. They refer to Tommy Maywood's homer off him as the second "Shot Heard 'Round the World," right up there with Bobby Thomson's blast off Ralph Branca in '51. It seems as if Bud has plans for Tommy at a reunion.

Ted Williams was perhaps the finest batsman ever to handle the wood. He didn't suffer fools and sycophants, and many hated Ted for his attitude. How serious are those death threats? And just where do we find a detective who's also a utility outfielder?

John gets drunk a lot and throws rocks at cars when he does. He could've been a great pitcher, if only those damned



umpires would give him the same strike zone that Glavine gets. The chief of police has a special interest in John's case.

Jackie Robinson was a reluctant trail-blazer. Along with that number 42, he carried the hopes of an entire race upon his back. Wherever he went, things happened. How'd you like to serve as his bodyguard?

Bill Veeck was an iconoclast who owned the St. Louis Browns. Eddie Gaedel stood three-foot-seven and weighed a mere 65 pounds. One day in 1953, Veeck surreptitiously snuck the side-show entertainer onto his roster, and into an official game as a pinch hitter. Eddie got the job done, using his microscopic strike zone to draw a walk from a freaked-out pitcher. He gave way to a pinch runner, then trotted off into history, as they say. Surely, this is unique in sports. Nobody ever slipped a zebra into a horse race and got away with it. But just a few years later, Eddie was dead at 36. Who killed the "midget" immortal?

And there's Floyd Turnbull, an aging designated hitter who's closing in on some career milestones, he should live so long; Vaclav Placin, a 12-year-old bench warmer slain by a rattlesnake; and Scott Russell, M.D., who wants to manipulate life for the sake of his Fantasy League.

Pocket mysteries and baseball are two great American traditions. In *Murderers' Row*, Otto Penzler has collected 14 short stories of sinister events and the national pastime. These involve little league, semipro, the minors, the big leagues, and one odd spin-off (the rotisserie league). Real baseball personalities compete for attention with fictionalized counterparts and whole-cloth creations. Dealt with are modern problems such as designated hitters and million-dollar salaries, but also baseball the way God intended as well. Actually, it's a couple of whodunits, with the rest mostly the twist-ending type. It's amusing filler for the slow spots in your summer season. The authors featured are Lawrence Sanders, Max Allan Collins, Michael Connelly, K.C. Constantine, Brendan DuBois, Elmore Leonard, John Lescroart, Laura Lippman, Mike Lupica, Michael Malone, Robert B. Parker, Thomas Perry, and Henry Slesar.

The best of the lot is probably Troy Soos' "Pick-Off Play," a homespun, old-timey tale of hitters who face the threat of a head-hunting pitcher who demands donations for protection. Penzler did well to slot this one for ninth-inning heroics.

—Don Mankowski

FOOTSTEPS IN THE FOG

Jeff Kraft and Aaron Levantthal
Santa Monica Press, 2002
288 pages—\$24.95

Just when you thought every possible book on the life and career of the legendary Alfred Hitchcock had already been published (with the possible exception of *The Making of Waltzes from Vienna*), along comes Jeff Kraft and



Aaron Levantthal's *Footsteps in the Fog: Alfred Hitchcock's San Francisco*, a pictorial exploration of the locations used by the Master of Suspense in the productions of three classics: *SHADOW OF A DOUBT* (1943), *VERTIGO* (1958), and *THE BIRDS* (1963).

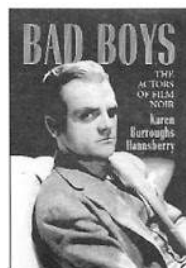
This is not just another coffee table tome with the same tired old production shots. Kraft and Levantthal have assembled an astounding collection of photographs from the films and combined them with fascinating, historic photos of the locations and new pictures snapped especially for this book. By a careful examination of photos then and now, the authors not only show us where scenes were filmed, but determine the precise points at which Hitchcock set up his camera.

Obviously, the San Francisco of the book's title stretches far beyond the actual boundaries of the City by the Bay. *SHADOWS OF A DOUBT* was, for the most part, filmed in Santa Rosa, and it's a remarkable example of location work by a director who greatly preferred filming within the controlled confines of a studio. *THE BIRDS* was lensed in Bodega Bay—a Bodega Bay of the imagination, really, in that Hitchcock and his crew chose locations from the entire region and mix-and-matched them into one "downtown" Bodega Bay that never existed. (The town, by the way, is actually much closer to Santa Rosa than it is to San Francisco.)

The highlight of *Footsteps in the Fog* is the lengthy section devoted to *VERTIGO*, arguably the director's greatest, most personal film and what the authors describe as "Hitchcock's Tortured Valentine to The City." A later chapter is devoted to films that made use of San Franciscan geography and architecture, particularly *REBECCA* (1940, for which Point Lobos stood in for Monte Carlo) and *PSYCHO* (1960, for which Santa Cruz's Hotel McCreary was the inspiration for the creepy old house on the hill behind the Bates Motel).

With rare photographs, maps, and a charming foreword by Patricia Hitchcock O'Connell, *Footsteps in the Fog* presents a haunting San Francisco that Tony Bennett never sang about.

—Drew Sullivan



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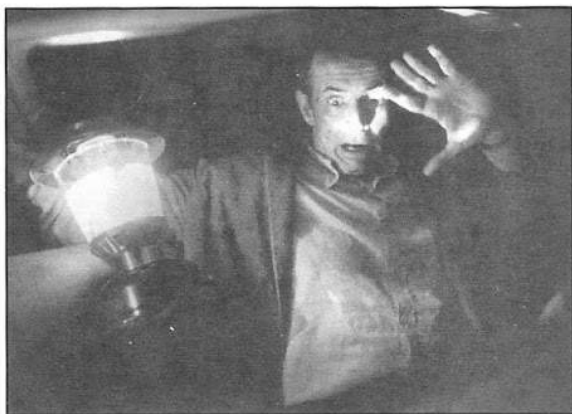
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In 1960, Norman Bates (Anthony Perkins) disposed of Marion Crane (Janet Leigh) and her car in the swamp behind the Bates Motel. Twenty-six years later, tried it again with another corpse—but forgot to get out of the car!

CHARLES EDWARD POGUE

Continued from page 71

spots, where they have nowhere to run. Actually, Frank Price, who was the president of the studio, came up with the toilet idea. While I was pitching the story, they were all saying, "Well, we need another great murder," and Frank Price came up with the toilet murder. I said, "That's a great place to have a murder! Where are you more vulnerable than on the toilet with your pants around your ankles?"

SS: And *PSYCHO*, of course, is famous for actually showing the toilet for the first time in an American film.

CEP: It's the most vulnerable place you could be! (Laughs) I really wanted to try it. And again, you saw blood splashed up against the toilet bowl and shower curtain, and it just became this sort of bloodletting thing, unfortunately.

SS: You mentioned Tony Perkins saying, "Mother kills; Norman doesn't kill," but isn't it Norman who kills Dwayne, the drifter played by Jeff Fahey?

CEP: Yes, it is Norman who kills, because it's a blackmail plot by Dwayne. Doesn't kill with a knife, though—he keeps hitting Dwayne over the head with a guitar! (Laughs).

SS: He kills as a rock star!

CEP: Yes! He kills to cover up Mother's crime, so it's a different motivation at that point. Again, I disagreed with Tony on the point about Norman ever killing.

SS: Any disappointments with *PSYCHO III*?

CEP: The film has some problems. In one scene, you see blood spurting from Maureen's slashed wrists, and in the next scene she has little band-aids covering her gaping wounds. (Laughs) Not too realistic! But for the most part, I really like the film. It's a very black comedy.

SS: Was Universal satisfied after all the blood had been added?

CEP: Universal was very happy with it, and they paid Tony and me to do a treatment for *PSYCHO IV*. It's not the Joe Stefano one that was eventually made for TV. In ours, an entrepreneur buys the Bates Motel and stages a murder

weekend based loosely on the events from *PSYCHO*. One of his actors quits and Norman, who's just escaped from the looney bin, comes home and gets hired to play himself! (Laughs) Unfortunately, *PSYCHO III* wasn't a big enough hit, so our version was never made.

SS: Since his death, Tony Perkins has been painted as a man tortured by his homosexuality. Did he bring any of that to the characterization of Norman?

CEP: I don't know whether it was tortured homosexuality or just tortured Tony Perkins. I've met very few gentlemen in this business, but both Tony and Jeremy Brett were gentlemen. They were lovely to me, both of them. Jeremy

was just as brilliant a Watson as he was a Sherlock Holmes. His attitude was, "I do all these 'Weight of the Empire' roles over in England, and I come over here and I get to play Winnie the Pooh. That's exactly how I'm playing Watson." Jeremy and I were neighbors and we became pretty close friends during the production. He was very sweet to me, just very nice and one of the real few gentlemen I've ever met in this business. I'd meet him down at the market and he'd say, "Oh, come up to the house!" I'd go up to the house and—at 11 in the morning—he was serving mimosas on the back deck. (Laughs) He was exuberant. Of course, we later found out that he was a manic depressive, and obviously it was the good part of that mania that was so sweet about him.

SS: Both he and Perkins had more than their share of emotional problems.

CEP: Yes, you could see that Tony was wound pretty tight. He was pulled by these wild demons inside him. But he'd also found a way to make them work for him and there was a strange peace about him as well. He was certainly one of the smartest men I've ever met. He was so smart, it was scary! He'd call me at night with these brainstorm, and sometimes they were just so weird and outrageous that you'd have to pull him back, meet someplace where you could take these really inspirational ideas he had and make them into a workable piece of drama. There's a shot in *PSYCHO III* where the knife blade becomes the door jamb, and then there's another where Norman closes the door in the hospital and suddenly he's in his mother's room. It was very theatrical, and he was full of dangerous ideas like that. And then there were some things where he just missed the idea completely, being a first-time director. For instance, Norman and Maureen go to bed together. They don't screw or anything, they just sleep. Then you see her sleeping alone and a shadow falls over her, and the audience is supposed to think, "Oh, God, he's coming to kill her!" And it turns out that it's a drunken reveler in the motel, telling her, "You left your

door open, honey." Well, Tony shot it with the camera on the drunken reveler instead of Maureen, so you knew it wasn't Norman. Didn't make any sense! (Laughs)

SS: Do you have any closing anecdotes about Tony Perkins?

CEP: We had discussed the possibility of him marrying my wife and me, like he did with Ken Russell—Tony was one of those mail-order ministers, apparently. Having the wedding at the Bates Motel in conjunction with the film opening. Universal would have probably sprung for a Hell of a honeymoon, but we decided—wisely, I think—not to have our wedding be a PR stunt. It was very interesting, some of the statements Tony made in our private conversations. There would be homosexual allusions. I think he wasn't sure whether I was gay or not. I'm not, but I probably know more about show tunes than any heterosexual should....

SS: Always a sign!

CEP: I don't know whether he ever found out! (Laughs)

FIENDS OF A FEATHER

Continued from page 27

acters. Price's Professor Henry Jarrod is presented not as a monster, but as a scorned individual—his stunning wax sculptures are destroyed when his avaricious partner, Matthew Burke (Roy Roberts), torches the waxworks. Valiantly—but vainly—attempting to rescue his waxen "friends," Jarrod cannot escape the engulfing inferno and is thought incinerated. Once the insurance on the museum has been paid, though, a cloaked figure extracts revenge on Burke—revenge so sweet that even Burke's buoyant, gold-digging girlfriend falls prey to it. It is with this crime that *HOUSE OF WAX* supersedes its predecessor, allotting a fair amount of screen time to Carolyn Jones as Cathy Gray, and building audience sympathy for the victim. (The corresponding character in *MYSTERY* remains a cypher, dead before we meet her.) The murder and subsequent disappearance of the corpse serves as the catalyst for the film's suspenseful twists and turns.

Jarrod seemingly returns from the grave to open a new House of Wax, complete with a tuxedo-clad, paddle-ball-playing street mountebank (for the benefit of the 3-D audiences). Jarrod's artistry is so superb that Cathy's grieving friend, Sue Allen (Phyllis Kirk), comes to believe that the museum's figure of saintly Joan of Arc is the decidedly unsaintly Cathy. If Sue's suspicions aren't enough to put her future in doubt, there's also the fact that the museum cannot be complete without a recreation of Jarrod's beloved figure of Marie Antoinette—which the unlucky Miss Allen resembles perfectly. (Kirk's haunted, husky-voiced heroine keeps *HOUSE OF WAX* firmly rooted in its own melancholy reality. In contrast, Glenda Farrell's energetic, comic turn as a newspaper reporter in *MYSTERY OF THE WAX MU-*

SEUM remains only a highly-charged, Howard Hawksian performance with no emotional resonance.)

HOUSE OF WAX is not presented in 3-D, but the disc faithfully reproduces the film's original pastel-on-solid-black color schemes with excellent results. Special features include the film's original trailer (which exudes the virtues of 3-D) and footage of the film's premiere, which offers a fleeting glimpse of Bela Lugosi accompanied by a man in a gorilla suit.

Boris Karloff takes center stage in four films new to DVD—THE GHOUL (MGM Home Entertainment, \$14.95), 1941's THE DEVIL COMMANDS (Columbia/TriStar Home Video, \$24.95), 1968's TARGETS (Paramount Home Video, \$9.95), and 1968's SNAKE PEOPLE (Eclectic DVD Distribution, \$14.95).

The earliest of these pictures, THE GHOUL, has been haunting the backstreets of horrorland for decades in bootleg editions of varying—but never exemplary—quality. MGM's DVD release—sharp, clean, and looking and sounding as if the film were made yesterday—is a stunner, revealing this British production as one of Karloff's best horror films. (Less laudatory is the packaging, with only a large eyeball and no sign of the star's name on the cover.) Karloff plays Professor Morlant (like Scarabus, so vile that he doesn't rate a first name), who, with the help of a heathen god and a priceless gem called the Eternal Light, hopes to rise from the dead. He also threatens to return and exact a swift and terrible revenge should the gem be stolen—which is precisely what happens. On the night that he's due to make his comeback, Morlant's house is filled with visitors and former employees, played to the hilt by the likes of Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Ralph Richardson, and the ever-waspish Ernest Thesiger (the true Queen of Horror if ever there was one). The Eternal Light passes from hand to hand with Morlant in cold pursuit, and a fine, frightening time is had by all till the professor is once more consigned to his tomb.

THE DEVIL COMMANDS finds Karloff (as Dr. Julian Blair) trying desperately to communicate with the dead—specifically, his wife (Shirley Warde)—via some mad lab machinery, a few corpses borrowed from the local cemetery, and a grasping, greedy medium named Mrs. Walters (Anne Revere, in a riveting performance). The film is one of the horror star's series of mad doctor movies made for Columbia in the late thirties and early forties, and is widely considered the best of the bunch.

The DVD's picture quality is serviceable, though not nearly as good as Columbia's RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE (1943), which improved considerably on previous video and laserdisc releases. As with THE GHOUL, the packaging again opts for a large eye as the cover image, but at least Karloff's name is featured. Extras include three theatrical trailers, none for THE DEVIL COMMANDS.

TARGETS is to Boris Karloff what THE SHOOTIST (1976) is to John Wayne—a

poignant summing up of its star's entire career. Peter Bogdanovich was given his first chance to direct by Roger Corman, provided he use Karloff (who owed Corman a few days' work) and some footage from Corman's 1963 thriller THE TERROR, which starred Karloff and Jack Nicholson. (THE TERROR itself was made only because Karloff owed Corman some time, its story hastily fashioned to make use of the star and the still-standing sets from THE RAVEN.) Bogdanovich responded brilliantly with a cautionary fable in which horror star Byron Orlock (Karloff) plans to retire because his brand of terror can't compete with the genuine terrors—personified by a young, all-American sniper named Bobby Thompson (Tim O'Kelly)—that the modern world has to offer. After gunning down his wife and mother (Tanya Morgan and Mary Jackson) and several highway motorists, Bobby makes his way to a drive-in theater where Orlock's latest and last horror film—and Orlock himself—are scheduled to appear. There, the aging star comes face to face with his own worst fears.

Paramount's TARGETS is an unbelievable bargain at only \$9.99. The package



THE GHOUL (1933)

includes a sparkling widescreen print, a featurette detailing TARGETS' history, and an audio commentary by Bogdanovich. Karloff couldn't have hoped for a better climax to his career than this fascinating, thought-provoking film.

Sadly, careers are rarely wrapped up so neatly, and Karloff followed the valedictorian TARGETS with four Mexican/American horror films, one of which is SNAKE PEOPLE. The star, visibly unwell, plays plantation owner Carl von Molder, whose island home is rife with voodoo rituals. The local high priest is endeavoring to summon Baron Samedi (who obviously was waiting for a better deal and instead showed up in 1973's LIVE AND LET DIE), the police captain (Rafael Bertrand) is trying to outlaw zombies, the plantation overseer (Quintin Bulnes) is trying to raise his wife from the dead, and the whole thing is rather like what you'd get if you put I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE (1943), VODOO MAN (1944), and VODOO ISLAND (1957) through a blender. The picture and sound quality is nothing to write home about, either. Still, it has Karloff—a trouper if ever there was one—and for his legion of fans that's quite enough.

SCREEN AND SCREEN AGAIN

Continued from page 31

case of "been there, done that," and the movie died a quick box-office death. It fares better on DVD, where one can savor the character moments and skip through the boring parts of the plot.

NEMESIS arrives on DVD in both widescreen and thoroughly avoidable full-frame versions, with a mixed bag of extras. A marginally informative documentary, annoyingly split into four parts, and a dry commentary track by director Stuart Baird are suitable only for the most rabid Trekkie. The best extras are the deleted scenes, some of which should have stayed in the film. (There's an alternate coda that is infinitely more effective than the one used.) The transfer is perfect; there are no flaws whatsoever, and both the stereo and 5.1 sound mixes are clean and impressive, highlighting Jerry Goldsmith's dark, brooding score; the thuds and blasts of the extended space battles are liver-quivering.

STAR TREK: NEMESIS ends with a hamhanded possibility for yet another sequel. There's no reason Paramount can't keep STAR TREK fresh and continue the franchise until the end of time, but the book on the Next Generation should remain closed. There's nothing more to see here.

—Robin Anderson

THE DEATH KISS

Alpha Video

\$7.99

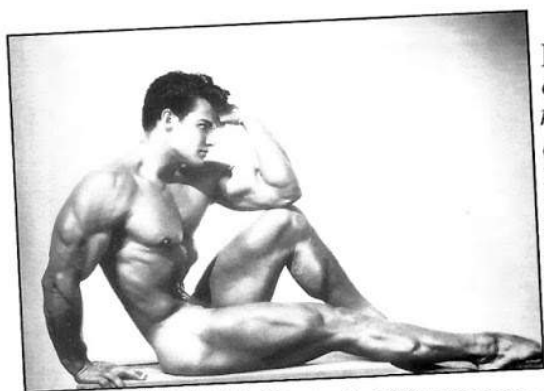
THE DEATH KISS (1932) is no horror movie, despite featuring several actors (Bela Lugosi, David Manners, Edward Van Sloan) from DRACULA (1931). It is, instead, a very clever whodunit with a Hollywood movie studio setting.

The film opens with a murder, then the camera pulls back to show that we are actually witnessing the filming of Ton-Art Studios' THE DEATH KISS. But wait! Here's another twist—actor Myles Brent (Edmund Burns) has really been shot to death! When suspicion falls on actress Marcia Lane (Adrienne Ames), writer Franklyn Drew (Manners, in a breezy and likeable performance) sets out to find the real killer. Among his suspects are director Tom Avery (Van Sloan) and studio manager Joseph Steiner (Lugosi, in one of the few films in which he makes it to the end credits alive).

The film is fun, with a comical, Sam Goldwynish studio president (Alexander Carr), a lot of great character actors, and a surprise moment when the film features a flash of hand-colored footage. (It must have been quite startling in its day.) The Alpha Video print is a bit splicy, but I've never seen a copy of this indie feature in better condition. Those who enjoy the wonderful murder mysteries of the 1930s will want to pucker up for THE DEATH KISS.

—Kevin G. Shinnick

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MUSCLING

Continued from page 53

OTOUR (1961), Rory Calhoun in Sergio Leone's *THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES* (1961), Roger Moore in *ROMULUS AND THE SABINES*

(1961/64), Tab Hunter in *THE GOLDEN ARROW* (1962/64), and Jeffrey Hunter in *GOLD FOR THE CAESARS* (1963/64) all failed to measure up to the established standards. Guy "Zorro" Williams starred in *DAMON AND PYTHIAS* (1962). The picture's trailer confided, "Their friendship became the talk of Syracuse," but the film became the talk of nowhere.

A comparative latecomer to the festivities was Indianapolis titan Rock Stevens (né Peter Lupus). Stevens parlayed his spotlighting as the leader of a band of usurping bodybuilders in AIP's *MUSCLE BEACH PARTY* (1964) into leading roles in four mediocre sword and sandal quickies destined for American television. Stevens would later triumph in that medium, joining the cast of *MIS- SION: IMPOSSIBLE* (1966) under his own name.

Joseph E. Levine turned his attention to the small screen as well, purchasing a group of peplum products for American TV syndication in 1964. Packaged together under his *SONS OF HERCULES* catch phrase, each film was

significantly shortened and exhibited in two-part telecasts. The broadcasts commenced with the toe-tapping theme song, "The Mighty Sons of Hercules," followed by a stentorian narrative track that informed viewers of the otherwise unrelated heroes' link as spiritual offspring of the fabled demigod. The promotion became sufficiently popular to inspire a Milton Bradley board game.

The year 1965 found the surging Italian Westerns diverting audience affections from the pepla. Levine maneuvered to resuscitate the fading interest by announcing a new English-language TV series. The pilot, *HERCULES AND THE PRINCESS OF TROY* (1965), starred Gordon Scott, a former cinematic Tarzan who had later portrayed a variety of ancient characters and costarred opposite Reeves in *DUEL OF THE TITANS*. By this late date, however, the gold was off the fleece. Despite the cast presence of Scott and such sword and sandal stalwarts as Gordon Mitchell and his frequent costar, Roger Browne, the pilot didn't sell and only surfaced on ABC as a "special."

The genre's basic theme of good vs. evil had been craftily decorated with equally generous portions of male and female flesh. The movement had maintained its popularity by appealing to such diverse devotees as mythology "buffs," actions seekers, and fatherless boys in search of positive male role models. Credibility became strained when producers pitted the Greco-Roman warriors against Incas, Monguls, Sheiks, and Czars. As the sixties evolved, the Westerns' newfound cynicism seemed to reflect the times more accurately. Even though the golden age of peplum films had reached an end, it was potent enough to remain forever fixed in the memories of the cognoscenti.



GORDON SCOTT

Continued from page 58

was funny—the instructors had to be clean-shaven, and as Hercules Steve had to have a beard. He didn't know what to do, but finally he had to leave the gym. Lucky for him, too, because he's still considered the greatest Hercules, and rightly so. We had a great time together making *ROMULUS AND REMUS*. The sad part about that film was the fact that it was a three-hour film in Europe and, when the people bought it to show it here, they cut almost an hour and 20 minutes out of it! It ruined the film here. I mean, you can get the gist of the thing, but it was highly changed. The critics liked it; they thought it was great; but when they brought it over they practically cut it in half. Completely ruined it!

SS: You began by making films in Hollywood. Was it difficult to adjust to the European style of filmmaking?

GS: Not at all. No, not at all. They had great technicians over there and it was more of a casual approach to making films. I adapted to it right away. I love the way they work.

SS: You made some Spaghetti Westerns.

GS: I was in at the beginning of those, yes. I even worked with Joseph Cotten in *THE TRAMPLERS*. Now, there was a true Southern gentleman, a very courtly man of the old school. He'd work under the worst conditions and never lose his temper. Very professional. He told me all about working in New York in Orson Welles' Mercury Theatre along with Agnes Moorehead, and about com-

ing to Hollywood with Welles to make *CITIZEN KANE*.

SS: You moved to Europe.

GS: I lived there for 10 years, mainly in Rome. I'd tried living in the States and just flying over to make the films, but the films came so fast and furious that I was spending my whole life traveling. Besides, Rome was great, a real hub of activity in the movie business.

SS: Was it difficult making films with the cast speaking more than one language?

GS: No, but I could have made a lot more money if I was bilingual. (Laughs) A lot of actors made a big bundle doing dubbing work for those Italian films.

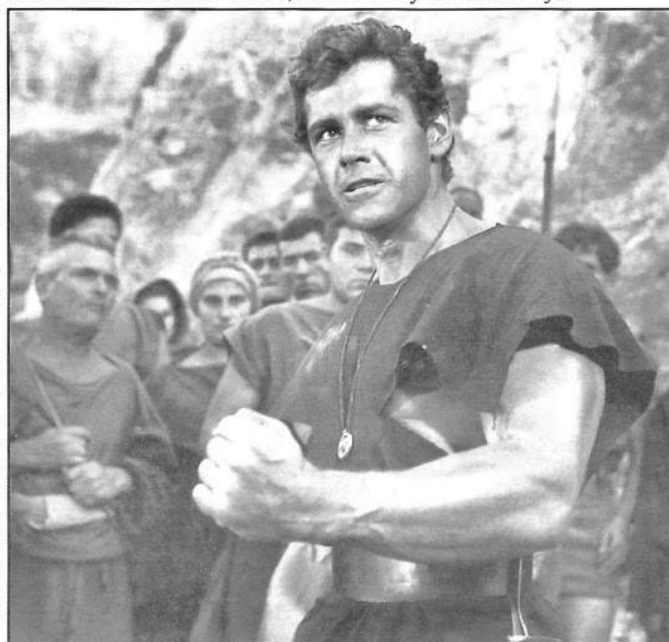
SS: What about your career makes you the most proud?

GS: Oh, doing a job well. Doing a good job and being satisfied with what you could get out of it. You always want to do more and give it a little bit more, do it over again, but I think the things that I accomplished are okay. So I'm satisfied.

SS: Do you ever get asked for show business advice—and what do you say to aspiring movie stars?

GS: Yes, and there's something I tell every would-be actor. Don't get too close to the chimp—they bite! (Laughs)

BOTTOM RIGHT: Following his career as Tarzan, Gordon Scott went the way of many musclemen—to Italy. There, he starred in a series of sword and sandal epics, including *DUEL OF THE TITANS* (1961, filmed as *ROMOLO E REMO*). Scott was Remus, while Romulus was played by Steve Reeves (TOP LEFT, in an early nude study).



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SCREEN AND SCREEN AGAIN

Continued from page 79

VENOM
Blue Underground
\$19.95

Promoted by Paramount as a horror film during its brief theatrical release in 1982, **VENOM** is in fact an effective thriller with a twist. A plot to kidnap an asthmatic, rich 10-year-old (Lance Holcomb) by chauffeur Dave (Oliver Reed), nanny Louise (Susan George), and cool ringleader Jacmel (Klaus Kinski) goes wrong when a policeman (John Forbes Robertson) is killed. The boy and his grandfather, Howard Anderson (Sterling Hayden), are trapped with the criminal trio as they prepare for a siege by the police. What they soon find out is that another unexpected and dangerous visitor is in the house—a deadly black mamba snake! When toxicologist Dr. Marion Stowe (Sarah Miles) tries to help, she, too, is captured. The police, led by Commander William Buloch (Nicol Williamson), attempt to keep matters under control.

Making welcome cameo appearances are Michael Gough as a charming herpetologist (an inside joke, since that's the name of the snake handler on the picture), and Edward Hardwicke as autocratic Lord Dunning, head of the police.

Blue Underground has done a remarkable job of transferring **VENOM** to DVD, restoring its anamorphic photography to crystal clarity and making it look as sharp as any movie made today. Several sound options (6.1 DTS, 5.1 Dolby Digital and Dolby Surround 2.0) are offered. Extras include bios of Reed and Kinski, the original theatrical trailer, four TV spots, and a poster / still gallery. The disc also features a fine audio commentary by director Piers Haggard and

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British film expert Jonathon Sothcott. Haggard (director of 1974's **BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW**) took over from Tobe Hooper after 10 days filming had been completed. None of the footage shot by Hooper was used, and Haggard rethought several characters. According to Haggard and Sothcott, the drama behind the camera was sometimes more interesting than the film itself, with volatile performers Reed and Kinski insulting each other, and Williamson and Miles (no slacks in the temperament department) joining in enthusiastically. Under the circumstances, the snakes were probably the least of Haggard's worries.

—Kevin G. Shinnick

ALL MONSTERS ATTACK
All Day Entertainment
\$24.99

Before VHS and DVD, movies had a very short shelf life. Producers were interested in getting you to the theater or drive-in now, and their most important tool was the coming attraction trailer. As you'll see from the selections included in **ALL MONSTERS ATTACK**, every picture was the most colossal, the most astounding, the most shocking.

Most of these trailers will be familiar to fans, if not from original release or television saturation campaigns, than from previous video compilations. There are 61 clips. The quality varies from barely watchable to shockingly pristine. As with the movies themselves, the trailers are presented in a variety of "scopes" and "ramas." Your favorite clip will depend on which of the films is your cup of tea. There's a sort of logic to the presentation, with sequels or similarly-themed films presented in more or less chronological order. (The original trailer for 1958's **THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD** is narrated by Kathryn Grant and is not in good shape. It's followed by a rerelease trailer that is beautiful!)

SOUND OF DETECTION: Ellery Queen's Adventures in Radio by Francis M. Nevins. Newly published. Documents history of the radio mystery series with episode guide. OTR Publishing. PO Box 252, Churchville, Maryland 21028. Also Amazon.com

WANTED: photos of Peter Firth, Jeremy Brett, Shane Briant, John Fraser, and other actors in the role of Dorian Gray. E-mail Richard Valley at reditor@aol.com.

ADVERTISE IN SCARLET STREET!

Added attractions include short featurettes on **THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT** (1975) and **THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD**. There is also a civil defense short on the decontamination of food and a prize-winning animated short, **MEGA MORPHOSIS**. **ALL MONSTERS ATTACK** may not be All Monsters, but it features quite a few of the favorites!

—Jack Randall Earles

THE CARPETBAGGERS
Paramount Home Video
\$19.99

Paramount struck box office gold with this fairly tame 1964 adaptation of the 1961 Harold Robbins potboiler, giving audiences two and a half hours worth of Hollywood backstabbing, callous behavior in the pursuit of power, and suggestive leers in place of sex. If anything stood out about this melodrama in its day, it was having a central character who was as relentlessly cruel, ego-maniacal, and flat-out hateful as Jonas Cord (George Peppard), a millionaire airline manufacturer who decides to become a movie mogul on the side. (Obvious shades of Howard Hughes.)

Getting tossed thoughtlessly aside in Cord's wake are his levelheaded father figure, ex-cowboy-turned-cowboy star Nevada Smith (Alan Ladd); his wearied lawyer, McAllister (Lew Ayres); his foolishly devoted wife, Monica (Elizabeth Ashley, in her film debut); his ever-patient servant Jedediah (Archie Moore); and a whore-turned-starlet, Jennie Denton (Martha Hyer), who must be desperate for fame because she responds enthusiastically to sleazy agent Dan Pierce (Bob Cummings) putting the moves on her. Jonas's real target of abuse is his oversexed stepmother, Rina Marlowe (Carroll Baker), who was supposed to be his girl once upon a time but opted to

Continued on page 82

BUFFY & ANGEL

Continued from page 20

The Initiative is the major focus for the season's remarkable closing episodes. A distaff Doc Frankenstein, Walsh is building the perfect fighting machine out of demon, human, and robot parts. Ironically, it isn't Walsh who becomes Godlike through her experiments, but her creature—Adam (George Hertzberg) briefly becomes a god.

Through all the trials and tribulations, Buffy's Scoobie Gang is there for her: Xander Harris (Nicholas Brendan), Anya Jenkins (Emma Caulfield), Willow, and Rupert Giles (Anthony Stewart Head) all return with character-driven dependency. As a result of Walsh's experiments, former foe Spike (James Marsters) has been detooped, declawed, and devampirized, giving the character a new direction. Finally, there's Faith (Eliza Dushku). When last seen, the rogue vampire slayer was comatose in a hospital bed. When the sleeper awakes, Buffy and Faith duke it out with karate and acting chops, and a magical charm allows Faith to switch bodies with Buffy.

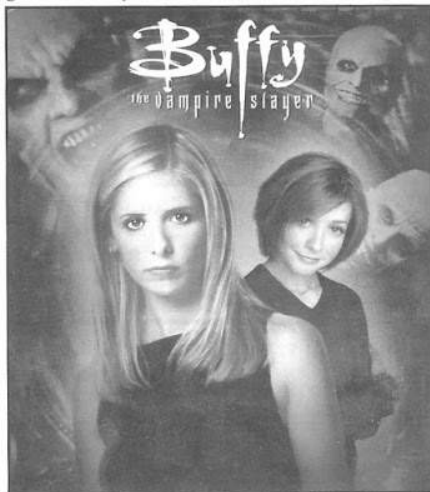
It's all here—the horror, the humor, the good, the bad, and the very, very ugly. The six discs, featuring 22 episodes of prime time's most consistently well-written and produced series, are enclosed in a nifty fold-out digipick. *BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER* is a series that makes us care about its protagonists; we want to watch Buffy and the gang grow and deal with life's choices. This evolutionary season is essential viewing.

Extra include a plethora of commentaries (by Whedon and others), featurettes (*OZ REVELATIONS: A FULL MOON*, *THE SETS OF SUNNYDALE*, etc.), cast bios, and a still gallery.

Meanwhile, in Los Angeles, Angel croons Barry Manilow tunes in a demon karaoke bar. *ANGEL—SEASON TWO* (20th Century Fox, \$59.98). For those on the fringe of the loop, Angel's a bloodsucker with a difference—he has a soul. Aided by former prom queen Cordelia Chase (Charisma Carpenter, who has foolishly been dropped from the current Season Five of the series), rogue vampire hunter Wesley Wyndam-Pryce (Alexis Denisof), and Charles Gunn (J. August Richards), Angel runs an LA detective agency dedicated to helping the helpless and killing the often already dead. Occasional information and advice comes from a friendly green demon named Lorne (Andy Hallet), who tunes in to Angel's psyche whenever Angel fractures "Mandy" in Lorne's bar.

Season Two's main story arc fills in Angel's background throughout the ages—his initiation into vampirism by Darla (Julie Benz), the siring of the dangerously loony-tuned Drusilla (Juliet Landau) and Spike—leading to Darla's resurrection as a mortal by that evil conglomerate of lawyers known as Wolfram and Hart. (The sleazy Lindsey McDonald, played by Christian Kane, personifies this organization.) Boreanaz mines comic gold from Angel's cool

clothes and often uncool behavior. Denisof makes Wesley an appealing team member, in marked contrast to the unappealing bumbler he was on *BUFFY*. Members of the Buffyverse—Willow, The Master (Mark Metcalf), Harmony Kendall (Mercedes McNab), Faith—put in welcome appearances. Best of all is Carpenter, who finds full value in every last one of Cordelia's lines. (Reading about a mystical shroud that's a recent acquisition of a local museum: "okay, two words I don't like right off the bat—'tomb' and 'unearthed.' People, you've gotta leave your tombs earthed.")



Extras include the featurettes *INSIDE THE AGENCY*, *MAKING UP THE MONSTERS*, and *STUNTS*; scripts for the episodes "Darla" and "Disharmony," and a still gallery. You can't go wrong with *ANGEL—SEASON TWO*, and you can even win the box set by turning to page 21 of this very issue of *Scarlet Street*!

SCREEN AND SCREEN AGAIN

Continued from page 81

marry his vulgar dad (Leif Erickson), figuring she could have the old man's wealth and junior on the side. Instead, the younger Cord takes great delight in getting Rina into the proverbial dog-in-heat stage, only to back off just when she thinks they're gonna hop into the sack. These sadomasochistic scenes between Peppard and Baker are the closest to steamy that the movie ever gets. There's something amusing (intentional or otherwise) about these two arrogant representatives of shallow wealth roughing each other up between cries of "Yes! Yes! I want you!" Rina gets her comeuppance, first in a memorable accident involving a crystal chandelier, and then after she becomes a Hollywood luminary, forgetting that booze and fancy cars don't mix. It takes a hell of a long time for Jonas to finally get his ass kicked, however, but when it comes, courtesy of pint-sized Ladd, it does offer the viewer a vicarious thrill.

Directed by Edward Dmytryk from a screenplay by John Michael Hayes, *THE CARPETBAGGERS* is hardly as terrible

as its critical reputation would lead you to believe, falling short of that laughably awful realm where such other overbaked sixties show biz sagas as *THE OSCAR* (1966) and *VALLEY OF THE DOLLS* (1967) still reign supreme. There are, in fact, some decent moments courtesy of Martin Balsam, as a movie mogul who becomes just another of Cord's many enemies; Ladd (in his final motion picture, released posthumously), playing a role later taken over by Steve McQueen in the 1966 prequel *NEVADA SMITH*; and Audrey Totter, as a sympathetic whore who informs the drunken Jonas that "The Irish make terrible hookers." The DVD, though letterboxed, with the print nicely transferred in all its glossy Technicolor, Costumes-by-Edith Head glory, has no extras to offer, not even so much as a preview.

—Barry Monush

WITCHHOUSE 3: DEMON FIRE

Tempe/Full Moon

\$9.95

Those seeking an effects-laden T&A gore fest will have to look elsewhere. *WITCHHOUSE 3* (2001) has only one brief nude scene, and the effects are fairly subtle. What the film does have is a familiar story idea, with a cast of five who hold your interest as the plot unfolds.

Annie (Tanya Dempsey), supposedly escaping an abusive relationship, goes to spend time with two friends, Goth-like Stevie (Debbie Rochon) and Rose (Tina Krause). They welcome Annie in, since she's just in time to help them with their documentary on witchcraft—in particular, on the subject of the witch Lilith (played in previous films by Arianna Albright, and now essayed with great relish by Brinke Stevens). Stevie and Rose stage a séance for their film, and accidentally unleash the evil spirit of the dead witch. She keeps popping up, and things start happening that makes the women think that one of the three of them is losing their marbles. Anna's boyfriend Burke (Paul Darrigo) shows up as a possible source of their troubles, but he also holds a secret about Anna.

There's nothing terribly original in the story, but it's competently told and offers a clever plot twist with its climax. The cast works very well together, and the photography and direction belie the film's ultra-low budget and nine-day shooting schedule. (The film reveals the influence that 1999's *BLAIR WITCH PROJECT* had on low-budgeters made at the time.) What really makes the disc worth buying (besides the lovely actresses) is its three separate audio commentaries, plus the behind-the-scenes footage and blooper reel. Taken as a whole, they're an education in how to make an independent horror film. Also fun is a short film about the Salem Witch Trials by director J. R. Bookwalter, which ends with a Barbie Doll set aflame, and a weird 10-minute segment called *THE EYES OF DEBBIE ROCHON*, consisting of rather haphazard footage shot by Ms. Rochon herself.

—Kevin G. Shinnick

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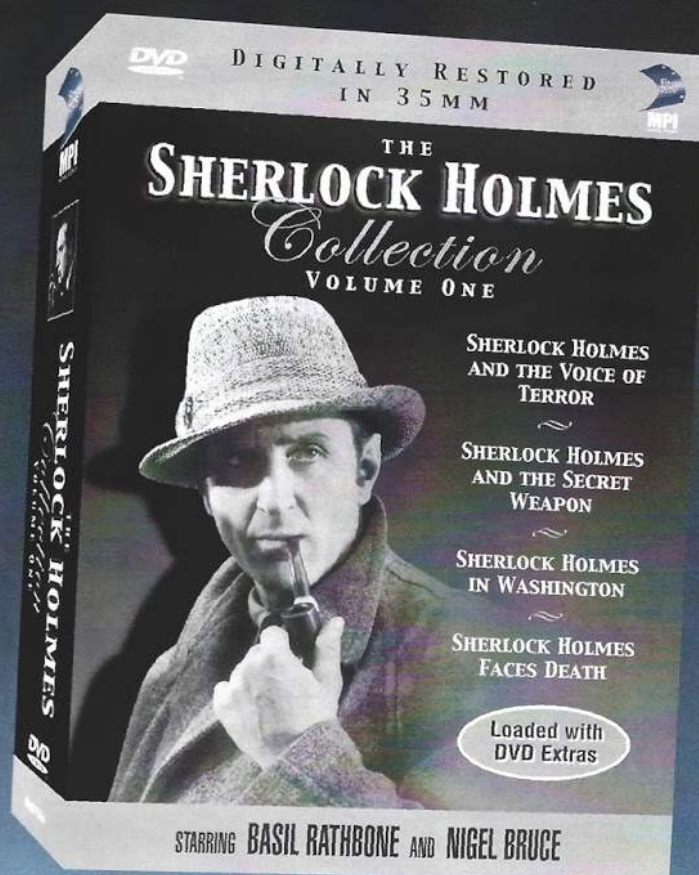
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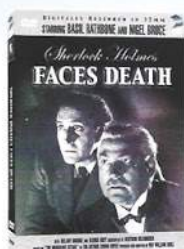
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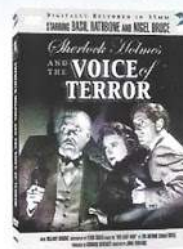
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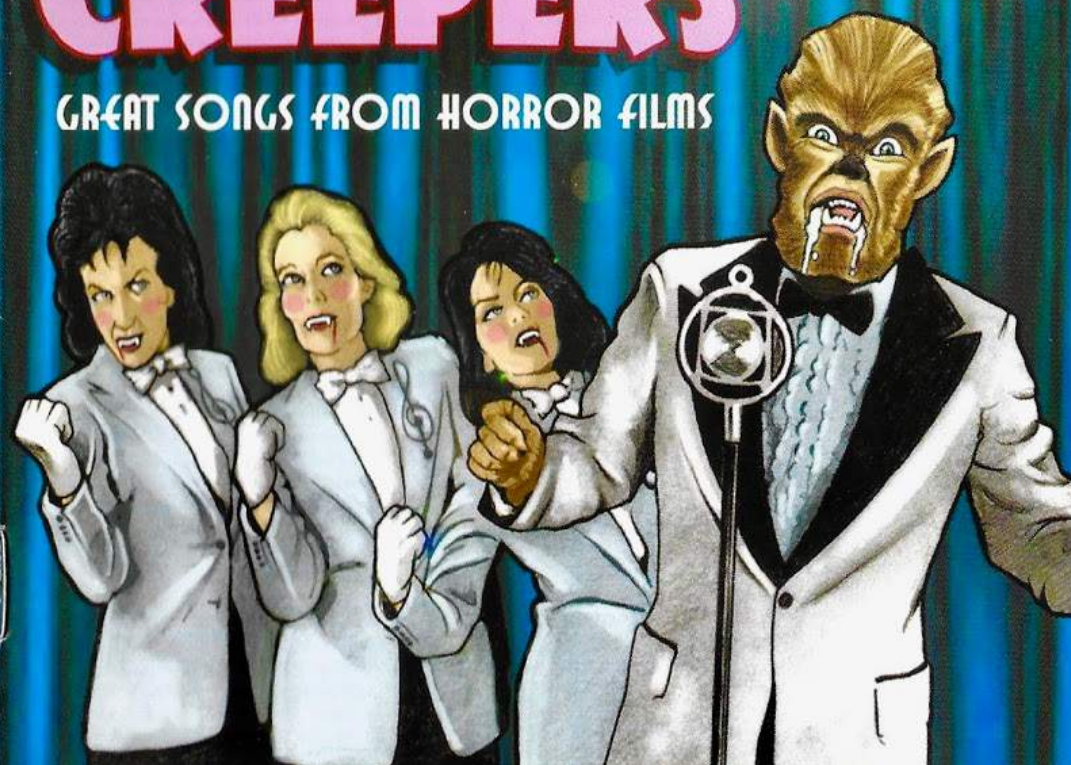
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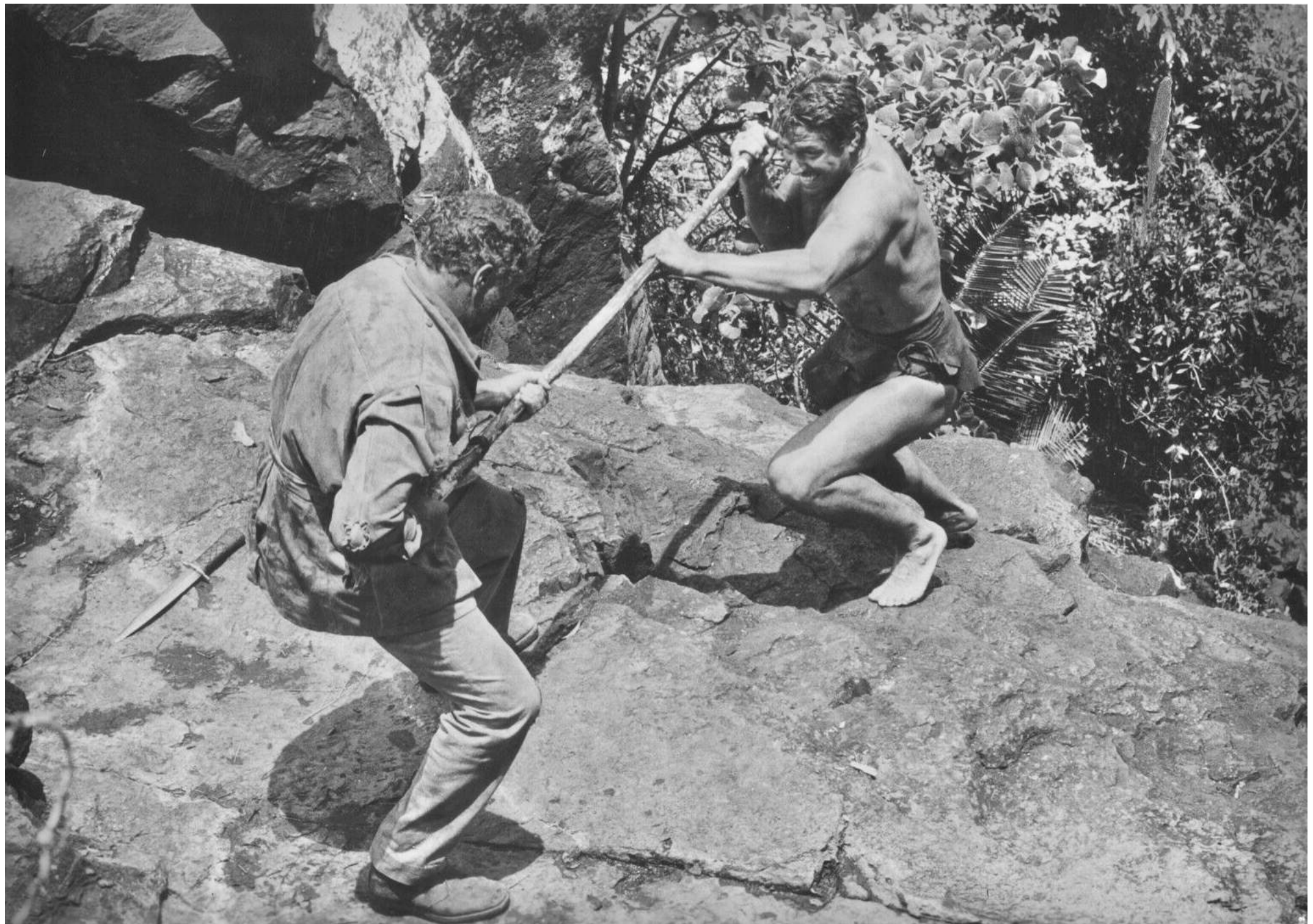


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JEOPERS CREEPERS

GREAT SONGS FROM HORROR FILMS







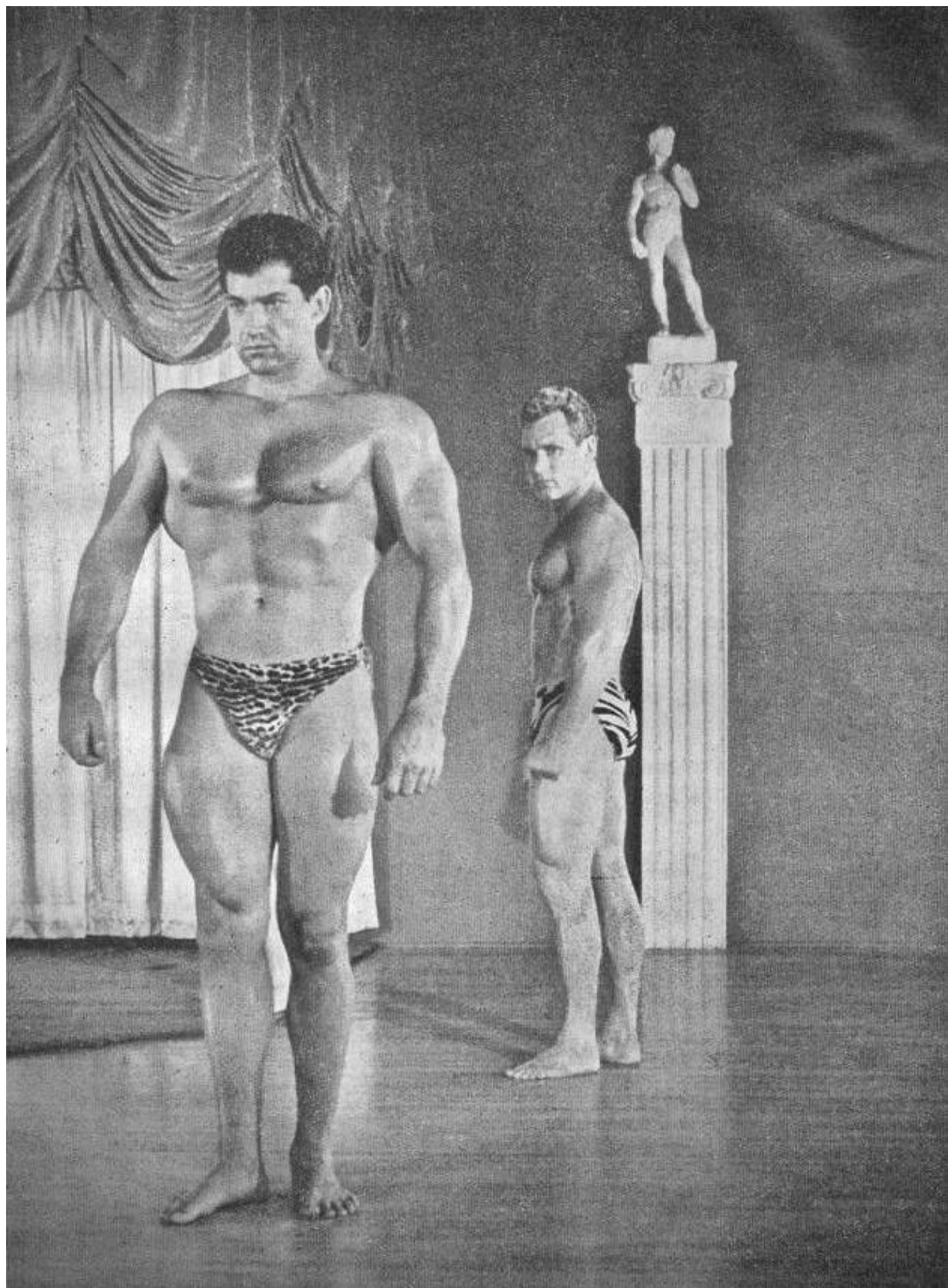






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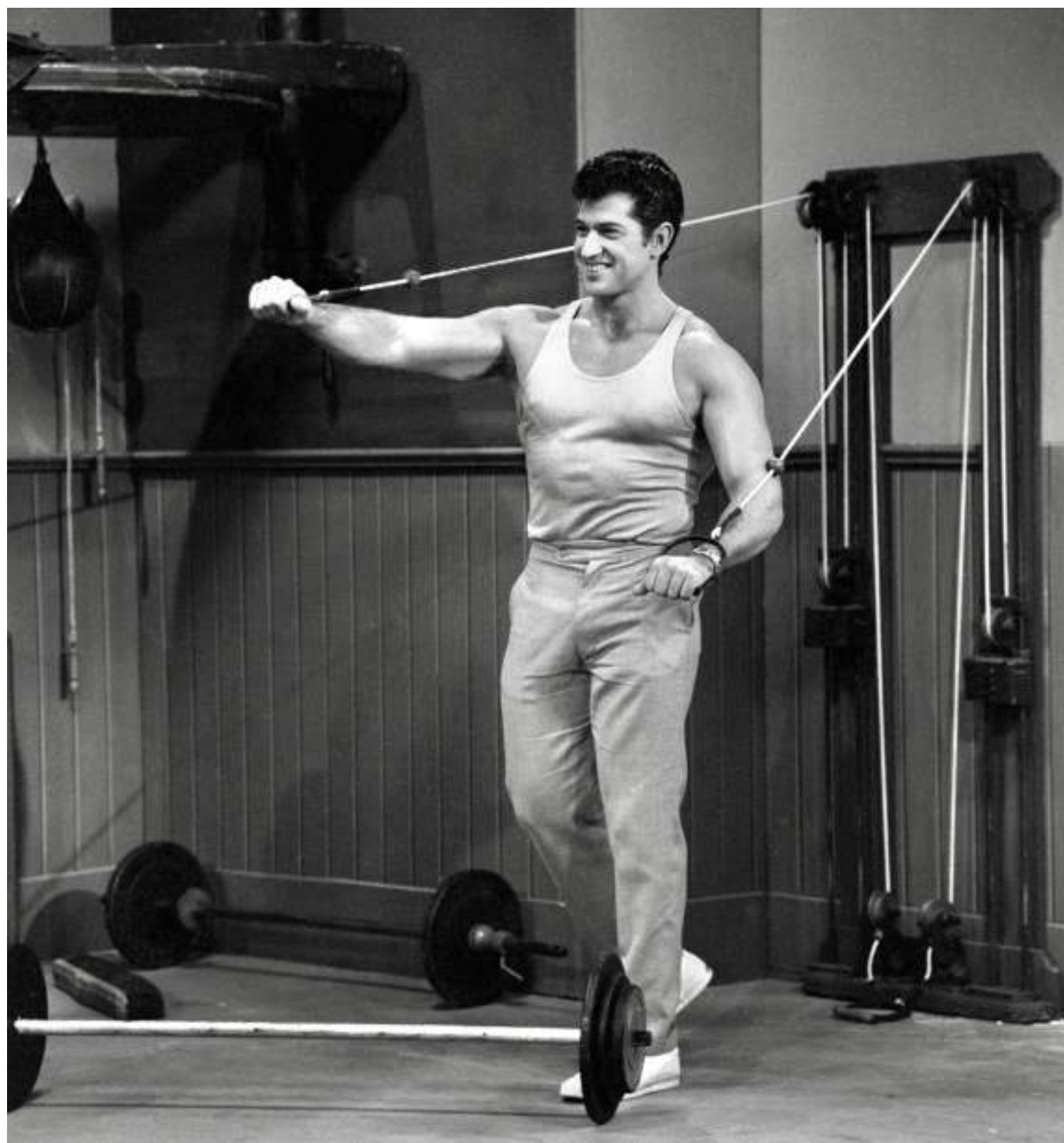


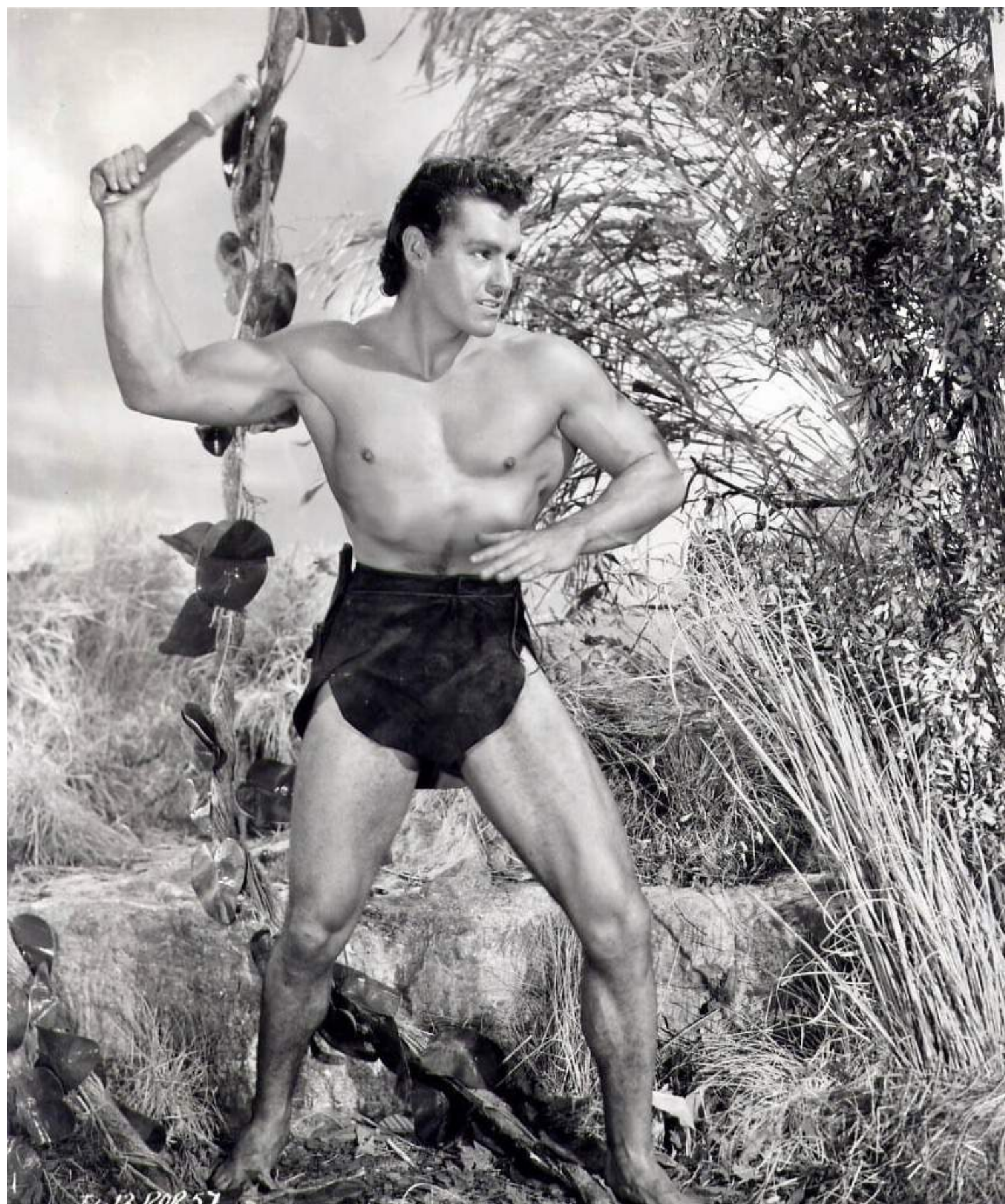






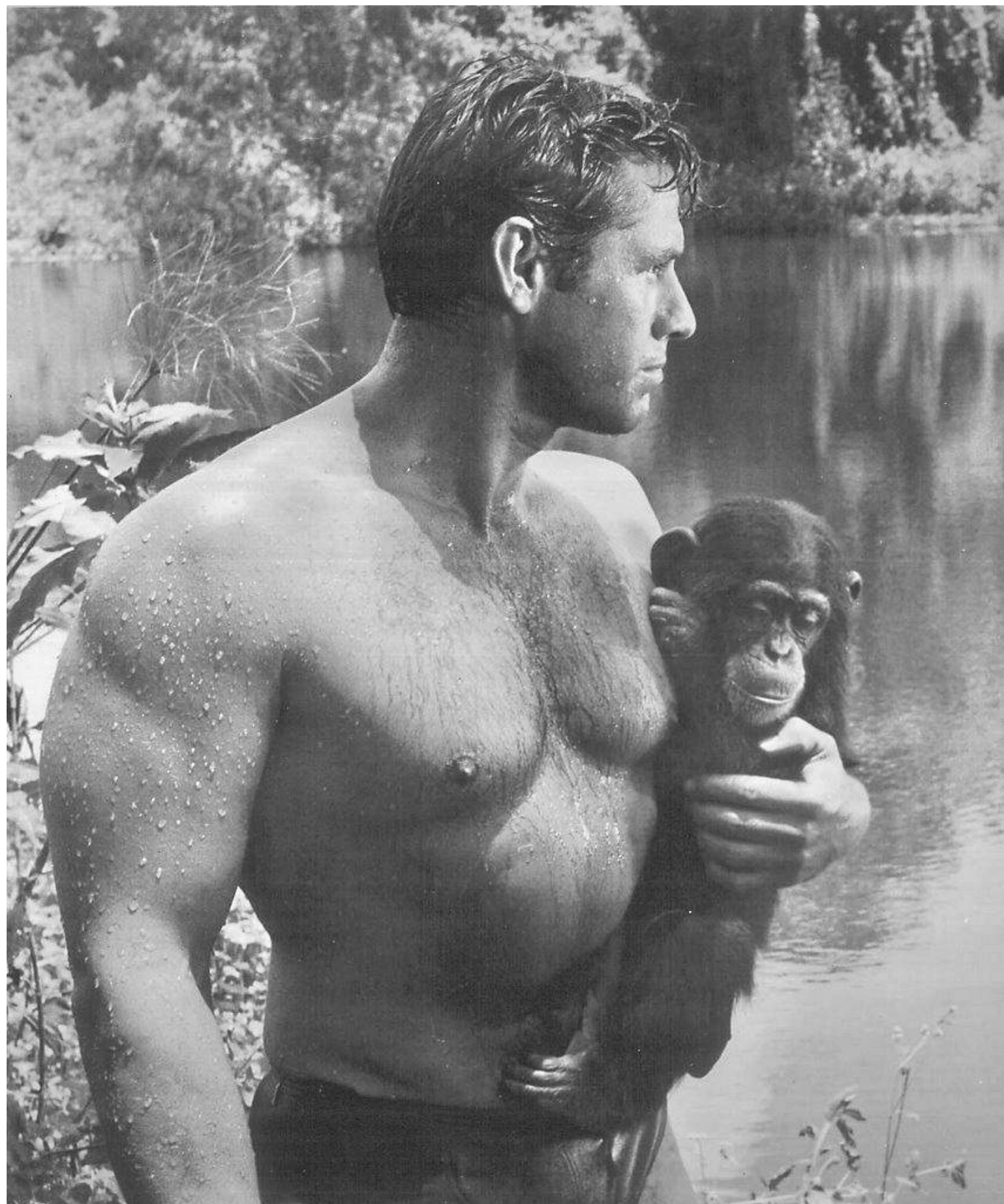


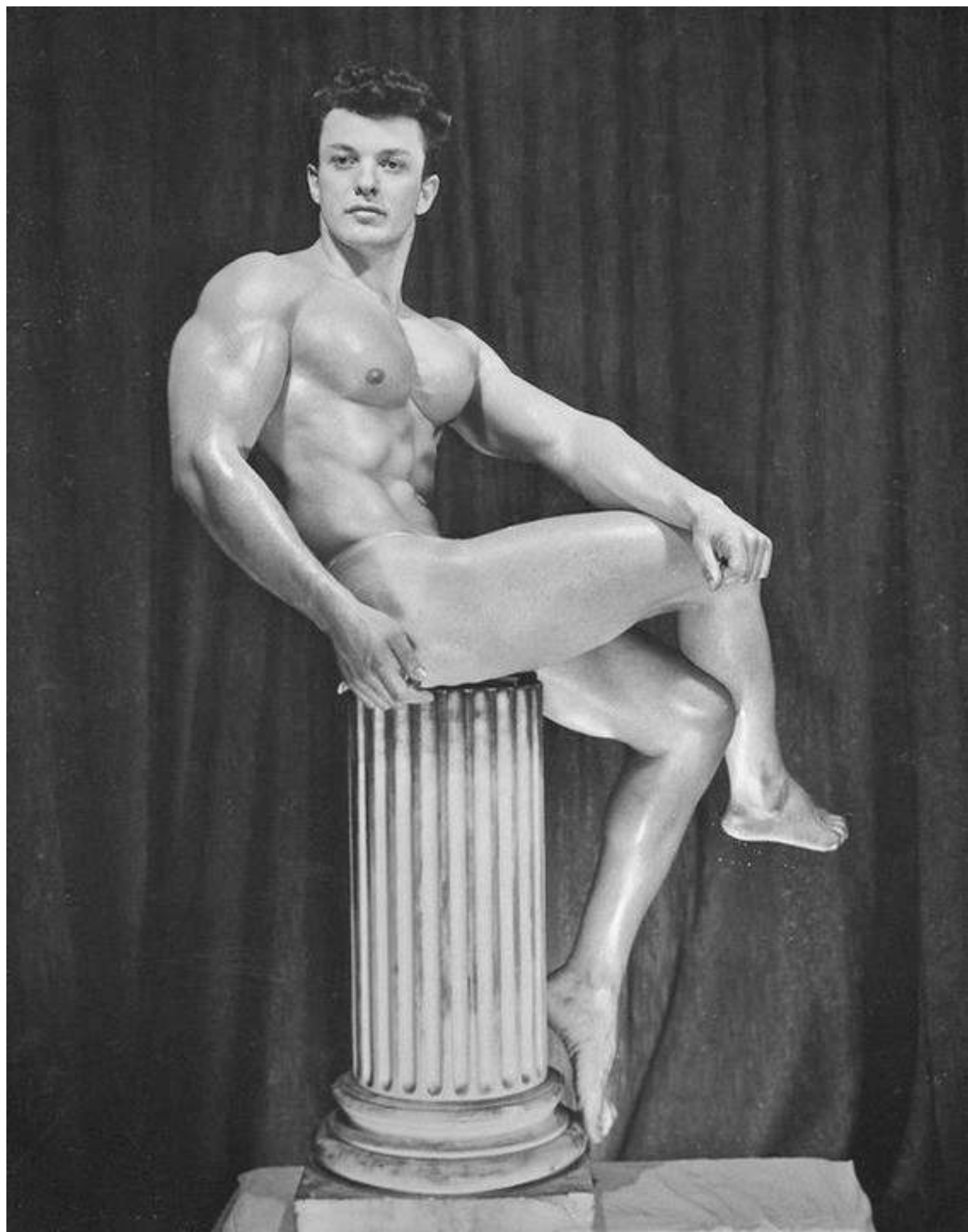








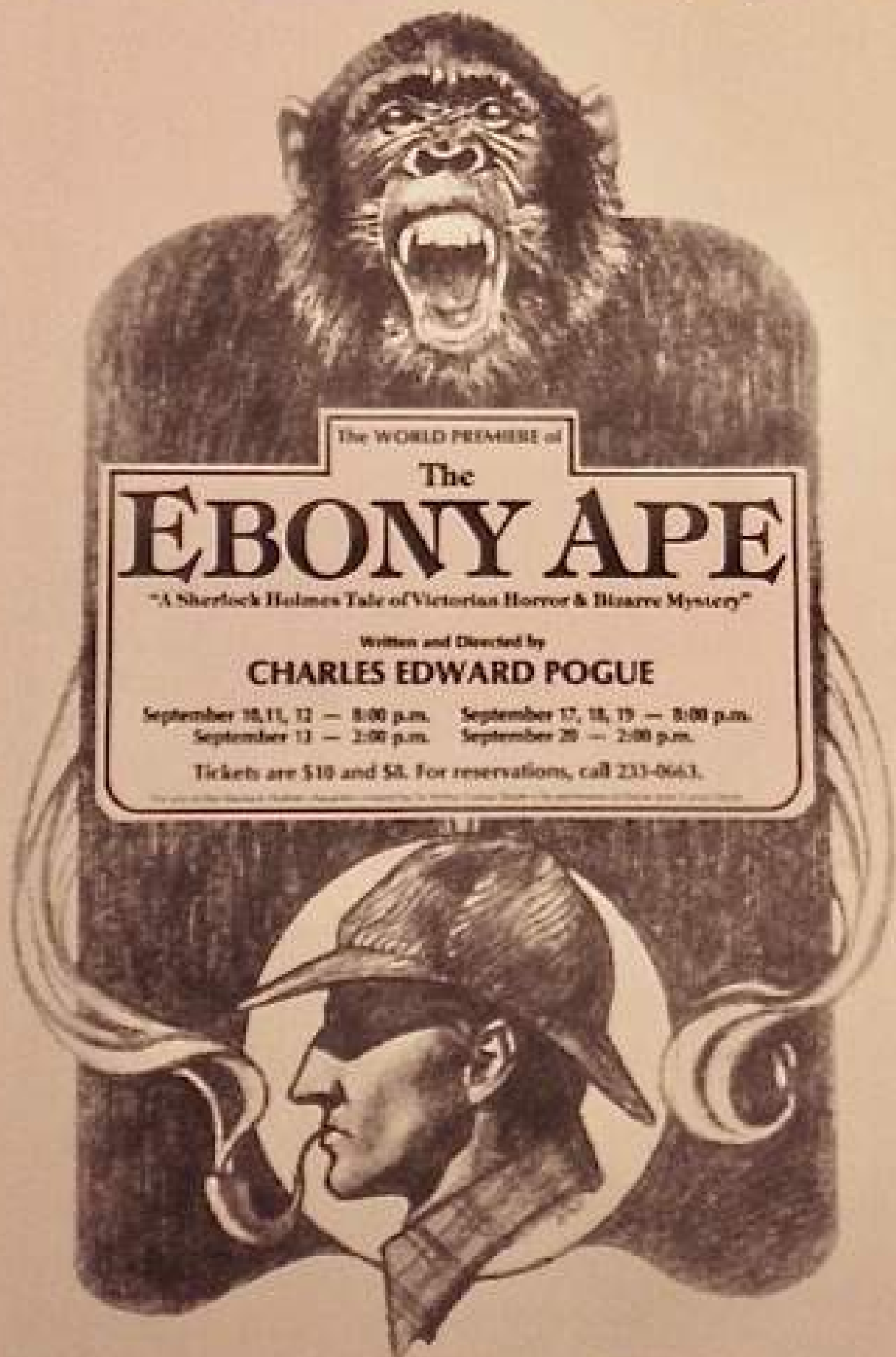








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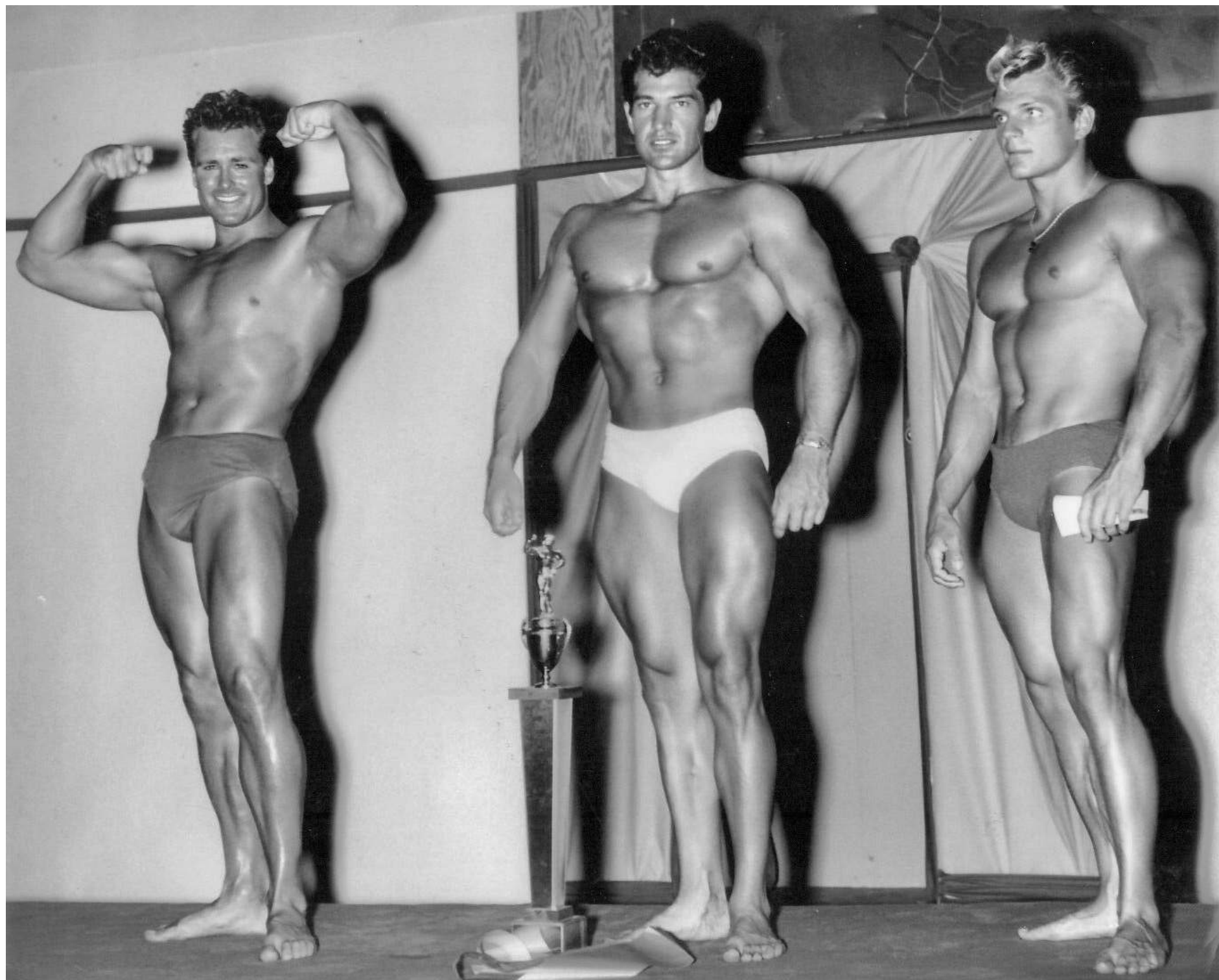
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Co-starring

DIANE BAKER • LEIF ERICKSON • HOWARD ST. JOHN

JOHN ANTHONY HAYES • RICHELLE HUDSON Written by ROBERT BLOCH Produced and Directed by WILLIAM CASTLE

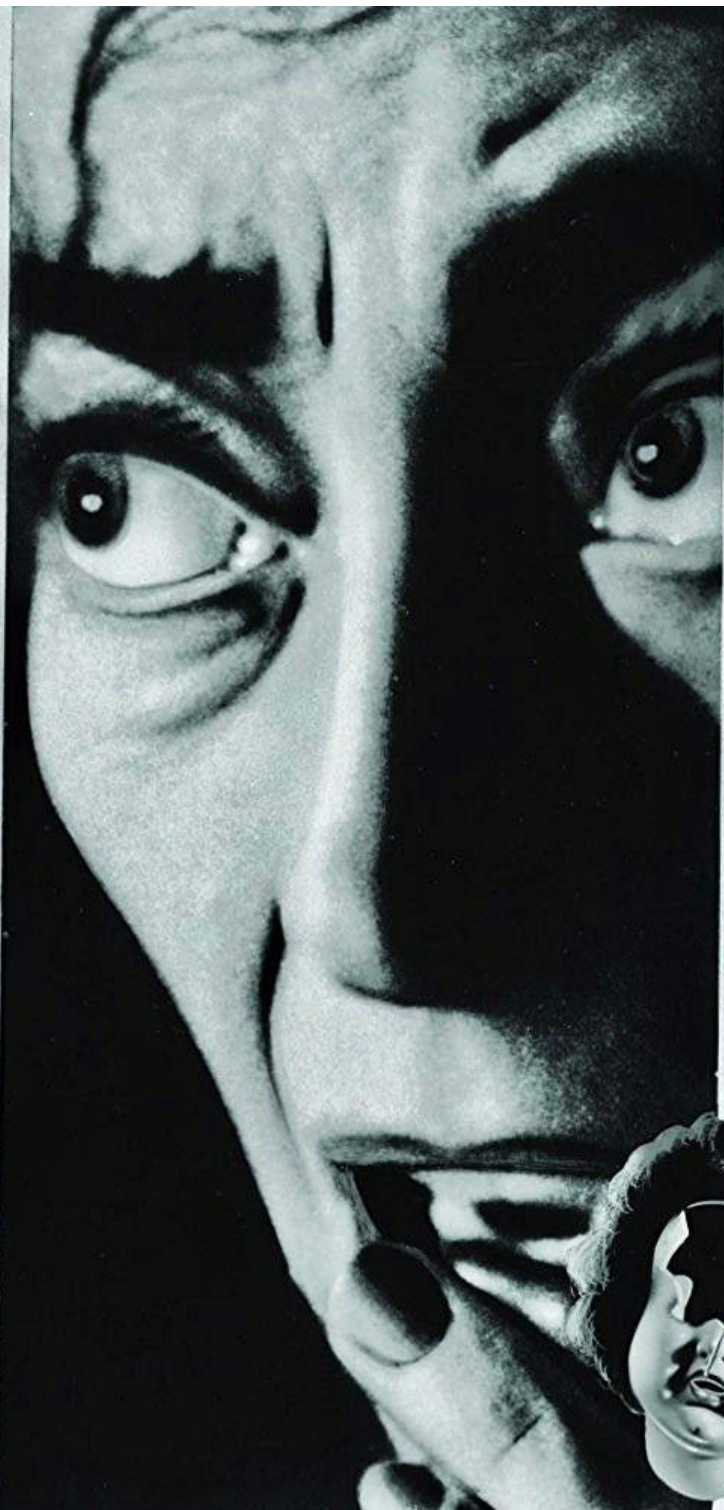
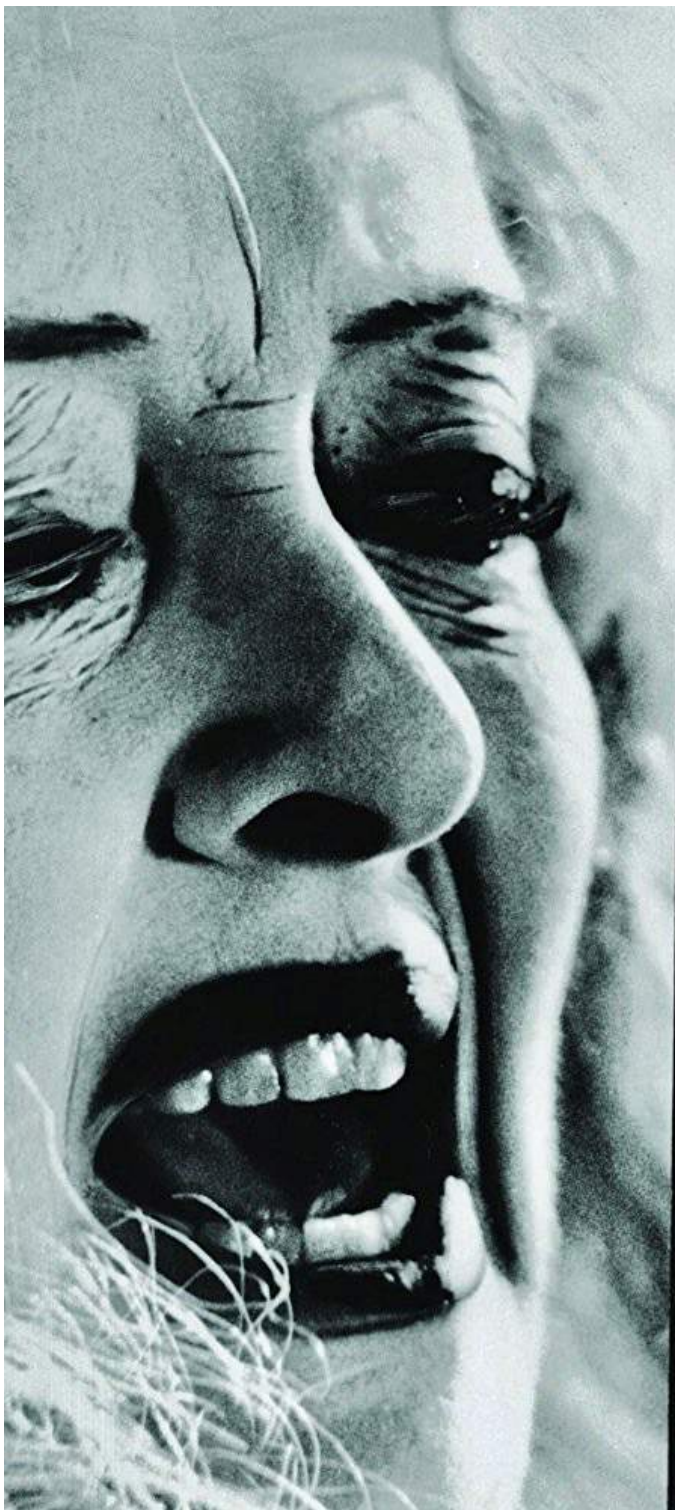
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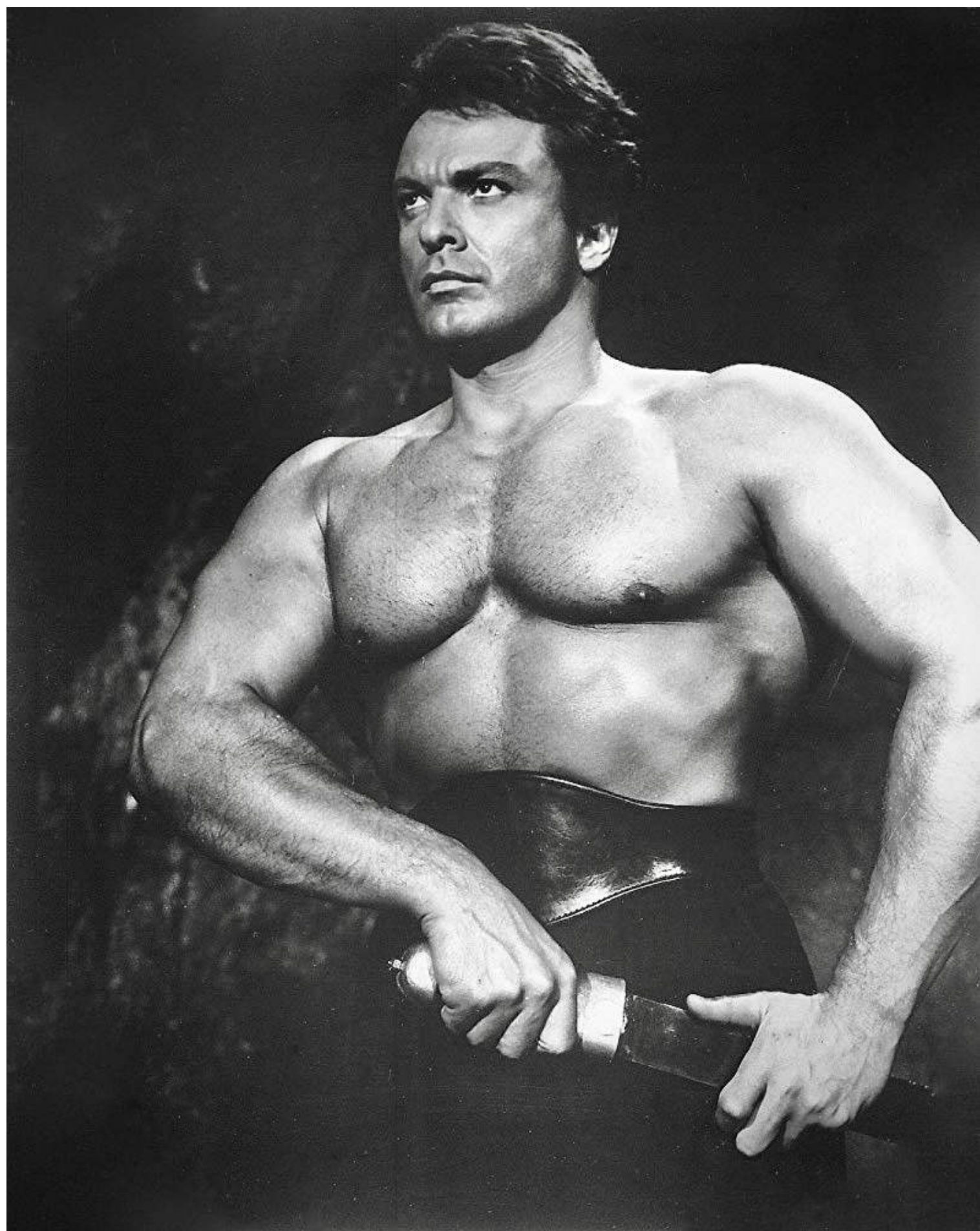


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**Wiegenlied
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FSK
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COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

STRAIT-JACKET

Starring

JOAN CRAWFORD

Co-starring

DIANE BAKER - LEIF ERICKSON - HOWARD ST. JOHN

with JONATHAN HAYES - MICHELLE HADSON - WILSON - & ROBERT BLOCH Produced and Directed by WILLIAM CASTLE

A WILLIAM CASTLE PRODUCTION



**Wiegenlied
für eine
LEICHE**

20.
Jahrhundert
Film

FSK
15
Freigegeben













A Little Nightmare Music by Richard Valley

For an album of tuneful melodies from movies that some times took a week or less to make, *JEEPERS CREEPERS: GREAT SONGS FROM HORROR FILMS* was certainly a long time coming.

It was some 10 years ago, at a New York book and magazine show, that *Scarlet Street* magazine managing editor Tom Amorosi and I met the multi-talented Bruce Kimmel for the first time. A few weeks later, over dinner at Joe Allen, I mentioned a dream I'd been nursing for several years—a collection of songs from fright films, all newly recorded, using the Broadway, Hollywood, and cabaret talent that had made Bruce's previous albums so tremendously popular. Purely by coincidence, I had with me a complete list of songs that I thought would fit the format. Bruce was enthusiastic. Tom was enthusiastic. Even the waiter was enthusiastic. (Well, actually, the waiter was auditioning.) Sadly, we never got past the talking stage, and there the matter lay, as dormant as Frankenstein's Monster before an invigorating jolt of electricity.

Flash forward—or more appropriately, lightning-flash forward to 2003. Tom and I are again having dinner with Bruce. I bring up the old question of producing *HORROR'S GREATEST HITS* (as it was then called). Bruce tells me how much it will cost. I say, "Let's do it."

And we do it.

1. WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR? The driving melody and powerful vocal is worthy of a mega-bucks James Bond thriller, but *WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?* (1965) is a cheap, tawdry, irresistible psychosexual chiller directed by Joseph Cates (Phoebe's father) and starring Sal Mineo as an obscene phone caller, Juliet Prowse as his victim, Elaine Stritch as the lesbian owner of the discotheque at

which they toil, and Jan Murray as a cop obsessed with sex crimes.

TEDDY BEAR played a few TV dates in the 1970s, shocking insomniacs with lurid images of Mineo dressed only in jockey briefs or white chinos so tight that the film's theme might have been "I've Got You Under My Skin," then all but vanished for almost two decades. An article by George Hatch in the Winter 1995 edition of *Scarlet Street* magazine revived interest in the film, which was picked up by Strand Releasing and shown in major cities across the country. A promised laserdisc (followed by a promised DVD) never materialized, and *TEDDY BEAR* once again faded away. Even Elaine Stritch—confessing all in the one-woman show that won her a 2002 Tony Award—failed to mention it.



2. GOODY GOODY. This cheerfully vengeful standard wasn't written specifically for the Debbie Reynolds/Shelley Winters fright flick *WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HELEN?* (1971), of course, but its use in that film extends from the opening credits (as part of David Raksin's score) to the closing scene (with the psychotic Winters playing it on the piano while Reynolds, murdered and tied like a scarecrow to an onstage ladder, "rehearses")—and beyond.

Much to director Curtis Harrington's distress, the film's advertising campaign featured an image of the dead Reynolds, garishly dressed in a bloodied "tin soldier" dance costume, in tandem with the Johnny Mercer lyric, "So you met someone and now you know how it feels." Effective, certainly, but as Harrington was quick to point out, it gave away the end of the picture!

3. LOOK FOR A STAR. Some years before he wrote a seemingly endless string of Top Ten hits for Petula Clark ("Downtown," "I Know a Place," "Colour My World," "Don't Sleep in the Subway"), Tony Hatch, under the name Mark Anthony, wrote "Look For a Star" for the sawdust, spangled, and blood-specked *CIRCUS OF HORRORS*

(1960). The song went on to become a major hit both in the United States and England.

HORROR's plot concerns a circus whose personnel consists of former thieves, hookers, and killers made gorgeous through the ministrations of crazed plastic surgeon turned ringmaster Rossiter (Anton Diffring). Surprisingly, this isn't presented as a metaphor for Hollywood. "Look For a Star" is played during the performances of thief/hooker/killer/aerialist Elissa Caro (Erica Remberg)—that is, until she threatens to blow the whistle on Rossiter and concludes her act with a trick that can only be performed once.

4. I'VE WRITTEN A LETTER TO DADDY/WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?

Okay, everyone remembers the first number. It's performed—with gestures—in the prologue of *WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?* by Julie Allred (dubbed by Debbie Burton) as the young Baby Jane Hudson, and later by Bette Davis (in her own, for want of a better word, voice) as the old crackpot Jane becomes after her career, if not her liquor bill, dries up. "I've Written a Letter..." is the sort of sugar-sweet dirge beloved of show biz, with "Barbara Allen" (written in the 1600s), Al Jolson's "Sonny Boy" (1928), "Gloomy Sunday" (1933), and reportedly responsible for a rash of suicides, including that of its gloomy composer, Rezso Seress), Ray Peterson's "Tell Laura I Love Her" (1960), Mark Dinning's "Teen Angel" (1960), and Bobby Goldsboro's "Honey" (1968) just a few of the stickier samples.

The second tune turns up in the film minus its lyrics—notably when it blasts forth from the house belonging to the Hudson Sisters' next-door neighbors (played by Anna Lee and Davis' real-life daughter, B. D. Merrill), and effectively drowns out the desperate cries for help from Blanche Hudson (Joan Crawford)—but it's never actually performed. However, it was recorded for promotional purposes by Bette Davis and Debbie Burton for MGM Records in 1962.



5. THE FAITHFUL HEART. With the great success of two films based on his novels—Walt Disney's 20,000 *LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA* (1954) and Mike Todd's *AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS* (1956)—French fantasist Jules Verne became big business in the Hollywood of the 1950s and 1960s. One of the best Verne adaptations came in 1959, with *JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH*—though Verne didn't think to include a woman (played by Arlene Dahl) on his journey, much less a duck named Gertrude (played by—well, by a duck).

Bernard Herrmann uncharacteristically included the work of another composer in his background score, using one of James Van Heusen's lilting melodies for the three songs intended for top-billed Pat Boone. The song itself—"The Faithful Heart," sung by Boone on a makeshift raft in the center of an underground sea—wound up on the cutting-room floor, as did "Twice as Tall." (Only "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose," for which Van Heusen set Robert Burns' poem to music, made the final cut.)

Tom Amorosi initially argued against including "The Faithful Heart" in this collection, since *JOURNEY* isn't strictly a horror film. I reasoned that any film featuring dinosaurs qualified as a horror—or at least monster—movie. Bruce Kimmel cinched it with, "For God's sake, Thayer David eats the duck," which we all agreed was the most horrifying moment in any of the films on our list. Van Heusen's music and Sammy Cahn's plaintive lyrics for "The Faithful Heart" deserve rescue from an undeserved obscurity, and they're presented here in all their gentle beauty.

6. HEY, YOU!/FARO-LA, FARO-LI (SONG OF THE NEW WINE). Universal's horrors always had their euphonious interludes, from disembodied trousers skipping down the lane singing "Here We Go Gathering Nuts in May" (in 1933's *THE INVISIBLE MAN*) to Frankenstein's Monster (Boris Karloff in 1935's *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*)

grooving to the feel-good bowing of a blind hermit (O. P. Heggie) playing "Fit as a Fiddle and Ready for Love." (Future film historians, take note: that last one's a joke!) In 1944, *THE MUMMY'S CURSE* opens with cafe-owner Tante Berthe (Ann Codee) belting "Hey, You!" to a boisterous crowd of Louisiana Bayou dwellers. Later, she's strangled by Kharis (Lon Chaney Jr.), a centuries-old music critic. (Codee had been a vaudeville performer with husband Frank Orth, who wrote the lyrics for "Hey, You!")

The 1943 monster rally *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN* offers "Faro-La, Faro-Li" at the Festival of the New Wine in the cursed village of Vasaria, sung by Adia Kuznetzoff (born in Russia in 1889, died on Long Island in 1954). Kuznetzoff commits a lyrical faux pas when he sings "... and may they live eternally" to Baroness Frankenstein (Ilona Massey) and the immortal lycanthrope Larry Talbot (Chaney Jr.), who wants only to die, and compounds his indiscretion by concluding that "... life is short, but death is long." Kuznetzoff made a number of films with stars who tried to prove the opposite—his last was 1944's *THE PRINCESS AND THE PIRATE*, opposite Bob Hope (born in London in 1903, died in Toluca Lake in 2003).

7. HUSH... HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE.

The song was a considerable hit for Patti Page the Singing Rage, but what little of the actual lyrics are heard in the 1964 Southern Gothic thriller of the same name are warbled first by Joseph Cotten (as Dr. Drew) in an effort to drive Charlotte Hollis (Bette Davis) batty, and then by Al Martino over the closing credits.

The film's plot concerns Charlotte, whose long-ago lover, John Mayhew (Bruce Dern), was sliced and diced with a meat cleaver, dooming the poor girl to spinsterhood. In the tender spirit of the ageless "Lizzie Borden took an axe," the local youths immortalize Miss Charlotte in verse, and the following ditty is heard during *CHARLOTTE*'s opening titles: "Chop chop, sweet Charlotte/Chop chop till he's dead/Chop chop, sweet Char-

lotte/Chop off his hand and head/To meet your lover you ran chop chop/Now everyone understands/Just why you went to meet your love chop chop/To chop off his head and hand."

8. JEEPERS CREEPERS. Alas, poor "Creepers"—what new to do with an Oscar-nominated tune that was introduced by Louis Armstrong (in the 1938 musical *GOING PLACES*, about a horse called Jeepers Creepers who won't run unless he hears a song called "Jeepers Creepers"), that was the title of a 1939 Porky Pig cartoon, that was the title of a 1939 feature starring The Weaver Brothers and Elviry, that over the years received dozens of renditions by such as Billie Holliday, Stan Kenton, Tony Bennett, Glenn Miller, Count Basie, Ethel Waters, Artie Shaw, Frank Sinatra, the Hi-Lo's, the Isley Brothers, Paul Whiteman, Andre Previn, Bing Crosby, and Hayley Mills, and that finally became the titular inspiration for a very popular 2001 horror film (the song is heard several times during the course of the movie) and its 2003 sequel?

Well, something new had to be done, because *JEEPERS CREEPERS* was also the name of this collection and wasn't about to be dropped. Bruce Kimmel and arranger Grant Geissman managed brilliantly!



9. THE BLOB. "It crawls! It creeps! It eats you alive!" *THE BLOB* (1958) was a notable sci-fi scream-fest for a number of unique reasons. It's the only horror film ever filmed in Chesterville County, Pennsylvania. Its teen hero was played by 28-year-old Steve (billed as Steven) McQueen. His virginal teen girlfriend was played by 25-year-old Aneta Corseaut, who went on to play schoolteacher Helen Crump on *THE ANDY GRIFFITH SHOW*. (She married Sheriff Andy Shazam!) And the bouncy title tune was the work of none other than Mack David and Burt Bacharach! What the world needs now are Blobs, Big Blobs....

10. AURORA. Bucking the "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy" trend, my favorite Andrews Sisters song has always been

"Aurora," sung at the conclusion of the Abbott and Costello comedy, *HOLD THAT GHOST* (1941). Not only was the song's inclusion in the film an afterthought, but so were The Andrews Sisters. *GHOST* was originally shot as a tuneless haunted house farce, but the sisters had scored in two previous teamings with Bud and Lou that same year (*BUCK PRIVATES* and *IN THE NAVY*), and Universal Pictures decreed that they be teamed yet again. A few scenes were dropped and two new nightclub sequences were filmed with Patty, Maxene, and LaVerne, along with top-hatted entertainer Ted Lewis.

I met the effervescent Maxene Andrews in the mid-seventies, when she starred with Margaret ("Moonlight in Vermont") Whiting in a tour of the Broadway musical *OVER HERE!*, which played Paramus, New Jersey's Playhouse on the Mall, where I toiled unmightily as the house manager. I became pals with Maxene and her manager/companion, Linda Mills, and offered to drive them to and from the theater. One snowy night, I mentioned my old fave—"Aurora"—and Maxene started to sing it. Linda joined in, but neither were up on the lyrics. I was—and for a few brief shining moments, I was an honorary Andrews Sister. (Patty, I suspect.)

JEEPERS CREEPERS' "Aurora" is appropriately redolent of disco. The seventies saw renewed popularity for Maxene and Patty (LaVerne had died in 1967), including the Broadway success *OVER HERE!* (1974), which teamed the sisters for the last time. That same year, a snippet of "Aurora" figured in the dance hit "Cherchez La Femme," by Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band. The revival had been sparked two years earlier by Bette Midler's smash hit reprise of an old Andrews Sisters song—"Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy," naturally. Me, I'll stick with "Aurora." She's a sweetheart in a million!

11. MOTHRA'S SONG. "Mightiest monster in all creation! Ravishing a universe for love!" Not counting Adam Sandler, is there a less likely star than the magnitudinous

moth who flapped her way through *MOTHRA* (1961, *MOSURA* in its native Japan), *GODZILLA VS. MOTHRA* (1964), and a veritable swarm of Japanese monster movies?

The Big Bug is worshipped by the natives of Beiru, including two tiny priestesses (Emi and Yummi Ito) who are sometimes described as fairies and treat the colorful Mothra as a goddess. (Lots of subtext there, but that's another story.) During the course of Mothra's debut picture, the priestesses are kidnapped by an unscrupulous entrepreneur (Jerry Ito) and thrust into show business, where—ironically—they're not only called The Peanuts, but work for them. Happily, The Peanuts' plaintive chant is more than merely pretty; it's a telepathic cry for help to Mothra, who comes a-flappin' and levels Tokyo.



12. YOU'RE MY LIVING DOLL.

Continuing in a diminutive vein, we come to a tune from Bert I. Gordon's *ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE* (1958), sung by Susan Gordon in what amounts to an original cast recording. (In the film itself, "You're My Living Doll" is sung by Marlene Willis, one of the shrinkers of mad dollmaker John Hoyt.)

Susan's dad, the prolific Bert I., was the producer/director/writer/effects wiz behind such enduring sci-fi and horror hits as *THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN* (1957), *BEGINNING OF THE END* (1957), *THE CYCLOPS* (1957), *EARTH VS. THE SPIDER* (1958), *WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEAST* (1958), *TORMENTED* (1960), *THE MAGIC SWORD* (1962), *VILLAGE OF THE GIANTS* (1965), and *EMPIRE OF THE ANTS* (1977), in several of which Susan performed. Susan also had a considerable career on her own, appearing in *THE FIVE PENNIES* (1959) opposite Danny Kaye and on television's *ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS*, *GUNSMOKE*, *77 SUNSET STRIP*, and *THE TWILIGHT ZONE*, among many other shows. (In one episode of *MY THREE SONS*, she plays Chip's girlfriend; in another, "dream" episode, she plays Chip!)

ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE, by the way, was directly responsible for Richard M. Nixon's resigning the presidency of the United States. On the night of the Watergate burglary, which eventually brought down Nixon's administration, a lookout in the Howard Johnson Motel across the street from the Watergate apartment complex was supposed to warn the miscreants via walkie-talkie if he saw the law approaching. Instead, he was immersed in a movie on TV and failed to buzz his fellow crooks. The movie was about this mad dollmaker, see . . .

13. STELLA BY STARLIGHT. Here's a trivia question—what, besides the fact that they're both Paramount releases, do *THE UNINVITED* (1944) and *THE NUTTY PROFESSOR* (1963) have in common? Answer: Victor Young's wistful melody "Stella by Starlight," the theme for sad, ghost-ridden *Stella Meredith* (Gail Russell) in the first film and jazzed up by Les Brown and his Band of Renown as the theme for college co-ed Stella Purdy (Stella Stevens) in the second.

The song—with or without its ethereal Ned Washington lyrics—became a jazz staple over the years, recorded by John Coltrane, Chet Baker, Stan Kenton, Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, George Benson, Erroll Garner, Wes Montgomery, Charlie Parker, and many more. *JEEPERS CREEPERS* returns "Stella by Starlight" to its mellifluous—if unearthly—origins as a mimosa-scented nocturne for a haunted night.

14. I WAS A TEENAGE HORROR MEDLEY. This collection affords music lovers the unprecedented opportunity to hear "You Gotta Have Ee-Ooo" (from 1958's *HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER*), "Eeny Meenie Miney Moe" (from 1957's *I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF*), and "Daddy Bird" (from 1958's *FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER*) as never before—on key.

In *HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER*, set at a Hollywood film studio, American International Pictures—which never, by the way, owned an actual studio—de-

cides to abandon its popular teen horrors in favor of teen musicals. As an example of the latter, John Ashley belts out "You Gotta Have Ee-Ooo," and the song belts right back. AIP horrors, AIP musicals—what's the diff?

Unlike Ashley, Kenny Miller was a seasoned singer, but when it came time to film "Eeny Meenie Miney Moe" for *I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF*, he was thrown a curve ball by producer Herman Cohen, he of the penchant for casting young hunks—some of them nude models for muscle mags—in his horror films. Miller is on key, but he and the orchestra meet only in passing. Instead of prerecording the song and performing it before the camera to the playback, Miller had been forced to sing live to minimal accompaniment, counting the song in his head.

Later, the music was added—two measures out of synch, according to Miller in his 1999 autobiography. Cohen promised to fix it before *TEENAGE WEREWOLF* went into general release. It never happened.

The party scene in *FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER* highlights the musical stylings of the Page Cavanaugh Trio and the son of one of the silent screen's greatest comics, Harold Lloyd Jr. Cavanaugh made several other film appearances, including Howard Hawks' *A SONG IS BORN* and Doris Day's debut feature, *ROMANCE ON THE HIGH*

SEAS (both 1948). Lloyd Jr.—who suffered a massive stroke at age 34 and died six years later, in 1971—was no great shakes as a rock 'n' roller, but we can still be grateful that he showed up to warble a couple of tunes. But for Junior, the film's male lead—John Ashley—might have stepped up to the mike.

The "Teenage Horror Medley" is fine, nostalgic fun and bring *JEEPERS CREEPERS: GREAT SONGS FROM HORROR FILMS* to a fitting end. Or do they? Horror films are notorious for concluding with just a hint of further frights to follow. And let's not forget the final end title at the close of *THE BLOB*—that big, blazing question mark.

Richard Valley is publisher of *Scarlet Street* (www.scarletstreet.com).



Album Produced by Bruce Kimmel

Musical Direction and Orchestrations by Grant Geissman

Arrangements by Grant Geissman and Bruce Kimmel

Executive Producers: Richard Valley and Tom Amorosi

Recorded at General Confusion Music, Sherman Oaks, CA and at Manhattan Beach Recording, New York, NY

Engineers: Grant Geissman, Steve Shepard, and Danny Lawrence
Album mixed by Grant Geissman, Vincent Cirilli, and Bruce Kimmel

Guitars, mandolin, banjo, keyboards, and percussion: Grant Geissman
Alto and tenor saxophone, flute, clarinet: Dan Higgins
Trumpet and flugelhorn: Bob Summers

The Scarlettes: Jason H. Bratton, Marshall Callaway, Phil Essex, Sean Fader, Theresa Finamore, Sigali Hamberger, Juliana A. Hansen, Jenifer Kruskamp, Vicky Modica, Kristopher Monroe, Jose Simbulan, and Heidi Weyhmueller

Background vocals on I Was a Teenage Horror Medley: Grant Geissman

Vocal arrangements for Aurora: Jose Simbulan

Assistant to the Producer: Jonathan Stanczyk
Assistant to the Executive Producers: Dan Clayton
Cover Design: Frank Dietz
Booklet Layout: Tom Amorosi

The Executive Producers would like to thank Bruce Kimmel, second to no genie in his ability to grant wishes; Frank Dietz, whose cover art perfectly captures the spirit of *Jeepers Creepers*; absolutely everyone whose name appears on the credits for this album; Anthony Dale, Farnham Scott, and the madcap members of the *Scarlet Street Message Boards* (www.scarletstreet.com) for providing suggestions, information, and lyrics; Philomena Valley, whose love and support never wavers; Mary Amorosi; Gertrude the Duck, who sacrificed herself so that *JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH* could be included on this recording; and last but not least, John Zacherle, who as television's Cool Ghoul Zacherley set one of us on the road to *Jeepers Creepers* all those years ago.

The Producer would like to thank the prodigiously talented Grant Geissman, who is as good as it gets; Richard Valley and Tom Amorosi; everyone at *Scarlet Street*; our fantastic cast of singers; our wonderful guest musicians; Rick Starr of Hollywood Sheet Music; the legendary Zacherley; Vinnie "I know from horror" Cirilli; and all those filmmakers who have labored mightily to give us nightmares.

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1. WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR? (Bob Gaudio/Al Kasha)
from Who Killed Teddy Bear?
Tammi Tappan
 2. GOODY GOODY (Johnny Mercer/Matty Malneck)
from What's the Matter With Helen?
Lynnette Perry with special appearance by Zacherley
 3. LOOK FOR A STAR (Mark Anthony)
from Circus of Horrors
Guy Haines
 4. I'VE WRITTEN A LETTER TO DADDY (Frank DeVol/B. D. Merrill)
WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE? (Frank DeVol/Lukas Heller)
from What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?
Katherine Helmond and Remy Zaken
 5. THE FAITHFUL HEART (James Van Heusen/Sammy Cahn)
from Journey to the Center of the Earth
Rebecca Luker
 6. HEY, YOU! (Oliver Drake/Frank Orth)
from The Mummy's Curse
FARO-LA, FARO-LI (SONG OF THE NEW WINE) (Kurt Siodmak/
Hans J. Salter)
from Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man
Judy Kaye and The Scarlettes
 7. HUSH... HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE (Mack David/Frank DeVol)
from Hush... Hush, Sweet Charlotte
Christiane Noll
 8. JEEPERS CREEPERS (Johnny Mercer/Harry Warren)
from Jeepers Creepers
Sharon McNight
 9. THE BLOB (Mack David/Burt Bacharach)
from The Blob
Alison Fraser
 10. AURORA (Harold Adamson/Mario Lago/Roberto Roberti)
from Hold That Ghost
Michelle Nicastro
 11. MOTHRA'S SONG (Shinichi Sekizawa/Yuji Koseki)
from Mothra
Theresa Finamore and Juliana A. Hansen
 12. YOU'RE MY LIVING DOLL (Albert Glasser/Don Ferris/
Henry Schrage)
from Attack of the Puppet People
Susan Gordon
 13. STELLA BY STARLIGHT (Ned Washington/Victor Young)
from The Uninvited
Brent Barrett
 14. I WAS A TEENAGE HORROR MEDLEY:
YOU GOTTA HAVE EE-OOO (Skip Redwine/Paul Dunlap)
from How to Make a Monster
EENY MEENY MINEY MOE (Jerry Blaine/Paul Dunlap)
from I Was a Teenage Werewolf
DADDY BIRD (Page Cavanaugh/Jack Smalley)
from Frankenstein's Daughter
Jason Graae
- Album Produced by Bruce Kimmel
- Musical Direction and Orchestrations by Grant Geissman
Arrangements by Grant Geissman and Bruce Kimmel
Executive Producers: Richard Valley and Tom Amorosi
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GREAT SONGS FROM HORROR FILMS

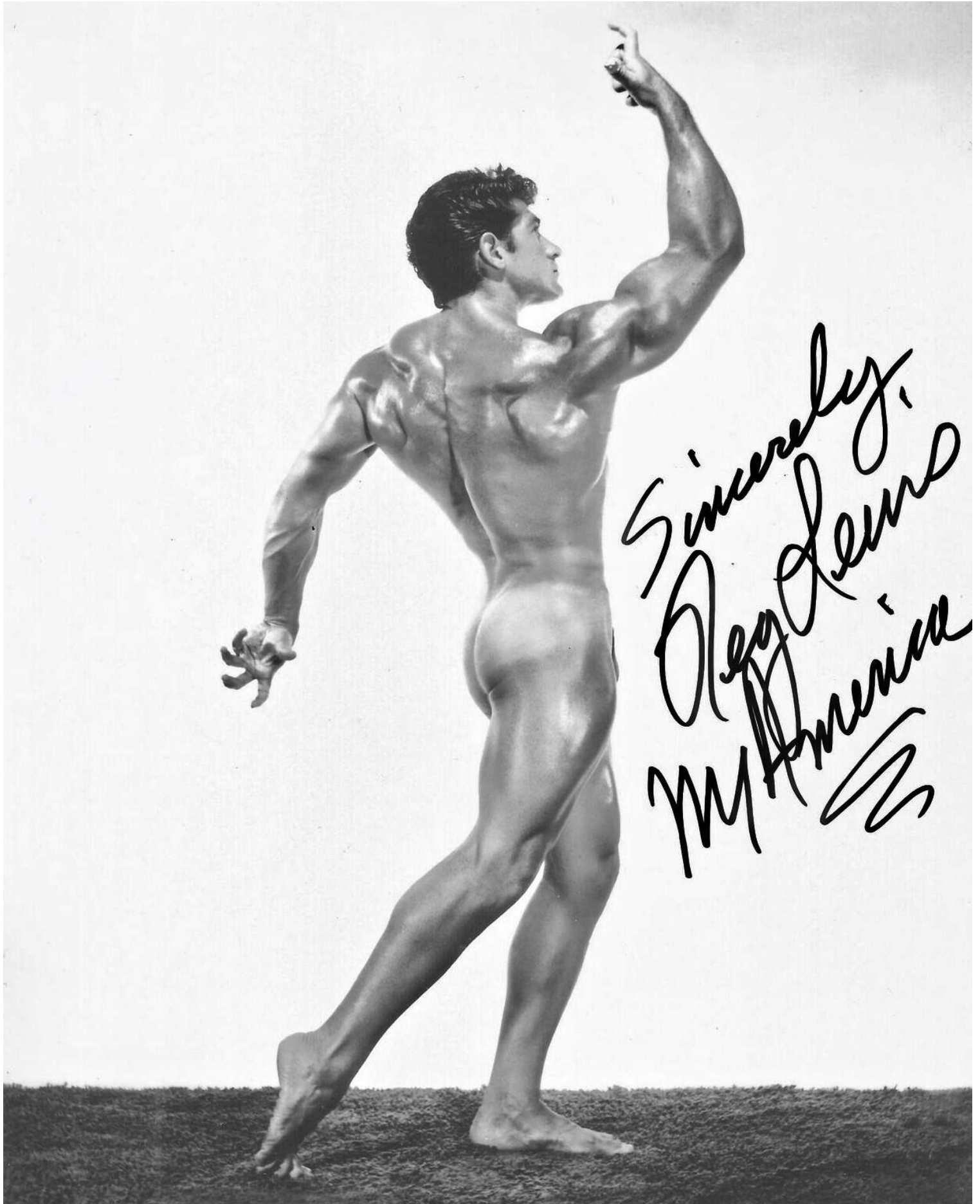
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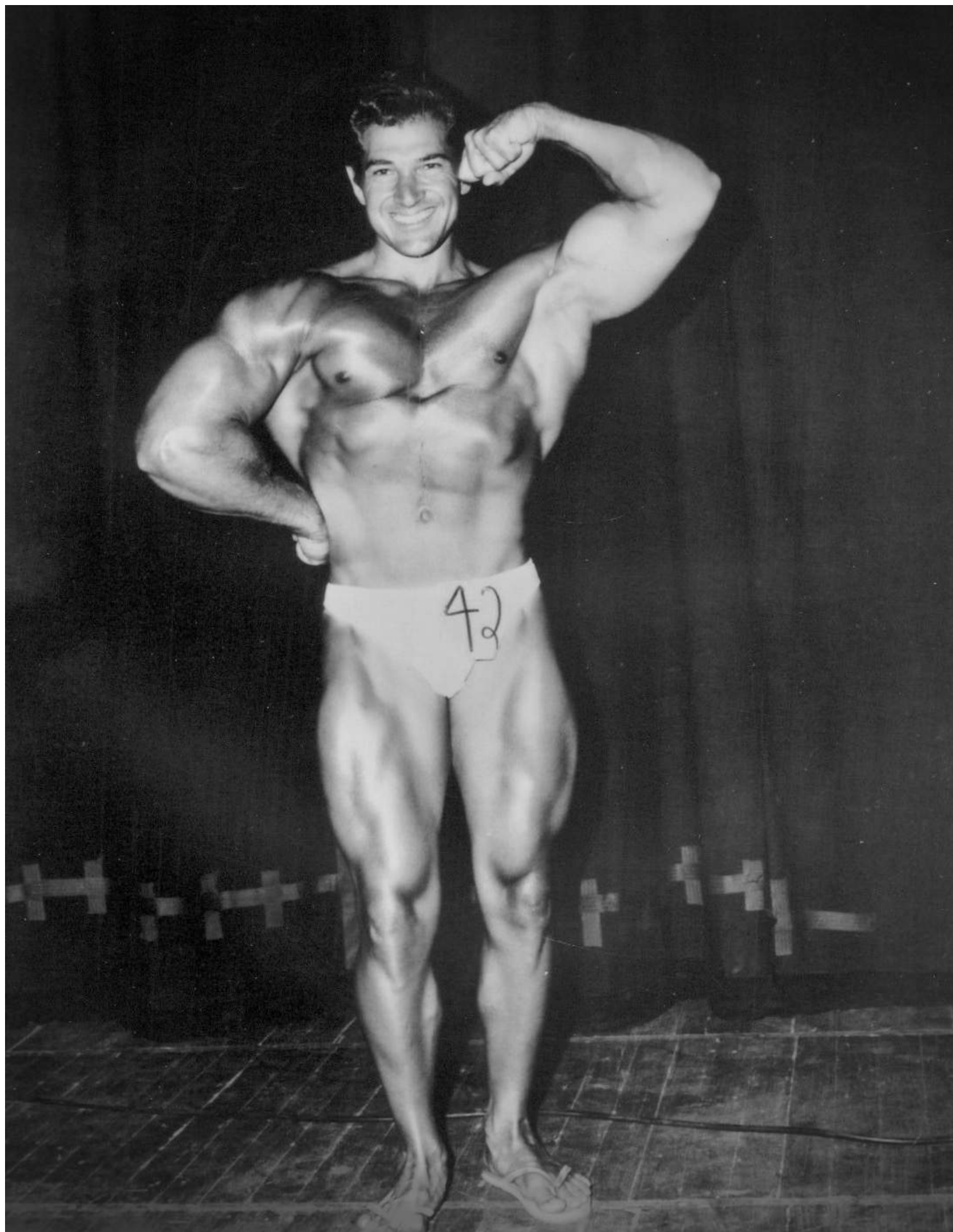








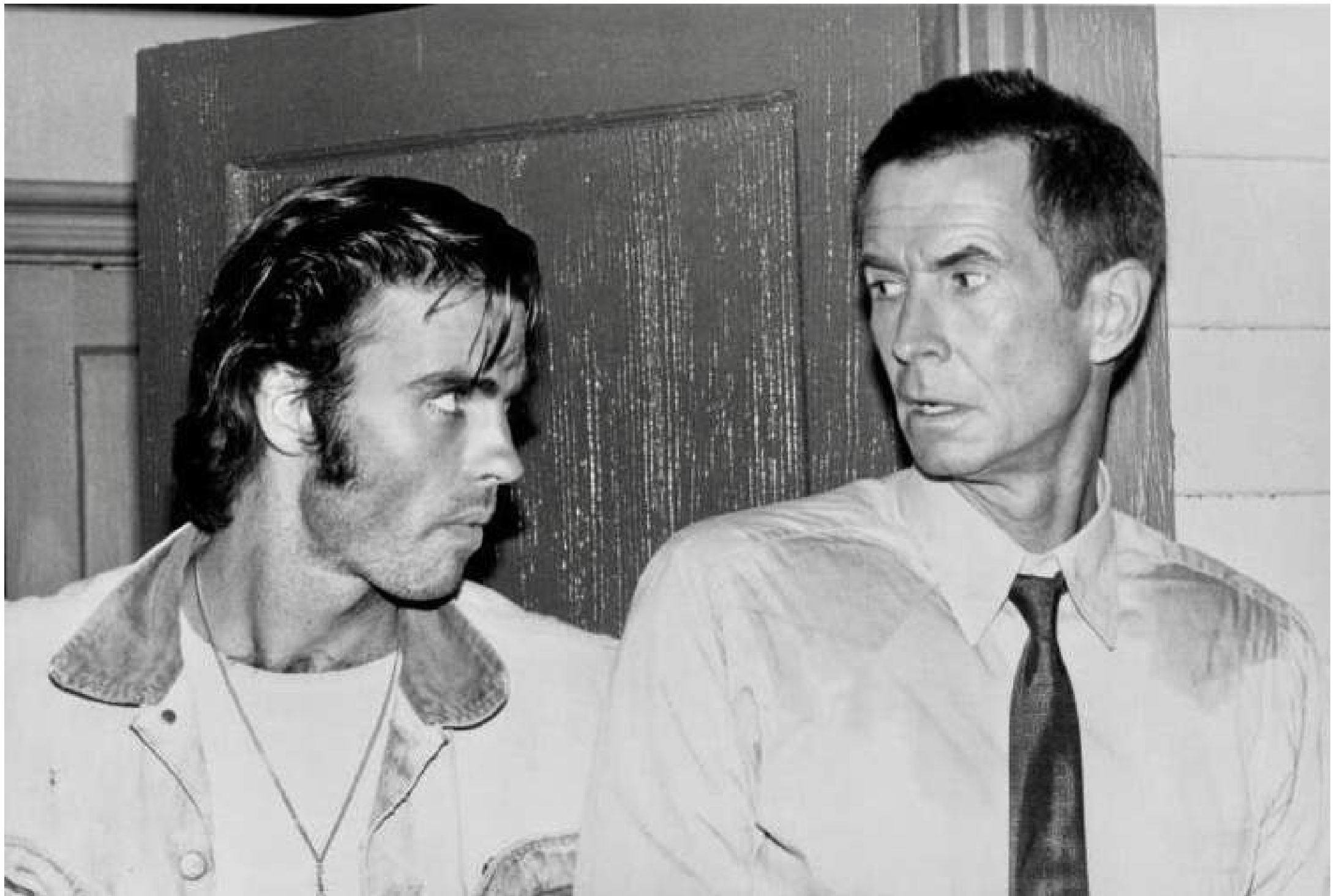
















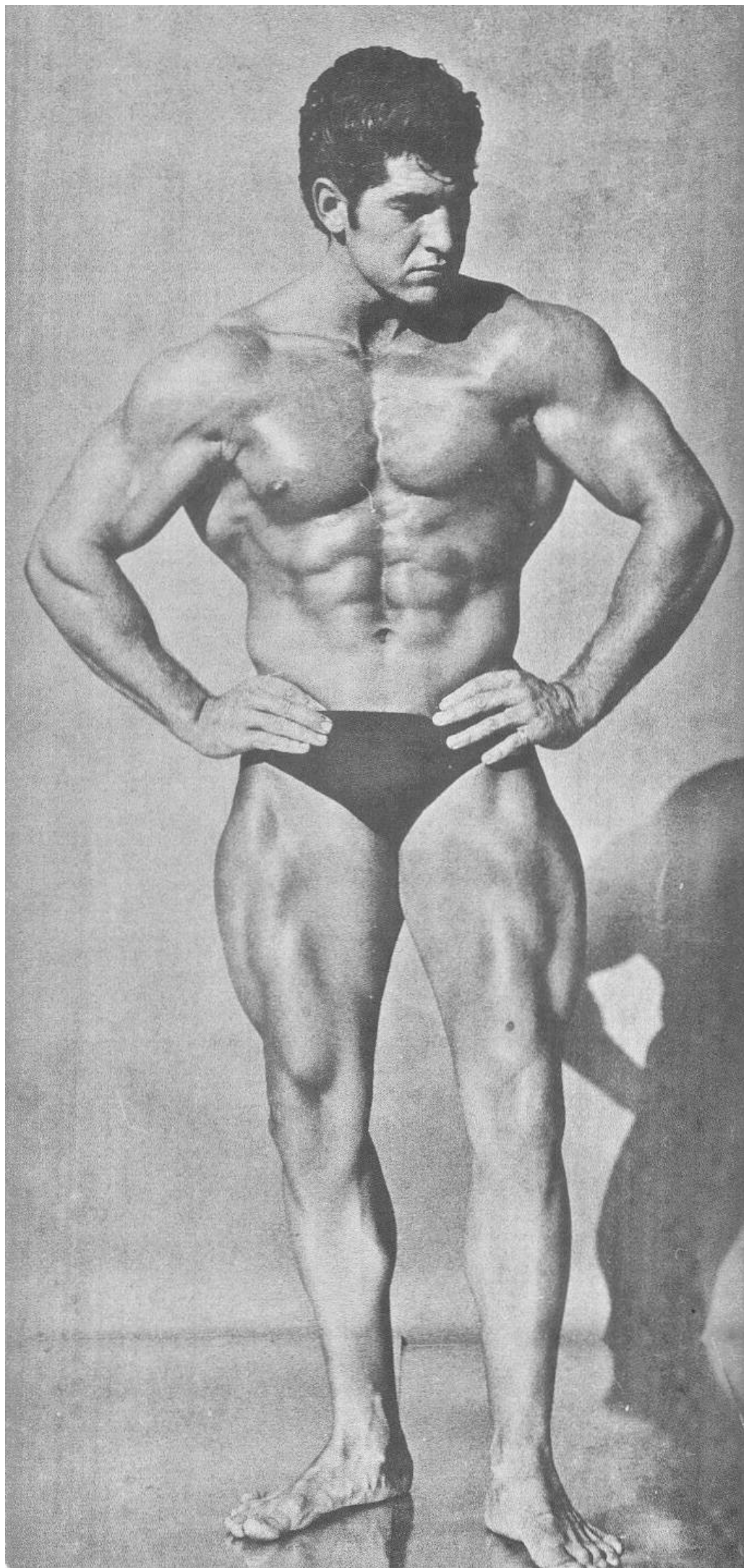


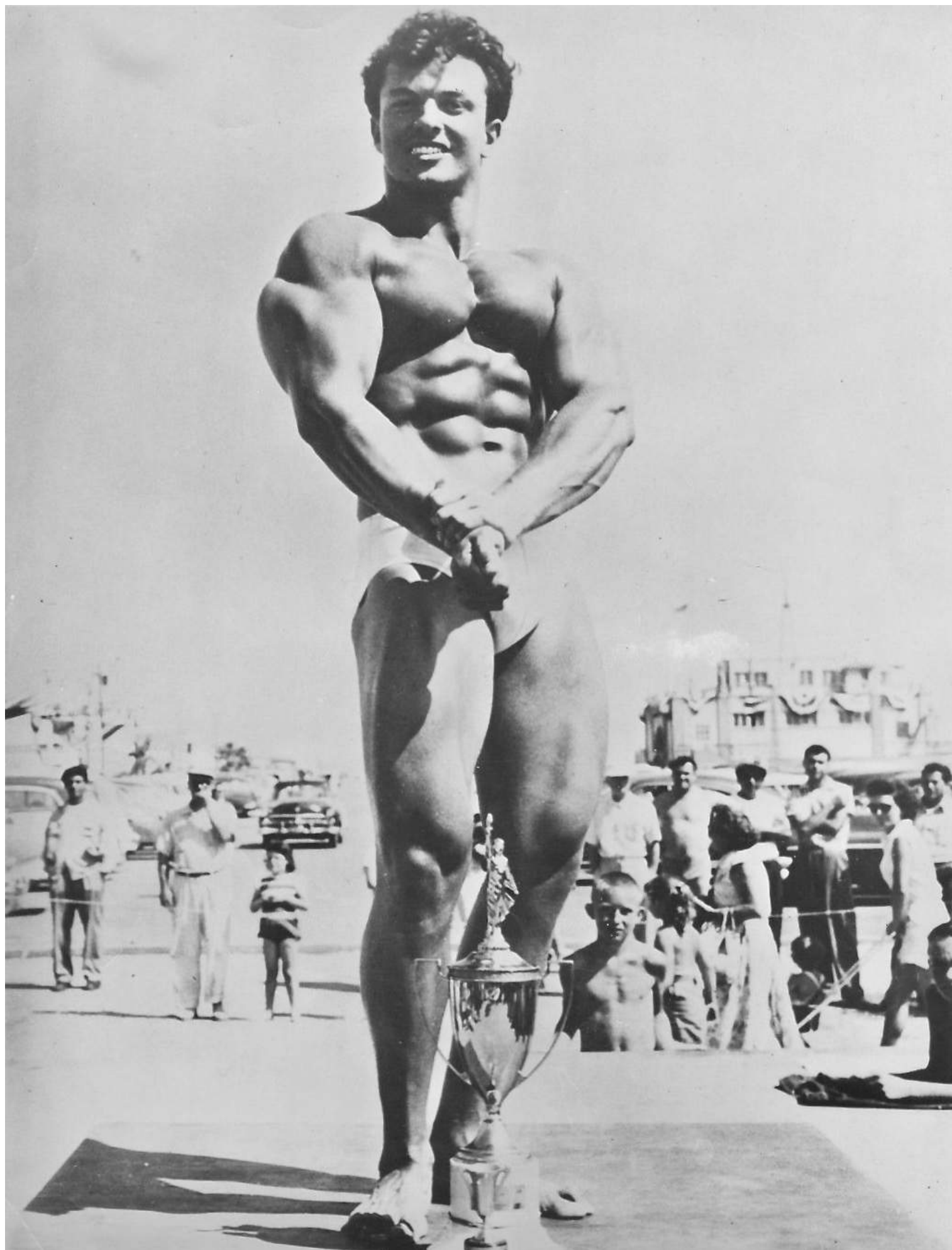


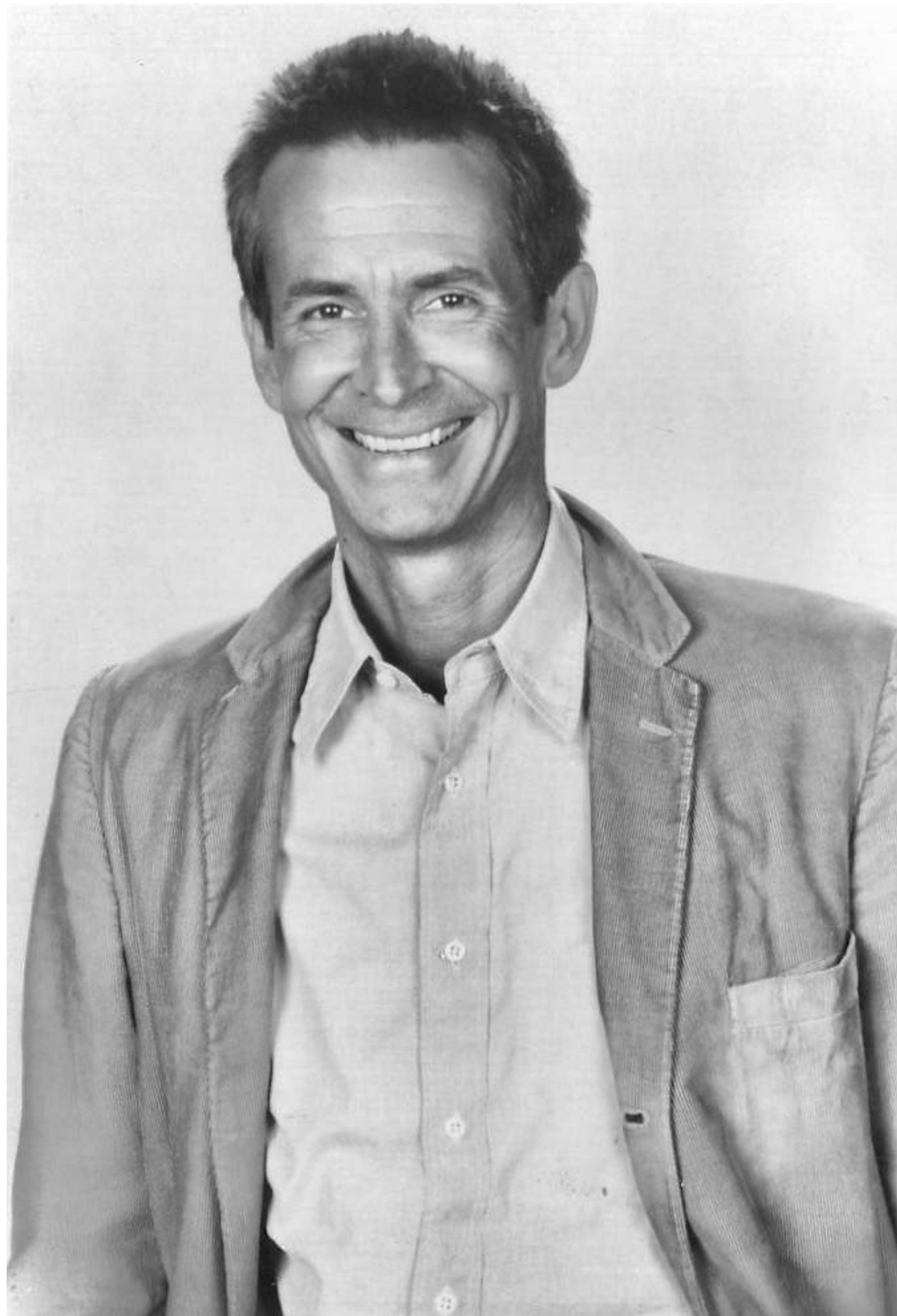




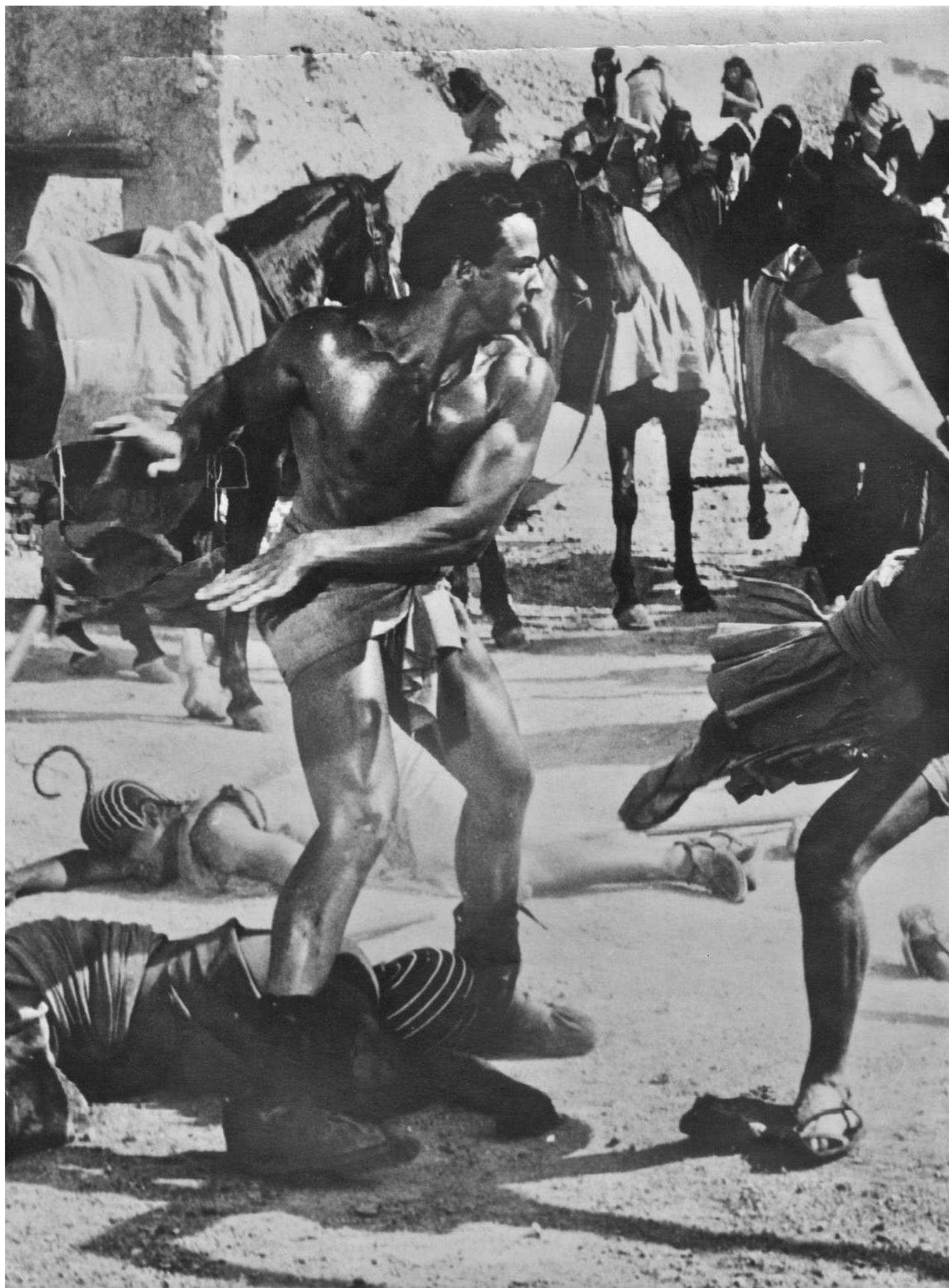
















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